WEEK ENDING APRIL 6, 1929

5c

Liberty

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THE RED NAPOLEON *by* FLOYD GIBBON[illegible]

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THE

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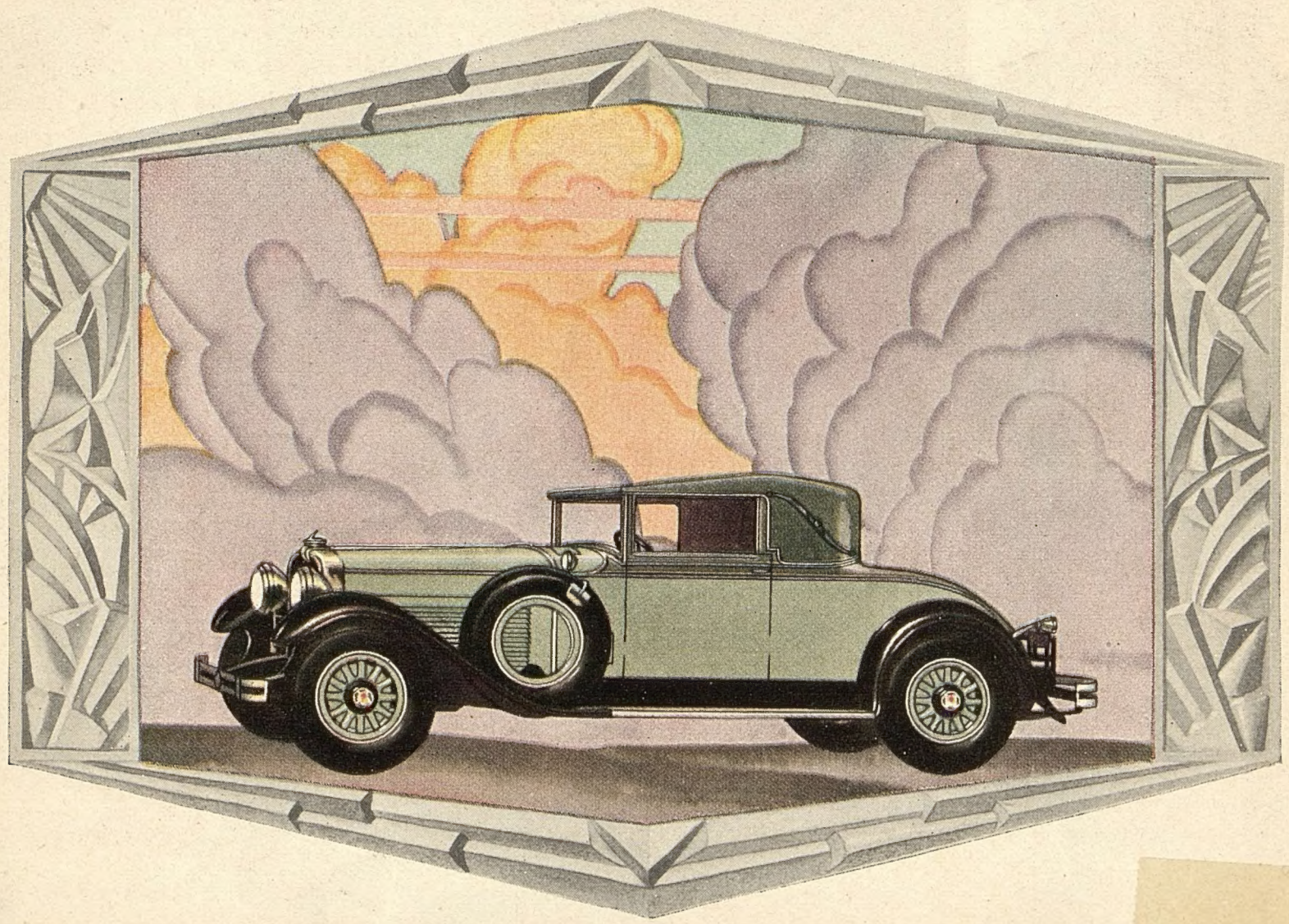

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22

APRIL 6, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 13

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

IS WAR WITH ENGLAND "UNTHINKABLE"?

In recent discussion of international matters some people have maintained that war between the United States and England is unthinkable.

This is not true. It is not only thinkable, but possible. The idea is being discussed in both countries at the present time, and where an idea is much discussed there is always a chance of its becoming a reality.

We have had two wars with Great Britain in the past. We nearly came to blows at the time of the Alabama claims after the Civil War, and again over the Venezuelan boundary dispute in 1895.

We are both proud, pugnacious peoples, and the fact that we are cousins won't prevent our fighting. We on this side of the Atlantic fought our brothers in the Civil War, and it was one of the most desperately fought wars in history.

Besides, there are many economic problems to drive us into conflict, most of them a residue of the great war.

Since the war there has been much unemployment in England, and the government has had the burden of doles to aggravate a great national debt.

The United States is threatening a contest for the carrying trade on the high seas, which before the war was indisputably England's. The Panama Canal has helped us in that.

There has been dispute and argument in both countries as to which could get the biggest navy.

These are all reasons why war might come.

But if the United States and England should fight again it would be an unspeakable, abysmal calamity. Probably it would result in the end of the supremacy of the white race, particularly the Anglo-Saxon branch of it. Great Britain might lose her trade and her colonies. One or both of us would lose our navies.

United, we can hold the rest of the world at bay. Divided, we both should be in a desperate situation.

The rest of the world shares Great Britain's envy and dislike of us for our share in the war-debt "abuse" which they say has impoverished them. In the war we are imagining, Italy, France, Germany, and other countries would join Great Britain, at least in a constructive war against us and fight as Argentine and China fought against Germany. That is, they would confiscate all our property in their borders and declare all their debts to us paid.

So, although we might think we could whip Great Britain, we must consider whether we could whip Great Britain and most of the civilized world besides—and if we did, whether the benefits would amount to anything.

Now let us take the other side of the picture. Instead of the dubious benefits of war, let us consider the benefits of an alliance with Great Britain on the seas.

There can be no question as to the advantages of such an arrangement. We have the two greatest navies; put them together and they would be invincible. We would share between us the mastery of the seas, which means the hegemony of the world.

This world is big enough to have two equal partners to maintain order over its waters. If we kept our two navies ahead of all others and united in policy, the rising of the darker countries, and of the other white countries for that matter, could be postponed indefinitely.

Many people think of course that what this conjures up is a figment of the imagination. It is a common belief that no rising of the darker countries is humanly possible.

Well, in 1912 the idea of a world war seemed to most people a figment of the imagination. The few who spoke of it were considered jingoists and romancers. But if some of the jingoists and romancers had gained a hearing there might have been no world war.

Perhaps we put too high an estimate on our worth, but we do believe that with England we would give more justice to the rest of the world than any other powers could or would give.

We don't love Great Britain, and Great Britain needn't love us. But we can and should respect each other, and we can see the advantages of working together and not quarreling.

It is plain common sense that we should work with Great Britain and that Great Britain should work with us. With the two greatest navies we can, if we are united in policy, run the high politics of the world. In conflict with each other we could, and most likely would, destroy white civilization.

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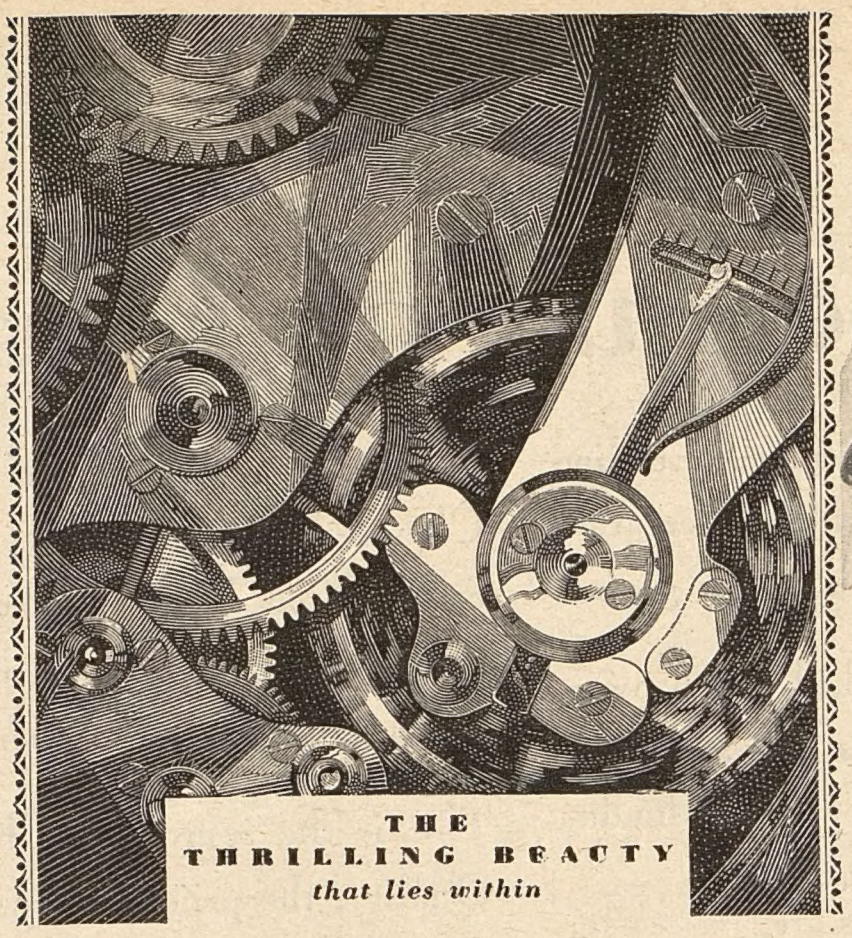

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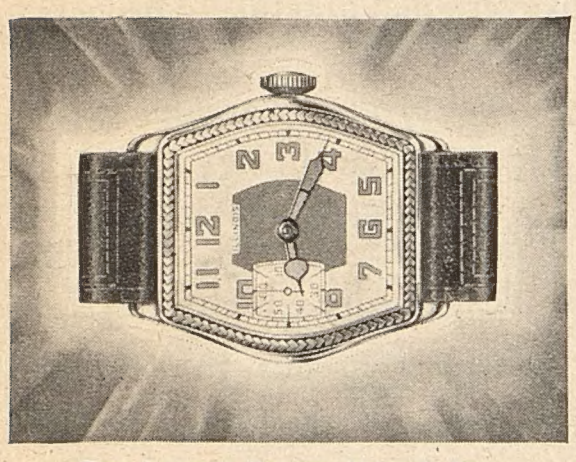
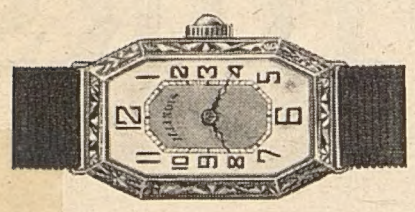


THE ILLINOIS ENSIGN, *15 jewels, $40. Other Men's strap watches from $40 to $75*



THE ILLINOIS NEWPORT, *17 jewels, $50. Other Ladies' ribbon watches from $50 to $75 and more*

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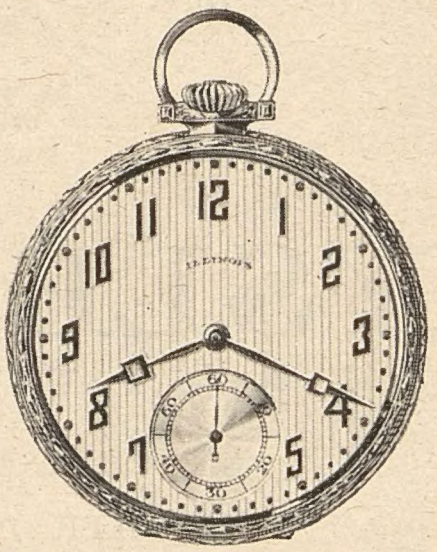
To achieve it, takes from eight months to a year. For the amazing precision that ticks five times a second, 18,000 times an hour, comes only from a beauty of workmanship found in almost perfect matching of parts, in almost unbelievably fine adjustments. But when an Illinois Watch leaves its factory, it is a timepiece —for years to come.



THE ILLINOIS A. LINCOLN, *19 jewels, $110. Other Men's pocket watches from $40 to $120 and more*

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. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish

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★ ★ ★ **Gillette**

KARAKHAN'S first meeting with Lin Larkin, whom he married. He is seated at her right. From the historical painting by H. von Schmidt, in Leningrad.

RED NAPOLEON TELLS DREAM OF WORLD CONQUEST

Tartar Leader Speaks From Island Prison.

From the Chicago Tribune, July 2, 1941

Headlines on the author's first Bermuda interview with Karakhan.

Beginning

The RED NAPOLEON

A Correspondent's Inside Story of the WAR OF THE RACES (1933-1936)

PART ONE
KARAKHAN

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

TODAY is the 17th of July, 1941.

It is the fifth anniversary of the conclusion of the war between the United States of America and the World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

[illegible] pleasant here on the veranda of the old Bermuda Hotel in Bermuda. A warm breeze rustles the [illegible]onds and the white-hot light of the sun makes the leaves shine as though buttered by the generous hand of a farmer's boy.

In a rattan deck chair, twenty feet away from me, sits the man who rocked the world—the man whose defiant pride in his colored skin, struggling against an instinctive inferiority complex originating from impacts with white dominance, fired him with the ambition to fuse

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

The Week's Authors

FLOYD GIBBONS, modestly pictured below, is the guest of honor this week. He begins in these pages a sensational tale in which you will be hard put to it at times to distinguish where fact leaves off and imagination begins. A background of long, varied, and exciting experience as a newspaper correspondent in many wars went into the writing of The Red Napoleon. To this he refers briefly on the opposite page, but it might be well to tell a little more.

AS an observer of fighting he started with Villa in Mexico. He was then, and has been ever since, on the staff of the Chicago Tribune. When the Tribune sent him to London in 1917 his ship was torpedoed and sunk, and he sent back a famous story about it. He lost an eye at the Battle of Château Thierry and expects to wear a bandage the rest of his life. After the great war he became an indefatigable globe-trotter and saw fighting on nearly every continent. He has the French and Italian Croix de Guerre and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He knows what he is writing about, but has not depended on his own knowledge in setting the stage for The Red Napoleon. All the far-flung military operations of the story have been painstakingly worked out, to the last detail, with the aid of army and navy officers.

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING is another Chicago Tribune man—for many years chief of that newspaper's Washington bureau. . . . CANBY CHAMBERS lives in New York when he isn't voyaging afar, and just writes. . . . LAURENCE STALLINGS, ex-newspaper man, is famous as co-author of What Price Glory? and author of The Big Parade. . . . BERT GREEN'S Love Letters of an Interior Decorator are his first attempts at literature. He is a cartoonist, and thought he couldn't spell. After reading him, you'd never guess his birthplace. Surrey, England!

Floyd Gibbons

Arthur Sears Henning

Canby Chambers

Laurence Stallings

Bert Green

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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all races—white, yellow, black, brown, and red—into one, the human race, the only one he acknowledged.

Representing the World Press, it is my job to sit here in the paradise of this island and watch this man die. I report daily on his captivity and exile, his opinions on his military victories and mistakes.

I quote his reflections on the failure of his aim to avenge countless women of color, carelessly possessed over hundreds of years by white men, by encouraging the possession of white women by yellow and black men, and, lastly, his futile determination to blend all bloods so that never again could white skins call themselves better than yellow, black, brown, or red.

Defeated—but not crushed, his armies disbanded, his navies sunk, his air fleets brought low, he still remains the defiant symbol of inflexible will power that dictated the infamous miscegenation policy to the world and ordered his battling hordes to "CONQUER AND BREED."

Today, in exile, he retains the bearing and master manner of conviction that gave example to his followers when he took an American wife who bore him three half-breed sons.

Picture by H. von Schmidt

Mother Karakhan repulsing the minstrel. (From the book, Karakhan of Kazan at School, by Colonel Subiloff.)

Far from recanting his beliefs, he is proud of the many children bearing his Mongol strain, born to him by other white women of beauty, brains, social position, or all of these, carefully selected by him to be the mothers of his progeny.

And of the thousands of Eurasian, mulatto, mestizo children, half-yellow, half-black, half-brown, or half-red, born to white women in the wake of his conquering armies in Europe and the Americas, he holds that they constitute the lasting mark he has made upon the population of the world, and calls them the first step toward the "deliverance of mankind from the curse of race prejudice."

That is his attitude today—July 17, 1941, the day after his forty-first birthday. I have just cabled the above last quotation as he gave it to me this morning.

BACK in 1928—the thirteen intervening years seem like thirteen centuries—back in 1928, I returned to America from Europe, a confirmed pacifist. I was sick of war. As a correspondent I had been in wars for the preceding fourteen years.

Wars in Mexico, wars on the American-Mexican frontier, then the World War (to end war), the Armistice, and the peace of 1918 brought to me the feeling that my gory job was over. But that was only the beginning.

From 1918 to 1928 I averaged another war a year: the Polish-Russian War, recurring revolutions in Germany, the War in Ireland, the War in the Baltic, the War in South Russia, the War in Siberia, the War in the Near East, the War in China, the War in Morocco, the Revolution in Poland, and the War in Nicaragua.

I could not compute the hundreds of men I had seen actually killed—shot—burned—blown to bits. I would not figure the thousands I had seen dead on the fields and streets of battle. I hated to total the tens of thousands of maimed and wounded, of blinded and crippled, I had seen in wartime hospitals around the world. I avoided estimating the hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of war victims, living and dead, I had written about during my years as a war correspondent from 1914 to 1928. ...definite as those impressions were, their effect was ...ng upon me. I was sick of killing. In 1927 I com... the biography of Baron von Richthofen, which ... published under the title of The Red Knight of ...any, and through the 100,000 words of that gory recital of the killings of one single individual, I could not help but reveal the growing sickness that was upon me—a deadly disgust, a bitter abhorrence for Mars and his bloody harvest.

But how was I to know that during the following ten years—that terrible decade between 1928 and 1938—my duty was to lead me through even more sanguinary spectacles?

How could I foresee the ruthless spilling of white blood in southern Asia and the Australian massacre? How could I know of what was then going to happen in north Africa? How could I expect a new and struggling Europe to turn itself back into a shambles?

How could I ever imagine America, blockaded, isolated from the world, fighting the world, and invaded by the most powerful, brutal, cruel military force that ever marched under a single standard?

HOW was I to know that a girl and two American boys, all of whom were children during the days of the A. E. F., were to play the flaming romance of their lives almost before my eyes, and win heroic records in the deliverance of the white race from the greatest terror ever visited upon it?

How could I anticipate that I would be stationed in Bermuda, in this year 1941, reporting the historical sequence of those terrible events, and writing it at the elbow of the dying man whose iron will, military genius, and soaring ambition brought the world to the brink of destruction?

I have been a reporter all my life, and this report will stick to the facts as they are; but so close is the relationship between these events and the man responsible for them, that these lines will be biographical as well as historical. So close has been my relation with the man in question that much of what follows will be autobiographical as well. I am credited with knowing him better than anyone in the world. I believe I do.

Karakhan of Kazan is still a young man. Age has not yet taken a tuck in his six feet one of slim erectness. The years have put no additional weight around his girth. Only in the sallowness of his complexion are revealed the traces of the disease by which he is slowly dying.

His black hair, now slightly graying over the temples, is still as short-cropped and closely fitting to his skull as it has been so well presented in photograph and caricature the last ten years. He continues to nurse his aversion to beards and mustaches and remains clean shaven of face. That bullet scar, so well marked in all of his photographs, gleams white and silken against the lemon tawnyness of his skin.

Alexander.

The black eyes burn with the same light that illuminated them when he dictated the peace of Europe in Paris, 1933, five days after the Third Battle of the Marne.

My close relations with Karakhan dated from the fall of 1932, but it is proper now, in view of the vivid biographies and commentaries that have been written concerning "the Scourge of the World," that I report in brief the origin of this vital human dynamo, who wrote his name in blood at the top of the list of the greatest military conquerors in history.

Karakhan of Kazan was born July 16, 1900, in the village of Almaz on the slopes of the Urals, east of the city of Kazan, capital of the Tartar Republic, located on the easternmost frontier of European Russia.

His father, Feodor Karakhan, was a captain of Don Cossacks, from which people he descended by a long line of Mongol fighting men. But somewhere in that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page eleven]

line the yellow blood of the east had been bleached by an infusion of white, most probably from Swedish or Finnish invaders who left their traces in the region of the Volga.

Although still with his Cossacks and of them, Karakhan the elder felt a superiority to them, and this distinction he based upon the lighter texture of his skin. In the words of Harlem, he had "gone white."

This disposition manifested itself early toward the woman he married, Aral, the yellow daughter of a dark-skinned Cossack by a Mongol woman. The elder Karakhan found ample use in his wife's dowry, but personally he considered her wholly Asiatic, and consequently of inferior breed, and openly treated her as such.

This was the sturdy mother of the boy who was to later unfurl the banner of race equality and carry his conquests around the world. There remains no doubt that he drew from his mother's breasts the resentment she felt toward the father. She reared him as yellow and into him breathed her hatred of white power.

Karakhan was born in a tent, during his mother's visit to the grazing grounds of the large herd of Mongol horses which was the dowry she had brought to her husband.

It would appear that Karakhan, Senior, preferred the gayeties of Kazan to the hardy domesticity by which Mother Karakhan was able to augment the family fortunes through the sale of horses to the army. Mother Karakhan and the children spent most of the time in the hills following the herds.

THE boy was four years old when the elder Karakhan ended his swashbuckling, gambling, drinking career in a death charge at the head of the Czar's horse across a muddy field on the outskirts of Mukden. The debts he had left in Kazan were sufficient to reduce Mother Karakhan's prize herd from 1,000 to several dozen horses, and to reduce the family fortunes to almost nothing.

Young Karakhan's comrade was an old Tartar-Mongol ex-soldier who had returned to his civilian pursuits of herdsman. He had lost his right arm in the service of the white Czar. Karakhan learned to read and write from this old warrior and world traveler, now turned into a humble camp follower and tutor.

Sabutai was his name, and through him Karakhan first learned the Tartar and Mongol legends of the great Sabutai, the hard-riding, hard-fighting lieutenant of the great Genghis Khan. Through him he learned how the yak-tailed standard of the Mongol conqueror had spread death, destruction, and dominion over a kingdom extending from the Yellow Sea to the Persian Gulf.

These were the camp-fire tales the boy heard at night around the fire on some chill hillside overlooking the grazing herd in the valley below. They constituted his early instructions and were the foundation on which were based the future dreams of one who was to outdo Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Attila, Genghis Khan, Sabutai, and Napoleon.

It was from Sabutai that he learned first to ride and then to shoot—but above all, to endure. It was a Spartan course, interwoven with a glorification of the strong and a contempt for the weak. Life and power were the reward of the strong. Slavery and death the penalty of the weak. Immorality was self-indulgence; morality was self-control.

Julius Cæsar.

It was a primitive adaption of the law of fang and claw. From it Karakhan learned to weigh every man he met. If the man were stronger, he was to be respected, watched, suspected, guarded against, feared, but at the same time studied most carefully to ascertain, if possible, the weak point in his strength, because in that weak spot might lie the power of a cleverer man to overcome him.

If he were weaker, it was just, it was equitable, it was moral and right—it was absolutely natural, that he, the stronger, should bend that weakness to his will.

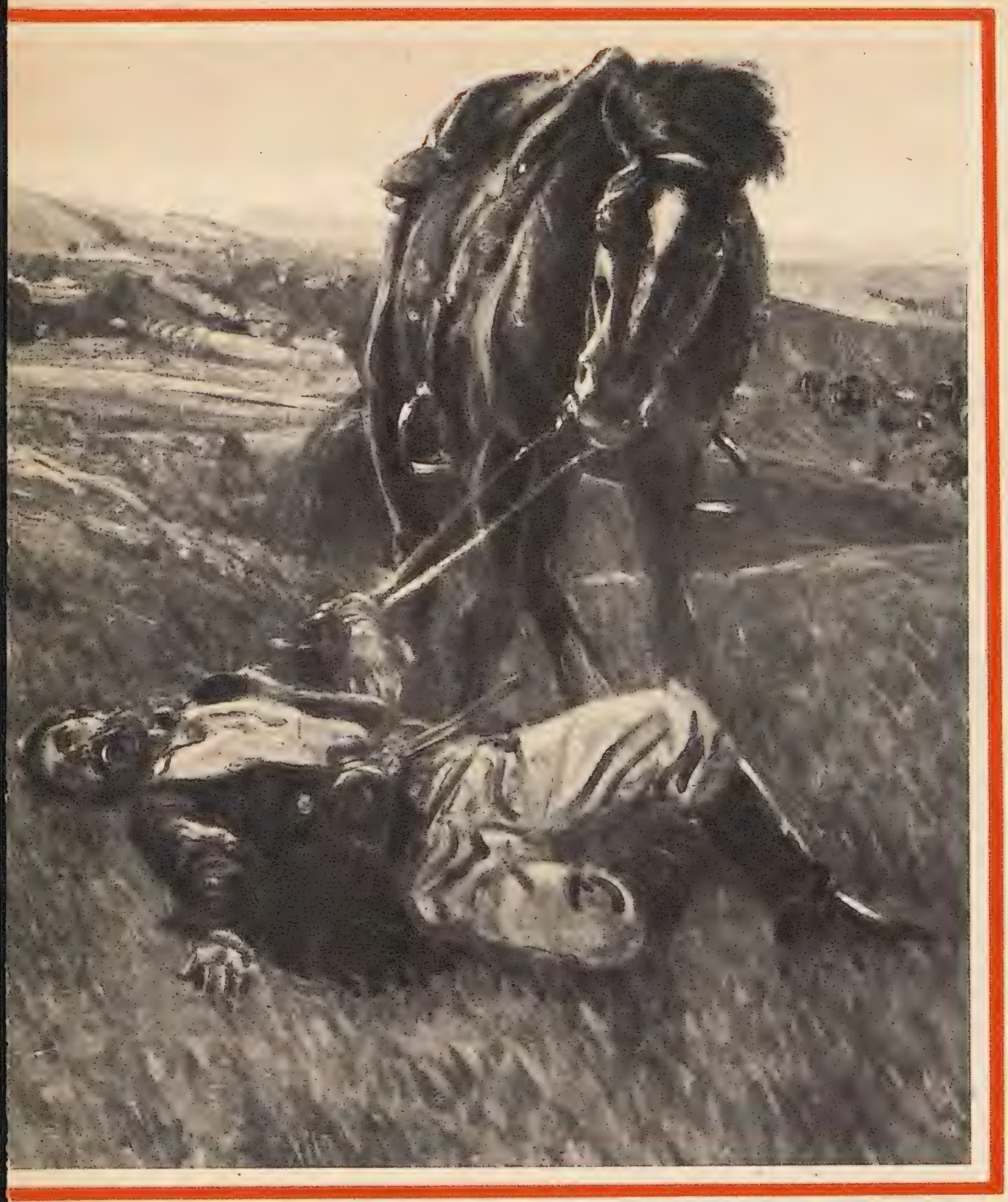
Karakhan's first kill, in 1913, in the wilds near the up act of driving off a herd of Mother Karakhan's horses. Hav

These teachings came to a violent fruition in the boy in the spring when he was twelve. He and Sabutai were riding herd on the upper reaches of the Ufa River. An hour before dawn the oddly matched pair became aware of a movement among the horses in the valley below them. Soon the herd was in wild stampede in two directions.

BOTH Karakhan and Sabutai knew the meaning. It was a raid of horse thieves. A few hurried words between the boy and the old man as they saddled their riding animals and Karakhan was off in the darkness in pursuit of that half of the herd which had forded the river.

Daylight found him riding through a forest on the flank of the herd which was being driven forward by a single Tartar horseman. The boy dismounted, brought his heavy rifle to his shoulder and a bullet whizzed across the clearing. It stung the horse, which reared and hurled the Tartar to the ground. The man attempted to rise, but crumpled back.

Karakhan tethered his own horse, and warily cr the 200 yards between him and his crippled There was a fresh cartridge in the chamber of h and his finger was on the trigger.



From the painting by Harold von Schmidt in the Karakhan Hall of the Winter Palace, Leningrad

. The future Red Napoleon, then aged twelve, had caught a marauding Tartar in the pled the Tartar, the boy coolly walked up to him and shot him between the eyes.

From a distance of twenty yards he saw that the raider had been disarmed in his fall from the horse. Fool! Sabutai had always taught him to carry his rifle on his back or in his hand, and never slung from the saddle.

With his own rifle at the ready, the boy walked up to the helpless raider. Walked once around him. The Tartar thief's face was drawn with pain from a broken leg.

HE looked steadily into the eyes of the boy with the rifle. Karakhan looked into his. Not a word was exchanged between them.

Both knew.

At ten paces Karakhan deliberately shot him. One hasty look at the gaping hole between the dead man's bulging eyes, and the boy returned to his horse, mounted, and rode on to the herd, which had now stopped to graze. He rounded up the animals and drove them back toward the ford.

It was Karakhan's first kill. In the stormy years that followed, when the killing under his direction leaped to the thousands and went into the hundreds of thousands, he was still unaffected. To him the defeat of the weak by the strong was the law of nature. It was further inducement and further proof of the necessity of being strong.

Between the ages of ten and fourteen Karakhan spent his winters in Kazan with his mother.

The circumstances of the family were reduced. Grazing had been bad; horses had died; sales were few; prices low. It was frequently a struggle for Mother Karakhan and her brood of three boys and two girls to find wherewithal to feed, clothe, and house the little family.

A retired army officer conducted a school for officers' children in Kazan. Mother Karakhan could not afford the tuition, but Colonel Subiloff had been a comrade of Captain Karakhan, and this comradeship the veteran extended to the son.

OF those four years' schooling in Kazan, the world has received enlightenment in the brief monograph entitled Karakhan of Kazan at School, which Colonel Subiloff finished writing two months before his death, just two years ago.

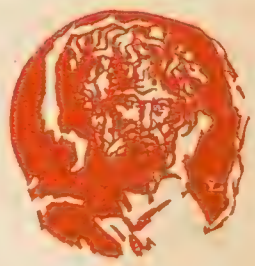
"My strongest impression of the young Karakhan," wrote Colonel Subiloff, "concerned his attentiveness, his curiosity, his frugality with words, and his intensive application.

"Karakhan's avidity for the exact sciences was most notable. He was provided with a memory that made study almost superfluous. Mathematics, particularly speedy mental calculations, seemed to come to him naturally. Geography was to him what moving pictures are to the schoolboys of today.

"He never considered foreign places except in relation to their distance from Kazan, to the means of transportation available, and to the time of travel. When he mastered the location of a place, he had mastered the routes to it.

"Maps lived for him—he measured them in days' rides by foot, by horse, by sleigh, by train, by boat. Even at that early day, he tried to figure progress in terms of flying hours.

"Great historical characters he studied intently, but with scant admiration. He told me once, after he had finished reading Plutarch's Lives, that he knew by memory the mistakes made in each one of those. 'I believe everyone makes mistakes,' he said. 'The greater the man, the smaller the mistake. The small mistakes of the great are the great lessons of the small.'"



Hannibal.

Colonel Subiloff has related the several instances where his intervention became necessary in disputes and controversies more or less violent arising between his white pupils and this solitary, almost brooding boy from the hills. Karakhan did not mix well with them. He had few friends or intimates among them. He was conscious of their whiter skins and their air of superiority over him, and this made him hate them. He was certain of his superiority over them.

The hill boy's pride in himself and in his mother received a severe shock by an incident which caused a wide-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page thirteen]

spread circle of chuckles in the neighborhood of his mother's home. Every smile was a stab to the boy when he learned their meaning.

A white Russian mountebank, who earned his vodka and a precarious living by providing public houses with doubtful music on a concertina, was accepted as an overnight lodger by Mother Karakhan. Young Karakhan and the other children were out of the house on the following morning when the wandering minstrel sought to pay for his bed by inviting Mother Karakhan to share it with him.

The white man ran from the house half-dressed, and half-scalded from a kettle of water which the yellow mother hurled after him. While the neighborhood laughed at the outcome of this not unusual advance on the part of a white man to a comely yellow widow, the widow herself calmly profited from the incident by selling the minstrel's concertina, which he had the prudence not to return for.

Young Karakhan, livid with rage but silent, wore his knife that night as he prowled about the drinking places of Kazan on a futile search, which had it been successful would have wiped out the deeply felt insult. Countless whites, men and women, were to pay.

School days ended in the spring of 1914. That was also the last summer he spent under the tutelage of old Sabutai of the hills. For Karakhan a new school was to open that year; a school in which he took the courses that perfected him to become the Scourge of the World.

Russia mobilized. War.

Russia needed horses. Mother Karakhan carried on negotiations in Kazan. Three hundred head of stout Mongol horses were sold at the army supply depot in Kazan and Mother Karakhan cashed a government order for 30,000 rubles.

There was not sufficient railroad equipment for transportation and the Quartermaster's Department at Ufa ordered that the horses be driven overland to Kazan.

This was young Karakhan's first service in war. Sabutai was too old for the trip. A fourteen-year-old boy, with three lieutenants and a command of 300 horses, with a march of 450 versts ahead of him. Young Karakhan's assistants were three Tartar peasants—one an elderly, bearded grandfather; the other two, boys of sixteen years.

Karakhan knew the country, knew the best grazing, and by following the river he kept close to water. They averaged forty-five versts a day.

On the evening of the tenth day Karakhan delivered his horses into the army stockade in the railroad yards on the outskirts of Kazan. He had started with 300 horses, and had lost none.

A FAT and elderly quartermaster major was in command of the train which was to carry the horses westward. He had reached Kazan the previous day from St. Petersburg. He had been a clerical soldier for twenty years and hated horses. Major Bransky was his name.

"Yellow boy," he said with attempted impressiveness to Karakhan, "do you wish to be a man and a soldier as I am? Do you wish to hear the roar of guns? Do you wish to go to the front? If you do, I will take you; but you must work on the train."

The boy certainly did not want to be a man and a soldier like Bransky, sitting puffing in the August heat in the compartment of the caboose. But he did want to go to war. He was right in his presumption that Bransky was afraid of the horses. He accepted, and it was he who dictated to Bransky the essentials of the trip.

Attila.

Major Bransky was commended for bringing his charges through safely, and he celebrated the citation with a vodka debauch in his billets. At the height of his alcoholic generosity, he received the young horse boy of the Urals, complimented him for his assistance, and gave him the elaborate document which constituted Karakhan's first citation in war. It was a combination citation and military pass, reading as follows:

The bearer, Ivan Karakhan, fourteen years old; height 5 ft. 10 in.; hair black; eyes black; complexion yellow; domicile, Kazan; son of Aral Karakhan, widow of the late Captain Feodor Karakhan, Fifth Regiment, Don Cossacks; is under contract with the Quartermaster's Department for the purchase, sale, transportation, delivery, and training of horses for the army of Grand Duke Michael.

This pass provides him with transportation on all trains, military and civil, in and outside of the zones of the army, and entitles him to billets and maintenance in all quartermaster supply depots, at the bases, and with representatives of the Quartermaster's Department at the front.

(Signed) LAMINOFF,
Quartermaster General.

Pinsk, September 3, 1914.

Karakhan saw war in 1915 and 1916. It was his schooling. He was with the victorious Russian advance at Lemberg; he heard the roar of the guns as the Russian masses hurled themselves upon the Austrian army and forced the passes of the Carpathians. He escaped capture by minutes when the Germans retook Memel in March of 1915.

He had located his father's old Cossack regiment and been received by its colonel, who had been a lieutenant when Karakhan, Senior, fell at Mukden.

IN 1917 he saw the Russian army melt; he saw the mutinies that preceded the revolution; he saw the strength of the Russian army crumble through lack of discipline, through failure of its supplies, through incapacity of its directing.

His ever critical mind searched for the mistakes, the errors, and found them.

That year of the fall of the Russian Empire. Karakhan, at the age of seventeen, became a soldier of the Red Army. He had read Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire; he had read Carlyle on the French Revolution; he had read half a dozen lives of Napoleon; and he was able to recognize opportunity.

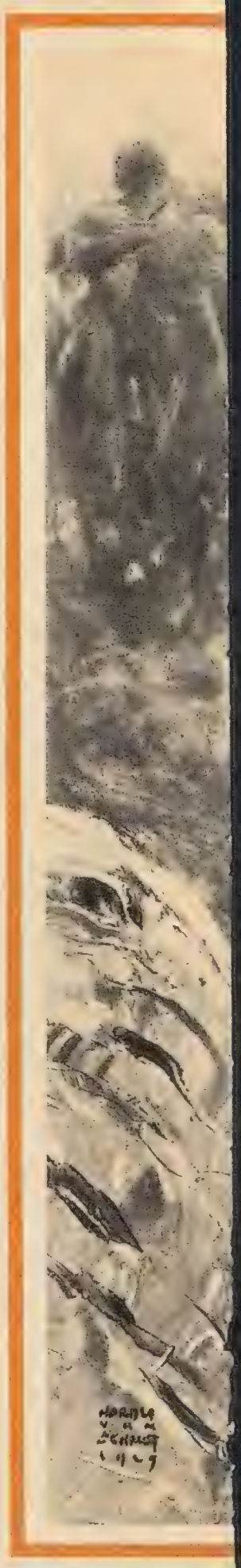
With the red brassard around the left sleeve of his uniform tunic, with belt, bayonet, and rifle, he became a member in the ranks of the Sixth Battalion of Soldiers, Sailors, and Workers of the Red Army. Most of his comrades were youngsters as he himself was.

Karakhan's three years with the army stood him in good stead. He knew organization; he knew discipline; and "he knew the way to promotion and pay." In two weeks he had become leader of his company.

His command marched into Moscow with the ragged forces of Trotzky and Lenin. He participated with it in the fighting in the Red Square; he witnessed dozens of wholesale executions of White Russians in the same square.

That year, with the rank of a colonel, but with his regiment swollen to the size of a brigade, he was transferred by train to Penza, and moved eastward against General Gaida, the young Czech commander, whose Czech-Slovak legions, unwilling to lay down their arms to the Austrians, had moved across South Russia, leaving a path of devastation behind them.

Gaida was the strongest fighting force with Kolchak. Karakhan mastered him, outmaneuvered and outfought him in a dozen different encounters. Returning to Moscow the following year, he received his promotion to full general, at the age of nineteen. That year he commanded



From the paintt
by Harold von Schi

he youthful Karakhan's baptism of fire, in 1915. He had attached himself to his father's old Cossack regiment. lthough but fifteen, and supposedly a noncombatant, he caught up the lance of a fallen comrade and took part in a charge on the guns of the Austrian rear guard, in the passes of the Carpathians.

successfully in the Baltic against Yudenitch. His success in the field caused his reassignment to South Russia, where he inflicted severe losses upon the White Russian forces of Denikin.

IN 1921 France launched Pilsudski on his ill-fated eastern drive to Kiev. Karakhan at the time was engaging the forces of General Wrangel in the Crimea. It was Karakhan who proposed the right-face movement which suddenly hurled itself westward upon the Polish invaders and administered a crashing defeat for Pilsudski, causing the almost complete annihilation of the Polish army, which fell back in disorder almost 500 miles to Warsaw.

As a correspondent for the Chicago Tribune I was with the Poles throughout the retreat and narrowly escaped capture by Karakhan's Cossacks in the burning city, Brest Litovsk.

Weygand and French tanks saved the Poles and turned the Reds back at the walls of Warsaw, but the return of the Russian forces to Russia was celebrated for the victory that it actually was. Following the victory parade in the Red Square in Moscow, Karakhan was married.

So much has been written and said about this first white woman in Karakhan's life that little remains to be told of the strange forces of psychology that met and struggled in their union. Lin Larkin was six years older than the twenty-one-year-old successful soldier she married in 1921.

She was born in Boston of factory-working tenement-living Irish immigrants from whom she inherited the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page fifteen]

rebellious nature she first demonstrated in the industrial strikes in the Fall River region. Her leadership in these disputes early gained her a prominent position in radical circles in New York and on the soap boxes of Union Square.

When the Selective Draft Act went into effect in America, she espoused the cause of the conscientious objectors and married one of them for the sole purpose of keeping him out of the army.

Divorced after the Armistice, she took up the cause of the Russian revolutionists, denounced the presence of American soldiers in Siberia and in Archangel, and finally joined the staff of Ludwig Martens, representing the Russian revolutionists in New York.

When Martens and his staff were deported by the Department of Labor on January 22, 1921, she went to Russia with them and was given representation on the American delegation to the Third International in Moscow, together with Bill Haywood, Ruth Bryant Reed, and other American Reds.

Lin was class-conscious, but not race-conscious. I had many conversations with her in Moscow the following year. Her hatred was centered on the capitalistic system. She proudly boasted no race prejudice. Karakhan's yellow skin meant nothing to her; he was a war god fighting victoriously for the masses.

To Karakhan, this educated, brilliantly spoken, composed yet rebellious woman was a spirit from a far world, but a spirit that attracted him far and beyond any of the cowed and beaten Asiatic women he had known. He wanted her and he felt that he needed her.

According to communistic regulations, they announced their marriage and registered the union which was to have such a great influence upon the subsequent events of his life and the history of the following years.

I met Karakhan for the first time in 1922, during the Russian famine. He had headquarters on the Volga at Samara. At this time his division was stationed in garrison towns along the Volga, guarding the wheat supplies of the Red Army.

IN his reports to Moscow, Karakhan bitterly criticized the operations of his military predecessors in the grain belt. His mind, ever seeking cause and effect, found the mistake responsible for the 5,000,000 lives snuffed out during the great famine. The general preceding him at Samara during the previous year had confiscated the peasants' seed grain; had swept bare the floors of the granaries; and the crop failure of the succeeding year was inevitable.

These reports were submitted direct to Trotzky. Karakhan refused to avail himself of the warning and caution suggested by his staff, who feared that Trotzky would make the criticism grounds for his removal from the army or make him a subject for disciplinary action.

Karakhan's hatred for Trotzky developed at that time and reached its peak of bitterness in 1927, when he benefited with Stalin in the downfall of the Jewish Commissar of War and his exile to an unimportant post in the wilds of Siberia.

Karakhan tried to keep out of politics. He had set his course with the army. In 1923 it was in the Caucasus. In 1924 in Persia. In 1925 his division brought the threat of invasion to the frontiers of Turkestan and Afghanistan, and sent a shiver through India. It was a tremor that was felt from Calcutta to Downing Street.

In 1926 and 1927 his headquarters was at Irkutsk on Lake Baikal in mid-Siberia, and it was arms, munitions, and organizers from his headquarters that welded the strength of the Mongolian war lords from Svord Udinsk to Urga and down the Kalgan trail almost to the walls of Peking.

He was there also in 1928, when slowly awakening China came to an open clash of arms with the Japanese at Tsinan-Fu. Japan looked askance toward the Kalgan trail and the presence of Karakhan and his strong forces along the trans-Siberian railroad centering on Irkutsk.

The cradle of the War of the Races. Kazan was Karakhan's birthplace, but it was while in command at Irkutsk that he fomented Red revolt among the Chinese and Japanese.

It was in 1929 that Karakhan made himself the principal influence behind Russia's refusal to concur in America's proposal for a Pan-Chinese peace conference to settle the fate of China. Diplomats have since attributed to him the principal responsibility for the subsequent events of that year, which led to the unification of China under the nationalist forces.

American recognition of the new China eventually forced the surrender by England, France, Italy, Portugal, and Japan of their extra-territorial privileges and concessions in the yellow republic, and was directly responsible for the lowering of white prestige in the East.

THE terrible events of 1930: the bloodshed in Calcutta, Bombay, and Saigon, and the final expulsion of the French and British forces from southern Asia, were the natural result of the unification of China.

In the following year, the seeds which Karakhan had planted far out on the Kalgan trail spread westward through Persia and the Near East. Foreign concessions on the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden, the Persian Gulf, Arabia, Mesopotamia, fell one after the other, culminating in 1931 with the north African revolt, which spread from Egypt westward through Tripoli, Algeria, and Morocco, where armies of Britain, France, Italy, and Spain held out against the strongly armed native forces that pushed them from the south.

Then Europe suffered another blow of vital consequence to her ultimate downfall. The year 1932 will always be remembered in Europe for the famine and flu epidemics that occurred late that summer just after the debacle of the Arms Limitation Conference in Washington, which had been postponed from 1931.

The conference failed for the same reason that it had failed at Geneva in 1927. The American proposals for limitation of total cruiser tonnage and England's counterproposals for the reduction of individual tonnage, proved incompatible once more, and the conference was wrecked.

Genghis Khan.

During the summer of 1932—the month of July—I reported for the newspapers of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate the extent and ravages of the flu epidemic in France, Italy, Germany, and the Balkans, and also cabled a number of reports on the shortage in food supplies, which was becoming serious.

In the following month, bearing credentials from the Spanish, French, Italian, and British War Offices, I made a motor trip behind the entire Allied front, stretching across north Africa from Casablanca on the Atlantic to Port Said at the Mediterranean terminal of the Suez Canal.

On the various sectors across Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripolitania, and Egypt, the Allied forces num-

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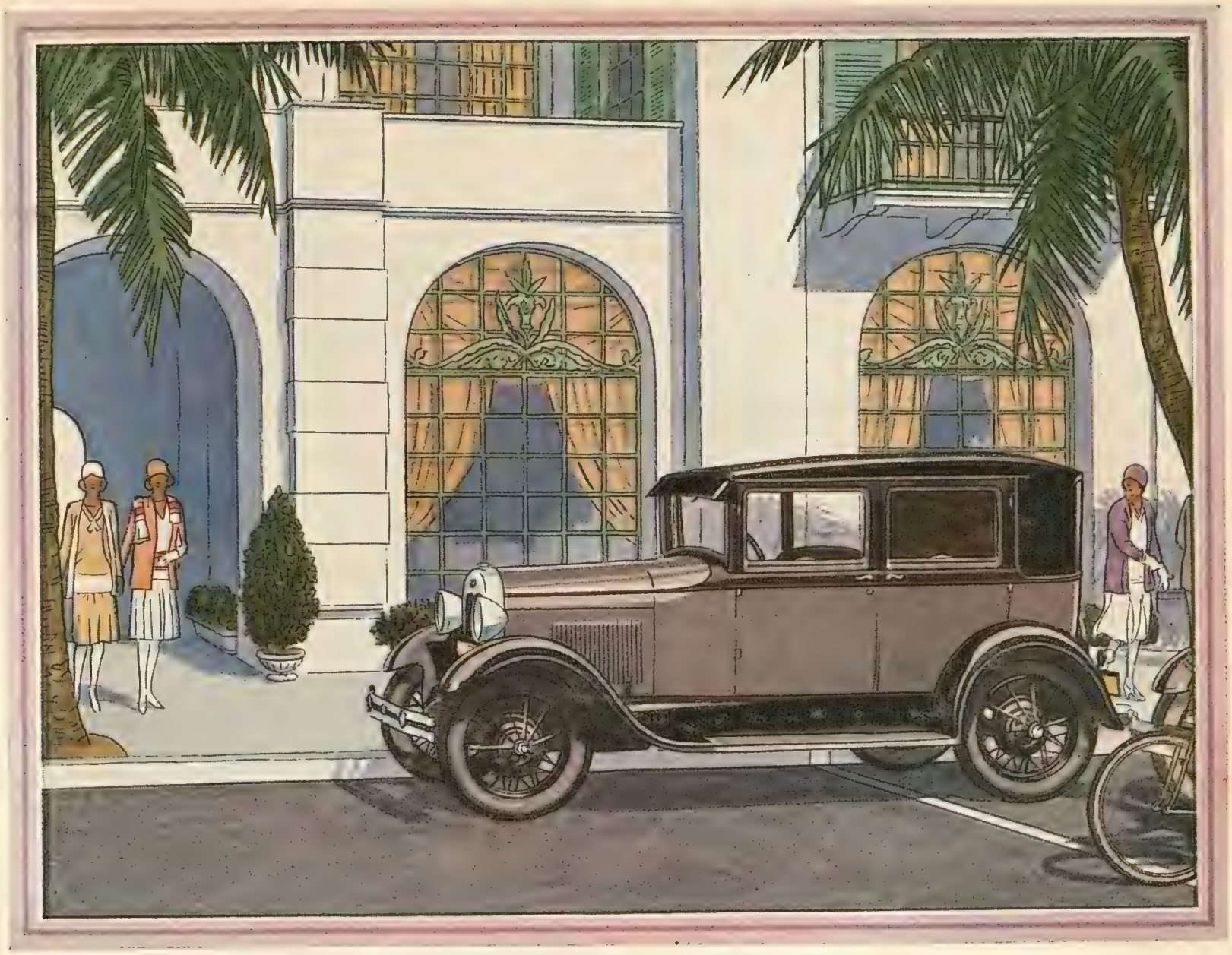


Fuel system of the new Ford has been designed for reliability and long service

THE practical value of Ford simplicity of design is especially apparent in the fuel system. The whole purpose is to give you many thousands of miles of use without trouble of any kind.

The very location of the gasoline tank is an example of this careful planning. It has been built integral with the cowl to permit the use of a gravity feed without any intermediate step—the simplest and most effective way of supplying gasoline to the carburetor without variations in pressure.

Because of the central location of the gasoline tank in the new Ford, there is no need of a long fuel line with its multiplied possibilities of trouble. The Ford fuel line, as a matter of fact, is only eighteen inches long and is easily accessible all the way.

The tank itself is made of heavy pressed steel, electrically welded, and is terne plated to prevent rust or corrosion.

The carburetor in the new Ford also has many interesting features. It is unusually reliable in action because there are no moving parts in any way affecting the mixture. All adjustments are fixed except the needle valve and idler, so there is practically nothing to get out of order. "Keep it clean" and "don't tinker" are the two principal things to remember in the care of the Ford carburetor.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

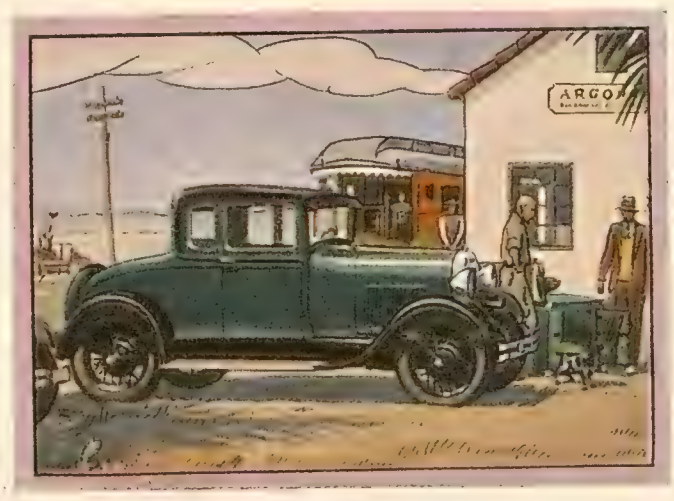
The choke on the dash of the new Ford acts not only as a primer, but likewise provides a convenient way for you to regulate the gasoline mixture and thereby increase gasoline mileage.

Throughout, the fuel system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.

There are only three things to do, at 1000 to 2000 miles. (1) Clean the sediment bulb. (2) Remove the carburetor screen and wash it in gasoline. (3) Take out the drain plug at the bottom of the carburetor and drain the carburetor.

Make it a point to have your Ford dealer look after these little details for you when you take the car to him for oiling and greasing.

A periodic checking-up costs little, but it has a great deal to do with long life and continuously good performance.



The new Ford is distinguished by the trim, graceful simplicity of its lines and the beauty of its colors. Shown here is the new Ford Coupe—a splendid all-weather car.

"The Old Grouch!"

No one likes to be called a "grouch." Yet we all have days of chronic fault-finding . . . days when we scold and criticize.

And on just such days, if we only knew, the biggest fault lies with ourselves. It's an outward sign of an inward condition that needs correcting.

Constipation is mankind's greatest foe. Relief? . . . The *sensible* way is the *simple* way — through *water washing* with Pluto Mineral Water, advocated so widely today by the leading doctors.

You would not use harsh chemicals or drugs for cleansing the face. Is it not even more illogical to employ them for cleansing the delicate tissues *inside* your body?

Pluto Mineral Water really *washes* the intestinal tract. Common drinking water would do the same thing if it passed through the intestines. But it does not. It is absorbed and passes out through the kidneys.

Pluto Water is different. It contains a percentage of minerals exceeding the mineral content of the blood. For that reason it does not go to the kidneys, but enters the intestinal tract, cleaning and flushing all that's before it.

That is why Pluto acts so quickly — 30 minutes to two hours. That, too, is why it never gripes—is gentle, harmless and non-habit-forming. Its effect is actually *soothing.*

Pluto Water is used in two ways. It brings quick relief when constipation is acute. It *keeps away* constipation, colds and influenza when taken in small amounts daily upon arising.

Dilute with *hot* water — directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the Springs, French Lick, Ind.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS
World-Famed Home of Pluto Mineral Water

Springtime in the Cumberland foothills is a season of distinguished charm. From far and near people visit French Lick Springs — in the heart of this favored region — to drink health-giving Pluto Water—to take the rejuvenating baths—to cleanse the system — to store up new vitality. Wholesome outdoor diversions — golf on two 18-hole courses, horseback riding, tennis and hiking, make your stay, however extended, only too short. Accommodations and cuisine unexcelled at the French Lick Springs Hotel. Complete medical staff in attendance. French Lick is easily accessible from all points. Write or wire for reservations — or send for booklet. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana. T. D. TAGGART, *President.*

When Nature Won't, PLUTO Will

PLUTO WATER

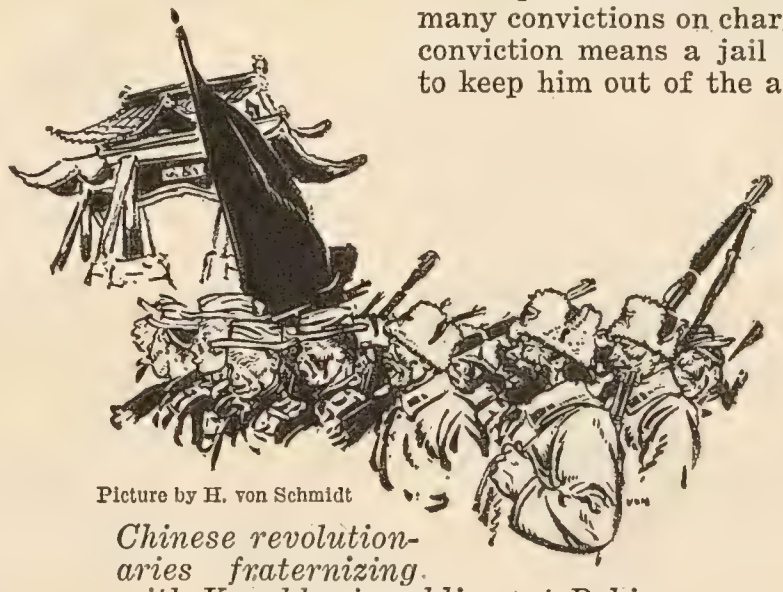
America's Laxative Mineral Water

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

bered approximately three-quarters of a million men, made up of 400,000 French troops, 150,000 British, 100,000 Spanish, and 100,000 Italian.

The opposing forces of revolting Moroccans, Algerians, Tunisians, Egyptians, and Sudanese were variously estimated at a total strength of a million.

I was fortunate in obtaining from the Allied General Staff, located at Algiers, the first documentary proof of the assistance the revolting natives were receiving from their sympathizers in Asia and in Russia. Money, munitions, and propaganda invoking the Holy War and the war of color constantly emanated from Moscow, and it was on the basis of these revelations that I was ordered to go to the capital of Russia and report this news from its source.



Picture by H. von Schmidt

Chinese revolutionaries fraternizing with Karakhan's soldiers at Peking.

I arrived in Moscow the latter part of August, 1932, and established a bureau for the Chicago Tribune in the Savoy Hotel.

It was here during the first week of my arrival that I met the young American, whose strange story is so inextricably interwoven with the events which I am about to relate.

Stephen (Speed) Binney was the "spitten" image of his father. That was my first impression when this tall, slender, blond-haired, smiling-faced, bright-eyed, twenty-two-year-old bundle of flaming American youth introduced himself to me in the lobby of the Savoy Hotel.

"Mr. Gibbons," he said, "my name is Steve Binney, and you knew my father, Speed Binney, during the days of the A. E. F. in France. I have this letter for you from him. You remember him, of course?"

DID I remember Speed Binney? I did. Flier, fighter, drinker, pal; one of the wildest war birds in the squadron of Frank Luke, the balloon buster. Binney, who flew a flaming coffin; Binney, who shot down eight German planes; Binney, who had flown me over the German lines on a day bombing raid, in open violation of regulations; Binney, who had been shot down once himself. We had both been wounded and occupied adjoining cots in American Base Hospital No. 1 in Paris during that tough month of June, 1918.

That was when Speed told me about the wife back in St. Louis and the nine-year-old kid. And here was that nine-year-old, standing stalwart and husky, the very reincarnation of his old fighting dad. I opened the sealed letter he handed me. It read:

BINNEY SHEET & TUBE COMPANY
17-19-21 Chestnut St., St. Louis.

Office of the President.

DEAR GIBBONS:

You lucky hound. You are in the midst of a scrap again. How I envy you. The Armistice of 1918 meant a return to the slavery and drudgery of civilian life for the rest of us, but your luck holds out as ever.

From what I have read of your stuff in the last twelve or fourteen years, it looks like you have been in a couple of wars every year since then. No such luck for me. I had the wife and kid back in St. Louis, where I landed in the summer of nineteen.

Napoleon.

The phosphorus on that German ball in my shoulder kept the old wound from healing, and bad liquor also contributed to my skyrocket nerves for the following two years, but then I got my stride.

Worked like a dog since then. Cleaned up a little jack. Now president of my own works with a couple of plants operating here and another one up in Massachusetts on Fall River. That's that, but this is more.

Do you remember me telling you what a sweet baby boy I had?

Well, this tender, delicate little cherub is the roughneck who has just handed you this letter.

His greatest collegiate achievement was to distinguish himself as the first person to perfect the process of mixing cocktails in an electrical washing machine.

He is a flying fool with wings or without.

His pilot's license has been revoked three times for as many convictions on charges of reckless flying, and one more conviction means a jail sentence. I know it is impossible to keep him out of the air, but I am hoping it will be possible for me to keep him out of jail.

I don't think he will kill himself, or anybody else, because actually he is the best man I have ever seen in the air. He could land a flying boat on a tennis court.

The point of all this is that the kid is too speedy for the old man. From what I know of you, I think you have kept up the old wartime gait of 1918. And you are the only one I know of who can help me to get a few serious thoughts into the crazy head of this young idiot.

I want you to put him to work and make a man of him. From the way you hop around the world I know that you need speedy transportation. This kid can deliver it. I have told him that if he can sell himself to you for a job as an air chauffeur, I will buy him the speediest, latest plane that's made. His heart is set on one of the new French Breguets. They are big trimotor amphibians, with plenty of lift, speed, space, and fuel capacity. This letter is to ask you as an old pal to take this job on for me. Make him work. And make a man out of him.

Sincerely your pal,
SPEED BINNEY.

P. S. If you box or "mix" with him, be careful of his left; it's poisonous. S. B.

I FOLDED the letter and considered the job. What business did I have wet-nursing a young, untamed cyclone?

But young Binney was smiling. Friends of the "old man" are supposed to be more or less staid and gruff old codgers. I tried to live up to such specifications.

"Do you drink much, Speed?"

"What have you?" he replied with a smile. "I just arrived this morning, and am not familiar with the local oil, but am ready to try it."

Over small glasses of vodka we came to terms.

"You understand, then," I said, "that I am not responsible for you, but that from now on you are going to be responsible for me. You've had your fling at irresponsibility, and now I am going to show you what an irresponsible person really is.

"You know what I've got to do; you've got to help me do it. I am not going to try to tell you how to drink, or when to drink, or where to drink. I'm not going to treat you like a boy or a charge. You're a man and you will be expected to act as one. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed," said Binney. We shook hands. He left Moscow the following morning by the passenger air line for Paris, and one week later returned to the Moscow airdrome with the big trimotor Breguet.

We were ready for the most hectic year of our lives.

Next week Mr. Gibbons' recollections will encompass those fatal events—Karakhan's rise to a military dictatorship, American liberation of the Philippines, and the Red revolution in Japan—that were to lead to the War of the Races. Mr. Gibbons will also explain, for the first time, how a brawl in a Moscow café threw him and Speed Binney together with the beautiful and mysterious Margot Denison.

The Lobby

How Card-Indexed "Influence" Is Giving Them Back Their Old Power Over Laws and Lives

By

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

P. & A. photo

The Methodist headquarters building in Washington. Its site adjoins the Capitol grounds, and it faces the Capitol.

© Harris & Ewing

The Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

ARE the churches of America reaching out for temporal power?

The question recurs with ever-increasing interest as the federated churches steadily expand and perfect the mighty instrumentalities for political activity they have fashioned.

Visions of a new theocracy, clothed in the habiliments of democracy, but none the less a theocracy, are conjured up by the acts and utterances of the astute and far-seeing clerics directing the political action agencies of the church.

Already the most potent influence brought to bear upon the national and state governments is that of six Protestant denominations, representing 13,000,000 communicants, leagued together for the purpose of making the will of the church the will of the people.

Wielding a power far transcending that of the most puissant political boss, the churchmen make and unmake presidents, governors, judges, and national and state legislators. They shape domestic legislation and influence foreign policies.

The political influence of the churches is exercised through two great organizations constituting the two principal departments of their activity in temporal affairs. These organizations are the following:

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, representing twenty-eight denominations with 23,000,000 communicants, which with the coöperation of numerous affiliated groups concentrates effort upon influencing the actions of the government upon measures dealing with world peace, disarmament, national defense, immigration, labor, industry, and foreign relations.

The National Conference of Organizations Supporting the Eighteenth Amendment, an amalgamation of thirty-three clerical and secular bodies including the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, and comprising an aggregate membership of 20,000,000, which is dedicated to the maintenance of national prohibition and its more effective enforcement.

The Federal Council, which is the church department of pacifism and internationalism, and the National Conference of dry organizations, which functions as the church department of prohibition, are interlocked by the following six Protestant denominations which in 1927 had 13,000,000 communicants, and which are represented in both of these federations:

	Communicants
Methodist Episcopal	4,750,766
Methodist Episcopal, South	2,593,921
Presbyterian, U. S. A.	1,873,859
Baptist, Northern Convention	1,464,467
Disciples of Christ	1,436,575
Congregational	907,583

Carey Orr in the Chicago Tribune

The Anti-Saloon League Simon Legree and his bloodhounds, the thirty-three dry lobbies, in the Senate gallery.

Through the Federal Council these six denominations enlist the support for political action of twenty-two other evangelical sects with 10,000,000 communicants.

Through the national dry conference, the same six denominations reënforce themselves with the Southern Baptists and six other Protestant denominations, with the Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition and the Catholic Clergy Prohibition League, with the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and with sixteen other lay prohibition bodies—a total of twenty-seven additional organizations with a membership of 7,000,000.

The Federal Council and the bodies composing the national dry conference expend in the aggregate about $2,500,000 annually in political activity, and half a hundred other affili-

of the CHURCHES

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Thumbs down! The hand of the churches is potent and sometimes decisive in Congress.

ated pacifist and prohibition organizations expend as much more.

Such is the glorified lobby of the churches, which, with senators and congressmen in its organization and with the art of invisible political pressure brought to a high state of perfection, has put all other lobbies in the piker class.

It has become an institution of the national capital variously referred to as government by propaganda, the supergovernment, the new invisible government, and the third house of Congress.

THE Federal Council of Churches is composed of 400 members representing the constituent bodies and the national dry conference of about as many more. Less than a score of clergymen, however, direct the operations of the church lobby. In the inner circle of the groups the Methodist Church dominates. The outstanding leaders of the church lobby are:

Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Church, president of the Federal Council of Churches, vice chairman of the National Council for Prevention of War, member of the national council of the Committee on Militarism in Education, president of the Methodist Federation for Social Service.

International photo

Three leading lights of the Anti-Saloon League toast their cause in water. Left to right: the Rev. Dr. F. Scott McBride, who saw to the passage of the Jones bill, S. P. McNaught, and the Rev. Dr. M. P. Boynton.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the southern Methodist Church, member of the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches, member of the board of trustees of the Church Peace Union, chairman of the southern Methodist Board of Temperance and Social Service, chairman of the executive committee of the World League Against Alcoholism, member of the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon League.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur James Barton of the Southern Baptist Convention, president of the national dry federation, chairman of the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon League, chairman of the commission on social service of the Southern Baptist Church.

Bishop William F. McDowell, president of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, chairman of the Washington office of the Federal Council of Churches.

The Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Carey Orr in the Chicago Tribune, March 19, 1927

The late Wayne B. Wheeler's "trained animal act," as viewed by a cartoonist. Wheeler was the Anti-Saloon League's general counsel and "czar."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Public Morals, vice president of the national dry federation.

Bishop Thomas Nicholson of the Methodist Church, president of the Anti-Saloon League, member of the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches.

Ernest H. Cherrington, a Methodist layman, member of the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon League, member of the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches.

In assuming direction of the great agency of propaganda and political action which the Federal Council of Churches has become, Bishop McConnell pointed the way to the establishment of the new theocracy. The rule of the church by fiat is gone forever, but through the proper organization of its influence the church can regain temporal power.

"THE church had control over the forms of all human activities," said the bishop with reference to the period ending with the Reformation. "That was an arbitrary decree. There was a threat of excommunication for those who would not accede to every control of the ecclesiastical power. It could promote or not promote a war upon occasion.

"The church controlled all the educational conditions of society; it controlled all family relationships completely—it governed the conditions of marriage.

"It even went down into the market place and with the doctrines of Jesus did something to mitigate the old-time commercial conditions. All of this by the exercise of authority!"

But the Reformation changed all that.

"We can never go back to the old arbitrary decree of the church," the bishop went on. "Such a thing would be impossible and would be only smiled at. We must rely upon influence."

And the bishop put that word "influence" in italics.

Even more frankly and aggressively did the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, who recently retired as president of the Federal Council, enunciate the challenge of clericalism to the continued supremacy of the state in temporal matters.

"There is a new consciousness abroad," said Dr. Cadman, "that Protestantism has too easily surrendered to the state in the decision as to great questions which, while in one sense political, are at bottom profoundly moral.

"The divided state of Protestantism has been especially responsible for its having so nearly abdicated this field in the past. The knitting up of our isolated forces into something like a unified whole will mean much in regaining a moral autonomy for the churches in all ranges of human activity."

THE Federal Council was depicted by Dr. Cadman as the logical instrumentality through which the churches would achieve and exercise political power.

"The day is past," he continued, "when any realm of our economic, industrial, social, political, or international life will be regarded as outside the sphere of responsibility of the churches. All over the country prophetic voices are declaring from the pulpit and in ecclesiastical assemblies that the organized group life of society is to be no less subject to the rule of Christ than the life of the individual."

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Bishop Thomas Nicholson of Chicago, Anti-Saloon League president.

With a President who is indebted in no small degree to the Protestant churches for the overwhelming character of his election, the church lobby is preparing for operations, under the Hoover administration, on even a greater scale than hitherto.

Encouraged by the results of their political activity in the presidential election, the drys during the winter organized the national conference of clerical and secular dry societies and as soon as Mr. Hoover was inaugurated they held a meeting to map out their program for more and better prohibition legislation and enforcement.

The directors of the dry campaign under the Hoover administration will be Bishop Cannon and Dr. Barton, both southern Democrats who organized the anti-Smith movement in the South with such disastrous results for the Democrats in the solid South.

The political power of the church lobby varies with circumstances. It has been established most conspicuously in the department of prohibition. The Anti-Saloon League, organized by a Congregationalist clergyman, but for many years dominated by the Methodists and Baptists, brought about national prohibition at a cost of $50,000,000 for propaganda and political organization. By marshaling dry voters at primaries and general elections it obtained politically dry Congresses and state legislatures, executives, and judges.

Both houses of Congress are dry by a large majority today and the seventy-first Congress elected last November is even dryer numerically than its predecessor.

As a result of its demonstrated power to make and un-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

THE DAY IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—
..START IT WITH A FACE THAT'S FIT!

You CAN'T lose *this* cap!

Bang goes the front door! You're off! Another day. Make it a good one. And greet it with a face that's Fit!

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First Williams Shaving Cream. Ultra mild,—because in the Williams blend of triple distilled ingredients there is absolute purity; nothing that can irritate the most delicately sensitive skin. Super softening,—for it holds much moisture. Holds, indeed, 10% *more* moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of.

A beard quickly softened. Pores cleansed. Facial tissues freshened. A close, clean shave.

Then, Aqua Velva. Its stimulating tingle makes you feel alive, alert, as though your newly shaven skin had asked for it.

Beyond its pleasant thrill, Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts and scrapes, mostly unseen. Gives all day face protection. Helps to prevent chapping. And, by conserving natural moisture, essential to good complexions, *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit.*

Ready for the day!

If you wish to try a week or so of this Williams Shaving Service—clip the coupon. Or send a post card. These free trial sizes will tell you a lot in a short time. More than many words.

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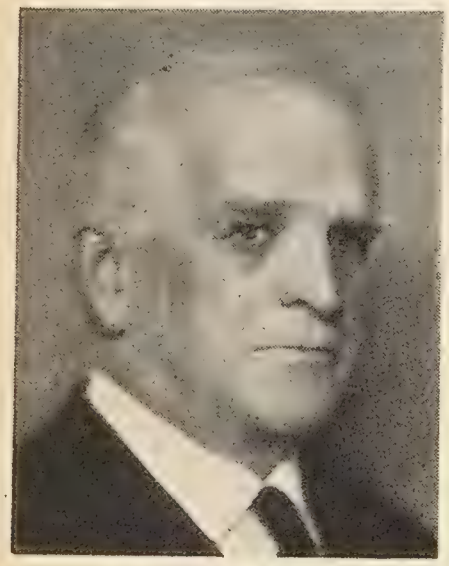
DEPT. L-59 GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

make public officials, the Anti-Saloon League is the most feared agency of the church lobby. Exhibit A of this profound respect for the power of this famous extralegal department of government is the number of legislators who vote dry, though they drink wet. They would rather compromise with their convictions than lose their jobs.

On prohibition legislation in Congress, the church lobby is ordinarily able to control the votes of not less than fifty of the ninety-six senators and 250 of the 435 representatives. On other questions its hold on the legislature is less dependable, though it succeeds oftener than it fails in carrying its point.



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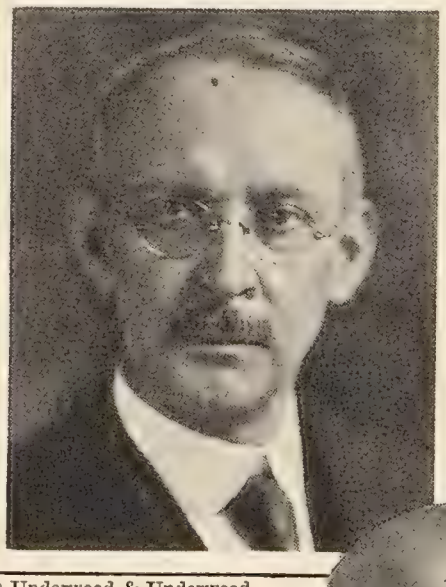
Bishop W. F. McDowell, president of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. At right, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, a power in the Federal Council and the dry conference.



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P. & A. photo

P. & A. photo

The Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Barton of Nashville, Tennessee, president of the national dry federation. At left, Ernest H. Cherrington, who has succeeded the late Wayne B. Wheeler as the "czar" of the Anti-Saloon League.

© Harris & Ewing

Bishop Francis J. McConnell of Pittsburgh, president of the Federal Council of Churches.

It was under the whip and spur of the church lobby that Congress toward the end of the last session enacted the Jones law making every violation of the national prohibition law a felony punishable by maximum penalties of five years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine. The Senate debated the bill beneath the watchful eyes of the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, and the Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, secretary of the national dry conference, who occupied seats in the senators' private gallery.

Seated in a prominent place in the gallery when the House passed the bill and in communication with his lieutenants on the floor was the Rev. Dr. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent and chief lobbyist for the Anti-Saloon League. Dr. McBride grinned tolerantly when, pointed out from the floor by indignant wets, he heard himself denounced as the "super-president of the United States." He could afford to be tolerant. He had three times as many votes as he needed.

THE church lobby wielded a powerful influence in behalf of the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations without reservations, but was unable to prevent the adoption of the reservations the rejection of which by President Wilson kept us out of the league. The Federal Council of Churches and affiliated organizations waged a propaganda and lobbying campaign to put the country into the World Court, but were unable to prevent the adoption by the Senate of the reservations the rejection of which by the European powers has kept us out of the tribunal up to date.

The most aggressive activities in support of the Kellogg war-renunciation treaty were those of the church lobby, the leaders of which in this instance saw their efforts crowned with complete success, for the pact was approved by the Senate without the attachment of any reservations.

The Federal Council of Churches takes credit for thwarting the effort of the Coolidge administration to obtain legislation last year authorizing the strengthening of the navy with seventy-one warships costing $800,000,000. In the last session of Congress the Federal Council did not officially attempt to defeat the cruiser bill for sixteen ships, contenting itself with an effort to compass the rejection of the three-year construction time limit, and to procure postponement of all construction pending the session this spring of the preparatory commission of the League of Nations disarmament project.

The opposition to the cruiser bill on the floor of the Senate was led by Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, who lives in the Methodist headquarters building in Washington.

WHILE the Federal Council brought the influence of its mass lobby to bear on the Senate with a circular letter to 75,000 pastors, urging them to activity for postponement of construction of the cruisers, its president, Bishop McConnell, and other leaders organized a conference in Washington which aimed at the complete defeat of the cruiser bill. This conference was held under the auspices of the Washington Council on International Relations, the president of which is Edward T. Devine, a Methodist educator connected with the Federal Council of Churches.

At the same time a lobby of women affiliated with the church lobby went into action in Washington against the cruiser bill. This was the National Conference on the Cause and Cure of War.

This body was composed of:

The Council of Women for Home Missions and the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions—both affiliated with the Federal Council of Churches.

The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association—a coöperating body of the Federal Council.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which belongs to the prohibition department of the church lobby.

The American Association of University Women.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The National Council of Jewish Women.

The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

The National League of Women Voters.

The National Women's Trade Union League.

This lobby of women and the church lobbyists de-

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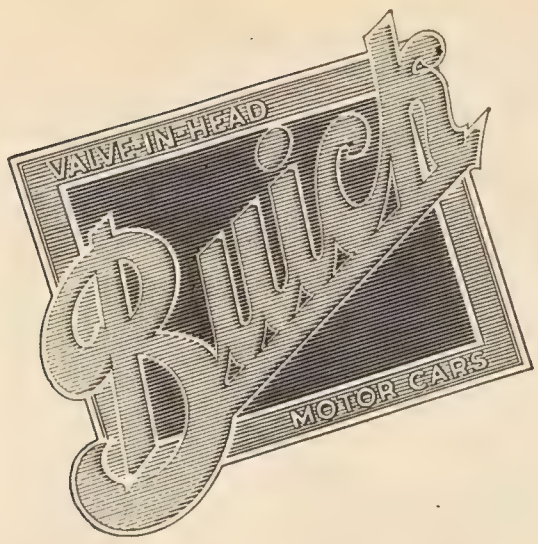

THE ONLY TRUE LEADERSHIP IS LEADERSHIP THAT LASTS

A group of master builders . . . proficient in all branches of automobile design . . . inspired by a quarter-century of leadership in fine car manufacture . . . directing a highly skilled organization with almost unlimited resources for continued advancement and leadership. . . . That is Buick

The steady sweep of progress which has carried America to industrial leadership of the world is nowhere more finely exemplified than in the history of Buick—now standing at the crest of twenty-five years of successful motor car manufacture.

And yet, the glorious past—the enviable present position of the Buick car and the Buick company—may be truthfully described as only the prelude to an even more glorious future.

Not only because Buick aims, Buick ideals and Buick policies are dedicated to progress, but also because the men who shape and guide Buick's manufacturing programs are master builders.

Buick artist craftsmen—Buick designers—the entire Buick personnel—devote their combined talents to the one purpose of keeping Buick products always the standard of comparison.

The Buick engineering department, thoroughly versed in all phases of motor car design, contributes those basic mechanical advancements which have caused Buick to be regarded as the source of better automobiles throughout a quarter of a century.

The Buick manufacturing division—Buick testing and inspection—as well as authorized Buick service stations throughout the world—all work to the same high standard of efficiency.

Animating and inspiring this entire organization is the determination that Buick *must* excel—*must* build soundly, strongly and dependably—*must* hold forth the fullest measure of value and satisfaction to purchasers of Buick cars.

The Buick Motor Company is the world's largest builder of quality automobiles . . . solely because Buick combines the facilities and the ability to give maximum value to the market it serves.

More than 2,000,000 Buicks have been produced. More than 1,500,000 of this twenty-five year total are still serving their owners. More than 80% of Buick owners buy Buicks again. And—as a supreme proof of leadership—more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.

Buick will continue to keep faith with owners of its products. Buick will continue to build Buick motor cars superlatively well. Buick will continue to fulfill its time-honored pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Buick leadership is leadership that lasts!

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

© Henry Miller

New York pacifists opposing the cruiser bill call upon their state's senators. In front, left to right: Oswald Garrison Villard, Senator Robert F. Wagner, Mrs. Annie E. Gray, Senator Royal S. Copeland, and Mrs. Florence Hamilton. Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Hamilton are officers of the Women's Peace Society.

At right, Mrs. Pacifist Lobby gets rid of the nation's Adequate Navy watchdog and installs the Kellogg Treaty lapdog.

Carey Orr in the Chicago Tribune

They also prepare resolutions, petitions, and other appeals which are distributed to clergymen and church and dry organizations throughout the country for indorsement.

In every state and congressional district the church and prohibition key bodies circulate these appeals and eventually dispatch them to their senators and representatives signed with thousands of names. Inundation of the legislator with resolutions, petitions, letters, and telegrams from his constituents urging the course of action desired by the church lobby is calculated to impress him with the widespread sentiment therefor back home.

THIS is the "back fire" upon which the church lobby chiefly depends for results.

An illustration of the operation of this device is afforded by the manner in which the church lobby undertook to put a crimp in the Coolidge Mexican policy. In the autumn of 1926 Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg delivered to the Calles government of Mexico a veiled threat of withdrawal of American recognition if the Mexican laws confiscatory of American properties in that country should be carried into effect. The churches set to work at once to nullify the force of this virtual ultimatum.

The first move was the organization of an unofficial mission to the Calles government by the Rev. Hubert C. Herring, a Congregationalist affiliated with the Federal Council of Churches.

The Herring mission proceeded to Mexico City and opened negotiations

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

scended upon the Capitol and buttonholed every senator with appeals to vote against the cruiser bill. They jammed the galleries of the Senate at every session throughout the debate.

But in this instance the lobby met with complete defeat in every effort to beat or modify the navy measure. It had mobilized the power of an organization minority to the degree that ordinarily assures it victory, but it had also aroused the majority sentiment of the country to a degree of antagonism that overwhelmed the lobby.

ORDINARILY the clerical groups organized to influence legislation refrain from the direct-action buttonhole lobbying which made the old-time lobbyist notorious. They have abandoned the frontal attack and perfected the indirect but usually more effective strategy of bringing their propaganda guns to bear upon Congress from the rear. The Federal Council of Churches and the dry organizations issue tons of leaflets promoting their objects, which are circulated to influence public opinion.

© Henry Miller

These women, as conferees on national defense, backed the cruiser bill. Left to right: Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., American Legion Auxiliary; Mrs. A. J. Brosseau, D. A. R.; Mrs. Thomas Spence, American War Mothers; Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker; Mrs. A. C. Mann.

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OUT of a half century's experience, the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system (embracing Vitaphone and Movietone) makes possible a great new art in entertainment. Now, in theatres all over the country—Western Electric equipped—you can hear stars of motion pictures, opera and stage in life-like renderings from the screen.

Producers who use the Western Electric sound system exclusively:

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Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

Hear orchestral accompaniment played from the screen . . . the actual roar of an airplane . . . the thunder of galloping hoofs!

Yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.

Watch—and *listen!*

Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

The VOICE *of* ACTION

Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor

They need this medicated powder that puts *results* ahead of taste.

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles steadily increase. No wonder! As your dentist will tell you, soft, easily-irritated gums need the stimulating action of a powder that concentrates on *results* instead of taste.

Pyrozide Powder has done this for twenty-two years. It is not flavored. It contains *only* those gum-stimulating and tooth-cleansing agents that dental clinics have proved most effective. It is medicated with Dentinol, used by dentists to promote gum healing. Its distinctive taste comes from its Dentinol medication.

Scientifically compounded, Pyrozide Powder allays gum irritation and helps make soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white by removing the daily deposits of salivary secretions which, if not removed, harden and form tartar.

Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever are turning to it for gum protection. If you wish, begin by using it for just one of your daily brushings instead of your usual paste. The improvement in the condition of your gums will soon be so noticeable that you will use this sterilized, medicated powder exclusively. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Free sample sent on request

The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co.,
Sole Distributors,
1476 Broadway, New York City.

[THE LOBBY OF THE CHURCHES
Continued from page twenty-six]

with President Calles in defiance of the Logan act, which forbids an American citizen to do anything "with an intent to influence the measures of conduct of any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States."

In fact, the Herring mission was strangely reminiscent of that of Dr. George Logan, the Philadelphia Quaker who in 1798 opened unauthorized negotiations with the French government in relation to the quarrel with America. It was to punish such interference in the future that the law was passed.

The Herring mission returned from Mexico City asserting that President Calles was ready to submit the dispute with the United States to arbitration.

Thereupon a propaganda campaign for arbitration of the controversy was launched by the Federal Council of Churches and by the National Council for Prevention of War, of which Bishop McConnell and Dr. Devine of the Federal Council are directors.

The Council for Prevention of War organized a special body to direct this campaign. This committee obtained a statement from a professor of international law of Columbia University to the effect that the dispute was arbitrable. The statement was sent by air mail to 240 professors of political science and international law in the leading colleges of the country with requests for signatures. About 100 signed and within forty-eight hours the statement with the signatures was published in the newspapers.

THE directors of the drive organized a meeting of interested organizations in Washington which invoked the mass lobby on a gigantic scale. Literature was distributed to affiliated organizations throughout the country requesting that letters and telegrams be sent to the President and senators urging arbitration.

In the meantime, a resolution declaring for arbitration was prepared by the church lobby, which hawked it about the Senate in search of a sponsor. It was finally introduced by Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader of the Senate, who is a Methodist member of the Federal Council of Churches and occupies living quarters in the Methodist headquarters building facing the United States Capitol.

The Federal Council of Churches circularized 75,000 clergymen to rouse their flocks to a demand for adoption of the resolution. Altogether, as a result of this invocation of the mass lobby, the Senate was almost literally buried beneath an avalanche of resolutions, petitions, letters, and telegrams in favor of the measure. It was finally passed unanimously in a somewhat modified form and Secretary Kellogg immediately adopted a sympathetic attitude toward arbitration of the issue.

The rapprochement between the United States and Mexico effected by a new ambassador, Dwight Morrow, was the result, according to the churchmen, of a more conciliatory policy that was pursued by the Coolidge administration following the adoption of the arbitration resolution.

In much the same manner, by evoking a flood of appeals to the President, the Council for Prevention of War brought about the abandonment of the national defense test, which was held on a stated day in two successive years to determine our preparedness for war.

ONE of the most efficient branches of the church lobby is the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals housed in the Methodist Church building adjoining the grounds of the national Capitol.

"This beautiful building," said the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the board, "makes Protestantism visible in the most influential capital in the world and answers every purpose in its construction."

The Methodist lobby is the envy of all other lobbies, for it has its representatives sitting on the floor of both houses of Congress.

Six of the ten advisory members of the Methodist Board of Temperance are members of Congress: Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio and Representatives Willis C. Hawley of Oregon, Homer Hoch of Kansas, T. J. B. Robinson of Iowa, Addison T. Smith of Idaho, and John W. Summers of Washington.

Occupying apartments in the Methodist building are Senators George W. Norris of Nebraska, Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, and Carl Hayden

In Next Week's Liberty—

Saturday Night

The Story of a SIREN
by
Robert Hichens

Was Grant Drunk at Shiloh?

The Story of an April Argument 67 Years Ago
by
Frederick Palmer

of Arizona, and Representatives Philip D. Swing of California, John E. Rankin of Mississippi, and Homer Hoch of Kansas.

The board originated the form of propaganda represented by its famous clip sheet, a collection of observations on political and moral questions in which the church is interested, which is issued weekly for reproduction in newspapers as original editorials, and for use by preachers in their sermons.

"One clipping agency," says the research secretary of the board, "has sent us in the past six months more than 4,000 clippings of our matter which has been reprinted or commented upon in the nation's daily press.

"It represents more than 40,000 inches of educational publicity.

"This is the report of one agency alone, covering only a portion of the daily press, but these clippings would fill an ordinary daily newspaper for forty-six days and the space at advertising rates would cost more than $100,000."

THE Methodist board boasts of the possession of the most complete card index of Congress extant. It contains "each congressman's name, his address, his religious affiliations, his fraternal affiliations, his vote on every question of interest to us. Perhaps someone may ask why we have his religious and fraternal affiliations. Certainly not to use them to his detriment.

"We simply wish to have on record every fact which will aid us in understanding him and his probable action in any contingency."

These contingencies frequently arise, and the card index is invaluable in indicating to the Methodist lobby what religious and fraternal wires to pull when votes are needed in Congress.

How the Methodist lobby operates in one of these contingencies is told in the March, 1927, issue of the Voice, published by the Board of Temperance.

The bill to reorganize prohibition enforcement was threatened with defeat by filibuster in the closing days of the sixty-ninth Congress.

The drys found themselves one vote short of the two-thirds necessary to apply cloture to the debate and thereby force a vote on the measure.

The Methodist lobbyist consulted his card index. He espied therein the name of Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, politically wet but recorded under "religious affiliation" as a Methodist.

Thereupon the lobbyist appealed to Senator Copeland in the name of his church to give the vote necessary to victory.

Senator Copeland complied, the cloture motion prevailed by a vote of 55 to 27, which was precisely a two-thirds majority, and the passage of the bill followed.

THE END

This test proves what the LINIT Beauty Bath does for your skin

HERE is a test that will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisible thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

$100,000—

A Story of the Little Things that Crooks Forget

By

CANBY CHAMBERS

Pictures by
L. R. GUSTAVSON

"HOW'D you like to have some of these babies, Mr. Thorne?"

Mr. Thorne turned slowly on his high stool inside the cashier's cage to look at the sheaf of bonds which Eddie Lloyd was drawing from a stout, red envelope.

"What are they?" he asked. "The collateral Mr. Pickering is going to put up for that loan?"

"Yep. The Old Man got them out of the firm's safe-deposit box this morning. He asked me to make a record of their serial numbers." Eddie spread the bonds out like a hand of cards and regarded them admiringly. He had a healthy, happy-go-lucky, young face; the face of a boy whose instincts one would inevitably trust, if not his judgment. "Gee, you could certainly make whoopee with that. One hundred thousand berries. Yet a fellow could slip it all into his coat pocket and not even know it was there except for the crackle!"

Mr. Thorne's face remained unresponsive. He was older than Eddie; an unsmiling, dusty-looking man, with a sparse little mustache and thick-lensed spectacles that made his gray eyes appear strangely like oysters.

"Yes," he replied expressionlessly. "And how far do you think you'd get?"

"I guess you're right at that, Mr. Thorne," Eddie assented good-naturedly. "I wasn't thinking of trying."

Miss Wilkes, one of the stenographers, entered their cage.

"O-o, lookit!" she exclaimed, leaning against Eddie's shoulder. "What's all that—bonds?"

"Right first time, Spearmint. How'd you guess?"

She tossed her head. The smile with which she had favored Eddie faded as she approached Mr. Thorne.

"I can send out the rest of those letters and booklets this morning if you'll give me the foreign mailing list," she announced. "You'd better give me some stamps and envelopes too."

Mr. Thorne got them for her.

"Do you mind if I address them with a pen?" she asked. "These big envelopes are sorta hard to get into a typewriter."

"Do it any way you like," he told her, "as long as you don't make mistakes. I had a lot of returns from that last batch of catalogues because you hadn't copied the addresses accurately."

"Yes? Well, some of these old mailing lists are so messed up with corrections that nobody could figure them out."

As she marched out, Eddie swung open the door of the safe.

"I'll leave these bonds and the list of their serial numbers right here," he said. "If the Old Man asks for them before I get back, you'll know where they are."

"Are you going out to lunch already?" Mr. Thorne glanced at the clock. "It's not noon yet."

Eddie indicated a traveling bag beside his desk and allowed one eyelid to droop sagely.

"Going to pick up my half of that case of Scotch before lunch," he confided. "My friend phoned me to come and take it off his hands. I can let you have a couple of bottles at the case rate if you want."

"I never use it."

Mr. Thorne returned to his desk. From the watery stare of his gray eyes no one could have told what was going on inside his mind. But then people never speculated much about what went on inside of Mr. Thorne; they would as soon have speculated about the insides of an adding machine. He was just a cashier who never made mistakes.

ON a scratch pad in front of him he wrote meditatively: "$100,000.00." In all the years he had been with Pickering Products, Inc., he had earned only a little more than a quarter of the value of those bonds in the safe.

"Yet a fellow could slip it all into his coat pocket. . . ." Yes, he reflected as Eddie's remark drifted through his mind, those $10,000 Liberty Loan 4¼s were the smallest coupon bonds that he had ever seen. The smallest in size, that is, not in denomination. His gaze wandered toward the safe.

Eddie had left the door ajar. That was natural enough in a way, since they were not in the habit of locking the safe as long as one or the other of them was in the cage. But Mr. Thorne frowned. More of the young cub's carelessness. Carefully he removed the top sheet from his scratch pad and tore it into tiny pieces.

Miss Wilkes came in for some more stamps and envelopes. He got them for her from the cupboard, on the other side of the cage, where the office supplies were kept. Not until she had gone did it occur to him that the safe was still open and that his back had been turned toward it while he was at the cupboard.

In a few minutes the girl came back again.

"Pardon me, Mr. Thorne," she said. "But is Austria the same as Austria-Hungary?"

and 3 Cents

Mr. Pickering looked from the young man's face to the bag he carried. "You weren't planning to go away, I hope?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we've had this list since before the war. It says here Austria, and at the side there's something written in that I can't make out very good. So I thought, perhaps—"

"That isn't Austria," he informed her, examining the dilapidated list. "That's Australia. The scribble at the side is meant to stand for Northern Territory."

"Oh," she replied stupidly. "And I thought it was Austria—imagine! You see, the name of the town sounded sorta German. So I put Austria on the envelope."

She held it out for his inspection.

"WELL, address another one," he ordered curtly. "And fix it on your list so you won't make such a stupid mistake again."

Her head snapped up. She turned haughtily, and holding out the envelope at arm's length, allowed it to flutter to the floor in the general vicinity of his waste-paper basket.

He picked it up. It was addressed in a girlish, business-school hand to "Messrs. Zimmerman & Zimmerman, Hermannsburg, Austria." In the upper left corner of the envelope was printed: "If Not Delivered, Please Return to Pickering Products, Inc.," and the address. He stood there, following in imagination the probable journey of that envelope if it had been mailed. "If Not Delivered, Please Return—"

And all at once a nasty little idea grazed his mind.

He stood absolutely motionless—frightened by the intensity of his own inner turmoil. It seemed to him that anyone glancing at him in that moment could not fail to read what was in his mind.

He looked cautiously out into the office. Miss Wilkes was shuffling letters and booklets into envelopes at a table just outside his cage. Nobody was paying the slightest attention to him. Mr. Thorne drew a deep breath.

Suppose, now just suppose, he should slip those bonds into that misdirected envelope, and when Miss Wilkes was not looking, thrust it into the heap of similar ones on her table? Once his envelope was in the mail, they could search and cross-examine until they were blue in the face. Not until the excitement had subsided would the envelope be returned by the postal authorities; and then, in the normal course of events, it would be brought to him to check up against the mailing list.

As he perceived the perfection of his scheme, a tingle of elation sped all over him.

Why, even if something should go wrong, there would be no way of identifying him with the envelope! It was unmistakably addressed in Miss Wilkes' hand. If she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

were ever confronted with it and happened to recall that she had discarded it in his cage, it would still be merely a case of her word against his with the preponderance of evidence against her.

Then a disturbing thought smote him—perhaps the bonds would not go into that envelope.

He moved toward the safe. It was not in view of the outer office because of the wooden panels that joined with the wire grill of the upper part of his cage. At his touch its heavy door swung open noiselessly. From the envelope in which Eddie had left them, he drew out the ten $10,000 bonds and the memorandum of their serial numbers.

Miss Wilkes marched straight up to the cashier's cage. "I'll thank you to have my pay ready when I leave tonight," she sobbed.

The whole sheaf, bonds and memorandum, fitted snugly inside the misdirected envelope!

Outside of his cage one of the other stenographers was talking to Miss Wilkes.

"Sorry," she was saying. "I already have a lunch engagement. But if you're ready to go now, I'll walk as far as the corner with you."

"Aw right." As they started for the washroom, Miss Wilkes glanced back at her table and remarked: "We'll collect all those and drop them in a mail box on our way out."

Mr. Thorne's pulses set up a riotous clamor. He felt a faint dizziness as he licked the flap of the envelope. Cautiously he placed a blotter over it before sealing it, so as to leave no smutty fingerprints. He stamped it. He did not even have to leave his cage. By reaching through the little window in it he was able, unperceived, to thrust the letter into the disordered heap of similar stamped, addressed letters on the table outside.

In a few minutes the girls returned ready for the street. Out of the tail of his eye he watched them gathering up the big envelopes in careless handfuls.

"Oh, Miss Wilkes," he called. He rejoiced that his voice sounded so natural. "I don't think I'll go out for lunch today. When you come back, will you bring me a couple of sandwiches, please?"

II

"WELL, Mr. Thorne," remarked Mr. Pickering, entering the cashier's cage, "you seem to be lunching frugally today."

Mr. Thorne laid down his sandwich and stood up.

"Yes, sir. I wanted to get off a little early this afternoon. So I thought I wouldn't take time to go out to lunch."

"That's very conscientious of you, I'm sure." Mr. Pickering smiled paternally. He was a kind, little old gentleman with sidewhiskers that lay like twin, white ostrich plumes along his pink cheeks. "I came in for those bonds," he added. "Will you get them for me, please?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Thorne.

He swung open the door of the safe and took out the stout, red envelope in which Eddie had left them. But on the point of handing it to Mr. Pickering, he pressed it between his thumb and forefinger, and then looked inside it.

"That's funny."

"What?" said Mr. Pickering.

"It's empty."

Mr. Pickering was not quick to find fault. He waited patiently while Mr. Thorne squatted again before the safe.

"Why, I can't imagine what Lloyd did with those bonds," declared the cashier. "He certainly said he left them in the safe. Isn't this the envelope they were in?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you suppose he left it lying conspicuously just inside the door?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickering with some asperity, "but I know that a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds can't vanish of their own accord. Look again. Look thoroughly."

Together they made a search of the whole cage.

"Was the safe locked just now?" asked Mr. Pickering.

"NO. . . . Of course Lloyd should have turned the combination with a lot of securities inside. But we ordinarily leave it open as long as one or the other of us is working here."

"Has anyone else gone to the safe this morning?"

"No one since Lloyd told me he put the bonds there."

"Have you been out of the office yourself?"

"I haven't set foot outside the cage since I arrived this morning."

"Has anyone else been here?"

"Nobody but Lloyd. . . . Oh, yes—Miss Wilkes came in for a mailing list while he was copying the numbers of the bonds. I remember she commented on them. It was just as she was going out that he said he would leave them in the safe. And after Lloyd had left, Miss Wilkes came in again to ask for some more stamps and envelopes. I wonder—"

Mr. Thorne gazed speculatively at the cupboard in which the office supplies were kept.

"You mean that while your back was turned to get them, she might have had time to take the bonds?"

"It's physically possible." Mr. Thorne shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "The safe door swings open silently and the wooden panels would have prevented anyone in the outer office from seeing her. But I can't believe she—"

"What time did Mr. Lloyd go out for lunch?"

"About half-past eleven. I imagine he had some errand to attend to, for he was carrying a traveling bag."

"A traveling bag? He went out about half-past eleven with a traveling bag and he's not come back?" Mr. Pickering's voice rose with each question. He looked at his watch and closed it with a snap. "Then he's been gone nearly two hours!"

"Ye-es," assented Mr. Thorne. "But I'm sure he'll be back any minute. Lloyd may be a little careless, perhaps, and not very punctilious about his luncheon hour. But I'm certain he would never—"

"My dear Mr. Thorne!" protested Mr. Pickering. His eyes were anxious. His face twitched. "I'm sure I should be as reluctant as you to suspect either Miss Wilkes or Mr. Lloyd of any—indiscretion. But this is very serious. We have our duty to the firm to think of. . . . Oh, dear! I'm afraid I have no alternative but to telephone the surety company."

His jaw muscles worked. His whiskers trembled. For the dozenth time he peered into the empty envelope and into the safe. Then he straightened up determinedly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

"Detained at the office...*again!*"

THE WORLD does not always pity the "business widow." She, too, may be to blame. Neglect by the husband is often the result of the wife's neglect of *herself*. She may be indifferent to the delicate problems of feminine hygiene—or ignorant of the means offered by modern science for the protection of youth and health and marital happiness.

But do not *experiment* in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is safe and certain and endorsed by physicians.

"Lysol" Disinfectant, for over 30 years, has been the standard with physicians, hospitals and fastidious women. It is reliable. Its strength never varies. Every drop is potent.

Send for the booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit and tells what feminine hygiene really is. It should be read by every woman.

Just mail the coupon to us and this booklet will be sent to you, free—in a plain envelope.

Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., *Bloomfield, New Jersey.*

Lysol Disinfectant

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m., Eastern time; 7 p.m., Central time.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 296, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, *your booklet*, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name.....

Street.....

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"My dear Mr. Thorne!" protested Mr. Pickering. "I have no alternative but to telephone the surety company."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

"I must ask you not to speak of this to anyone," he declared tremulously. "And please don't leave the cage until I send for you."

Mr. Thorne went back to his desk. Well, it had started. But the bonds were in the mail. By this time they had probably been collected and taken to the post office. He had only to keep his head and sit tight.

About twenty minutes later a tall, heavy man sauntered into the office. He was shown at once into Mr. Pickering's private office. Five minutes passed—ten minutes—before Mr. Thorne was called in.

"This is Mr. Hurley from the surety company," said his employer. "Mr. Thorne, our cashier."

Mr. Thorne was aware of shaking a paw that felt about as thick and cordial as a sea turtle's. Then he found himself sitting with the light full in his face. Mr. Hurley leaned back in his own chair and, with his thumbs hooked into the armholes of his waistcoat, inquired with an air of bored amusement:

"Well, Mr. Thorne, what's your idea of where we'd better look for these bonds?"

"Really, I don't know. They're just gone—and there are only two persons who could have taken them. That is, apart from myself. I suppose Mr. Pickering has told you all the circumstances?"

"Suppose you tell me all over again," suggested Mr. Hurley easily. "Mr. Pickering was a little excited."

Mr. Thorne repeated exactly what he had already said.

MR. PICKERING kept plucking at his whiskers. By the time Mr. Thorne finished he was stepping erratically about his office, as distraught and fussy as a hen. Mr. Hurley rose unconcernedly.

"Now, Mr. Pickering," he counseled, "just you take things easily. In cases like this it almost always turns out that the securities have just been mislaid." He looked at the old man as if wondering how to reassure him. "Of course, not always," he admitted. "Nobody can foresee everything that can happen, and nobody can guard against the unforeseen. But the surety company expects that margin of danger. It's against that very thing that we protect you." His hand fell heavily on the old gentleman's shoulder. "Now let's take a look at the cashier's cage."

Mr. Thorne blocked the doorway.

"Just a minute," he interposed. "As one of the three persons who could have taken those bonds, I realize that I must be under a certain amount of suspicion until they are found. As I told you, I haven't been out of the cage all morning. I can prove that by the other people in the office. So, in order to vindicate myself completely, I wish—well, I wish you'd search me."

Mr. Pickering seemed both distressed and touched. But Mr. Hurley merely smiled tolerantly.

"Have I got to make you feel good too?" he asked.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Don't handicap your day~before it begins

Getting up in the morning is a lottery for many folks. They don't know what they're going to draw—whether it's to be a heavy, logy feeling—listless—appetite poor—or alertness, clear eyes and breakfast with a tang to it!

SO many people are on the border line of health—85% well—15% ill—and often it's simply the acid poisoning that comes from food fermentation.

You can easily overlook it—because such everyday habits cause it. Overeating, eating between meals, irregular meals, eating when tired or worried, excessive smoking—these are some things that cause acid poisoning.

Milnesia (Milk of Magnesia) Wafers Counteract Excessive Acid

These danger signals warn you. Sick headache—indigestion—bad breath—heartburn—occasional constipation—"sour stomach"—all signs your system is calling for Alkalinity, the acid killer.

Every pleasant tasting Milnesia Wafer you chew represents equal teaspoons of milk of magnesia—giving you its acid-fighting Alkalinity. And chewing Milnesia gives your teeth and gums the benefit of its spicily flavored milk of magnesia. It gently cleanses your whole digestive system, from gums and mouth to intestines. Keep your efficiency up to the top notch through its daily use.

The Old Way

The New Way

Children Welcome Milnesia Wafers

Children who fight against liquid milk of magnesia take Milnesia Wafers without the least trouble. In fact, they *like* them—just as everyone else in the family does. And each wafer can be easily broken into halves or quarters for exact children's dosage.

Give Milnesia a trial, fill out the coupon and send to us with ten cents for a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.

At your druggists

In bottles 35¢—60¢

In handy pocket tin 20¢

MILNESIA

(MILK OF MAGNESIA)

WAFERS

MILNESIA LABORATORIES, INC.

11 EAST 36th ST., NEW YORK

USE THIS COUPON

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Enclosed is 10¢. Send me a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.

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Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-43
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

Address .....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.

[$100,000—AND 3 CENTS Continued from page thirty-four]

His heavy hands went expertly over Mr. Thorne's clothes. "Well, that acquits you, I guess."

He had finished his examination of the cashier's cage by the time Eddie Lloyd came back. Mr. Pickering looked quickly from the young man's face to the bag he carried.

"You weren't planning to go away, I hope?"

"Oh, no." Eddie smiled embarrassedly. "I—I've just been to pick up a suit I left for some alterations."

"Did you leave the bonds in the safe when you went out?"

"Why, yes." Eddie gave a startled look from Mr. Pickering to Mr. Hurley. "They're right here—"

He opened the safe. Then he turned slowly, his face blank.

"They were not there," declared Mr. Pickering, pointing an emphatic finger at him, "when I came in and asked Mr. Thorne to get them for me. I may as well tell you that this gentleman is from the surety company. We shall have to ask you to step into my office for a few minutes."

The blood drained from the boy's face. With a frightened, helpless look of inquiry at the cashier, he stepped from the cage.

The ghost of a smile flickered over Mr. Thorne's lips. It flickered over them again, later, when Mr. Hurley had come out, picked up Eddie's bag, and carried it back into Mr. Pickering's private office. Mr. Thorne knew how Mr. Pickering was about liquor.

WHEN Eddie finally came out, his face was the color of putty. He went straight to the water cooler and drank three cups of water. In the cage he pressed his forehead in his hands.

"Oh, God!" he groaned. "They think I did it."

Mr. Thorne said nothing.

"Hasn't anyone been in the cage today—anyone but us?"

"Nobody except Miss Wilkes. Look, there she goes now."

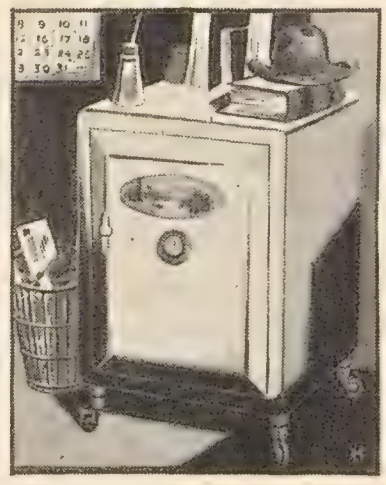
Miss Wilkes remained in the office until nearly 4 o'clock. When she came out she was crying, but she marched straight up to the cashier's cage.

"I'll thank you to have my pay ready when I leave tonight, Mr. Thorne," she sobbed. "I won't stay in any place where I'm suspected and insulted like this!"

"Hold on. Does Mr. Pickering know you're leaving?"

The old gentleman appeared at that moment.

"Yes," he said resignedly. "I hope she'll change her mind when she's had time to think it over. But if she wants to leave, I've told her that she may as soon as she's transcribed her letters." His gaze rested for a moment upon the unfinished sandwich that Mr. Thorne had left upon his desk as a tangible reminder of the fact that he had not been out to lunch. "I think you said you wanted to get off early this afternoon," he remarked considerately. "I don't believe there's any further reason for detaining you. Mr. Lloyd can attend to Miss Wilkes' pay. You may go now, if you want."



III

AS he left the office, Mr. Thorne inhaled a deep breath. Everything was working out as he had foreseen. But all at once he stopped short. Suppose they had asked him *why* he wanted to get off early—fired the question at him suddenly? Suppose they were keeping Miss Wilkes, Lloyd, and himself all under secret observation? From his overcoat pocket he drew a morning newspaper and tore from it the advertisement of a men's clothing sale. That would do. But the thought of how easily his neglect of such a detail might have directed their suspicion toward him made him feel less jubilant.

Alone in his own room that evening, he checked over everything that he had done. He found no error. Yet he was a long time in getting to sleep. Two hours later he awoke with a gasp.

It was as if his mind, churning on even in his sleep, had been on the verge of detecting some fatal flaw in his scheme. But now that he was awake, he could find none. All at once he discovered that he was afraid—afraid for no more specific reason, apparently, than a vague belief that no one could really get away with a crime so easily and so perfectly. He recalled the boast of the surety company: "We always get our man."

In panic, he sought to check this morbid drift of mind. He forced himself to think.

After all, he reasoned, those generalizations did not apply to him. What if property was so well protected that in the long run regular crooks could not win? That was because they had to take big chances. But he was no regular crook.

For thirteen years he had worked in a cage where money and negotiable paper passed through his hands. It had been protected, of course, by the usual safeguards; so he had not tampered with it. Not until this lucky break had come—this opportunity that involved no risk. . . .

Yes, that was the way to look at it. Thirteen years of waiting, then a loophole for the perfect crime!

Holding that thought in his mind, he managed at last to get to sleep.

In the morning the newspapers had the story.

$100,000 IN BONDS
DISAPPEAR FROM
CASHIER'S SAFE

So ran the headlines. But in no newspaper was there any list of the serial numbers of the bonds.

"Wasn't there any way of tracing those numbers?" Mr. Thorne inquired casually that morning at the office.

Eddie Lloyd shook his head.

"Mr. Hurley and the Old Man went over all that yesterday," he said. "When the bonds were bought, the Old Man just chucked them in the firm's safe-deposit box. I suppose the brokers who sold them had a list of their numbers at the time. But that firm went out of business years ago and its records are all gone."

Later that day, Mr. Pickering remarked to Mr. Thorne:

"Miss Wilkes is evidently not coming back. So you'd better call up the employment agency from which we got her and tell them to send another stenographer. Be sure the girl's references are all right before you engage her."

Mr. Thorne suppressed a smile. One of Miss Wilkes' duties had been to receive the mail. So there had been a chance, just a chance, that when the letter containing the bonds came back she might notice the address on it and, remembering that she had discarded that particular envelope, become suspicious. But, now, even that possibility of detection was removed.

THE girl whom he engaged was a cheerful little thing with blue eyes and golden curls that boiled up all over her head.

When he had instructed her in her other duties, he added as if it were an afterthought:

"And when letters are returned by the post office, Miss Dixon, just bring them to me. You needn't open them. If they've been improperly addressed, you see, we send them out again corrected. Otherwise, I kill the names upon our mailing lists."

"All right, Mr. Thorne."

"There'll probably be a number of them coming back in a few weeks," he added to impress the point on her mind. "We sent out a lot of booklets just before you came, using a foreign mailing list that we haven't checked up on for some time."

"And I'm just to bring the returned ones to you?"

"That's right," he said encouragingly.

She seemed childishly eager to make good on the new job. He went out of his way to be nice to her, and in return she brought him his mail promptly, and obeyed his instructions with a literalness that amounted almost to devotion.

Mr. Thorne began to make his plans for disposing of the bonds. He decided that he would hold his job a year or more in order to avert suspicion. Then he would go elsewhere and, under another name, establish contacts that would enable him either to sell the bonds outright or to deposit them as collateral for loans

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I light a Lucky — when the 'sweet tooth' beckons."

Helen Morgan

Helen Morgan,

popular actress now appearing in Ziegfeld's "Show Boat."

"Trim appearance and personal charm go hand-in-hand. That's why I'm so careful to avoid overweight. I do it sensibly and easily by refusing to pamper myself with rich foods. Instead, I light a Lucky when the 'sweet tooth' beckons. Which makes me doubly grateful to the toasting process—for the toasted flavor soothes the hunger for sweets and helps to keep me slender. And toasting protects my voice by removing the irritants. That's why I can't help lovin'—those Luckies!"

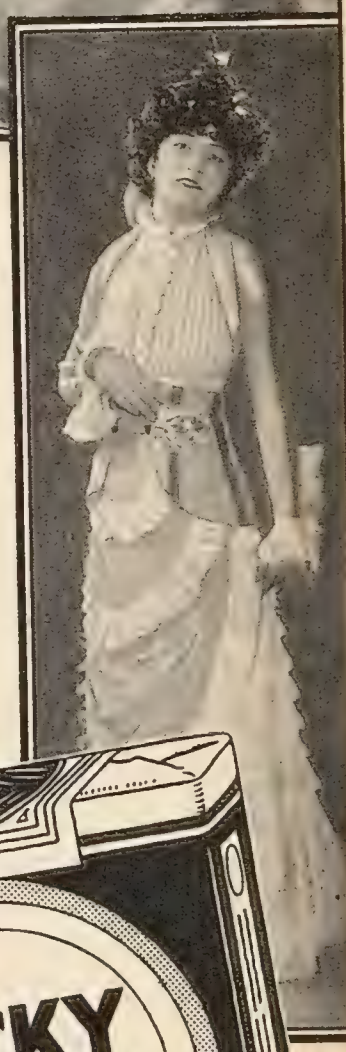
HELEN MORGAN

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

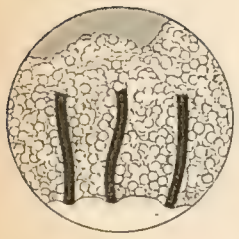
Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Your morning shave lasts longer

smoother, closer,* small-bubble *principle gives altogether different shave

AT five or six in the evening do you wonder if you'd better shave again—or do you figure on "getting by"—do you hope that others won't notice? A longer lasting shave is wholly a matter of proper preparation so as to get a closer shave. That means the beard must be properly moistened. Big air-filled bubbles won't do. Only Colgate small-bubble lather can carry sufficient water to do the job thoroughly.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

Now home-shaving is infinitely easier, for the minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

A comparison between ordinary big-bubble lather and Colgate small-bubble lather awaits you, if you mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1742,
595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name----------

Address----------

$100,000—AND 3 CENTS

Continued from page thirty-seven

which he would never repay. In a pinch he could live well enough upon the interest.

It was nearly three weeks before the first returns from the batch of letters in which he was interested began to trickle in. Miss Dixon brought them to him exactly as he had requested.

For the next week he waited in a fever of impatience. He managed to get through the days well enough. But as soon as he was in bed, he found himself assailed by that old, nervous, unreasoning fear of something's going wrong.

He was not sure about the legal aspect of the case. But it occurred to him one night that they could hardly convict him simply for sending those bonds on a bootless journey to Austria and back unless they could prove his intention in so doing. That meant that, technically, his crime was still to be committed when the bonds came back and he carried them off the firm's premises. He sat up for hours that night, smoking cigarettes in the dark. It was somehow disquieting to think that after all he had been through his real crime was still to be committed.

In a mood of utter funk he considered turning the bonds over to Mr. Pickering when they came back and trying to throw the blame upon Miss Wilkes. Then, wearily, he forced himself once more to think—to dispel by reason his morbid fear that they might somehow catch him.

THE next morning a little before lunchtime Miss Dixon came into his cage and laid three long envelopes upon his desk.

"Some more returns," she remarked.

As he shuffled through them his heart gave a leap.

There it was—at last!

There was no mistaking Miss Wilkes' familiar hand. There was no mistaking that address. The envelope was soiled now, spattered with American and Austrian postmarks, and someone had drawn a big blue arrow on it pointing to the return address. As he felt its reassuring thickness, the fears that had infested his nights were forgotten. For the first time in weeks he wanted to laugh.

Cautiously he looked up to see if anyone were watching him. Miss Dixon had returned to the outer office and was busy telephoning. Nobody else was even looking in his direction. With a deft movement he slipped the envelope into his inside coat pocket.

He did not leave the office until noon, his usual lunch hour. Miss Dixon happened to dodge into the elevator with him just as the door was closing. She looked up, her blue eyes twinkling.

"That was a close squeak," he observed.

"Wasn't it!"

They left the elevator together. She pattered along beside him as he turned into the street. In the crowd he bumped smack into somebody. Then he saw that it was Mr. Hurley.

The big man stood there, effectually blocking his path and looking down at him with a lazy smile. Mr. Thorne waited for him to step aside. Then he wondered if he expected to be introduced to Miss Dixon. He turned toward her.

She was looking breathlessly at Mr. Hurley. Next instant—he could scarcely believe his ears—her words came quite distinctly:

"It's in his inside coat pocket, Mr. Hurley."

Mr. Hurley's big hand streaked forward, dipped down inside his coat, and twitched out the envelope.

IV

"WE got him!" announced Miss Dixon jubilantly, dancing into Mr. Pickering's private office. "We got him all right!"

Mr. Hurley followed with his prisoner. He locked the door.

"And we got the bonds too," he remarked. He tossed the long envelope down upon the table and gave a short laugh. "At least, I say we've got 'em. *He* says that's only a returned booklet!"

Mr. Thorne sank into a chair someone thrust at him.

His mind was in chaos. But in the midst of his confusion he was clinging desperately to one thought: They could not know that he had done this. They could not really *know*. Somehow he must think up an excuse for having carried out that letter—or some way to prevent them from opening it.

Mr. Hurley picked it up. He toyed with it, smilingly examining the postmarks.

"Your bonds have had a long journey, Mr. Pickering. Pretty original idea, that." Mr. Hurley tapped the envelope on the table thoughtfully. "Yes, sir. It looks as if no matter how careful we are, there's always something that can happen which we haven't foreseen and haven't guarded against. Who would have thought that a stenographer's mistake in addressing an envelope would have given a crooked cashier his chance?"

He turned to Mr. Thorne. "I suppose that's the way you figured it out. But you forgot the rule might work the other way around. The only difference is that while we couldn't have foreseen that envelope, you *might* have foreseen the thing that tripped you up."

"I don't know what you're talking about," blustered Mr. Thorne.

"Oh, don't you? Then I'll tell you. You made your little mistake that first day. Of course, we hadn't enough evidence then to convict you because you'd used an envelope addressed by Miss Wilkes. But we got Miss Dixon in. And as soon as you started coaching her about those returns, we knew it was just a question of waiting until the bonds came back and you carried them off the premises."

Mr. Thorne stared at him in a cold sweat of consternation. The walls of the office seemed slowly to revolve. There was a buzzing in his ears. He tried frantically to rally his panic-stricken wits. They had planted Miss Dixon, making him engage her himself. That much was clear. But . . . In a daze he heard Mr. Pickering's distressed voice.

"What ever made you do it?" pleaded the old gentleman, plucking at his whiskers. "How could you—"

"MR. PICKERING and I have discussed that," Mr. Hurley interrupted. "It is obvious that your crime was the result of a sudden temptation. In view of that fact and your years of service, Mr. Pickering is prepared to ask the court for clemency. Only, in that case, we shall expect you to make a signed confession."

He tapped unconcernedly upon the table with the envelope. "We've got the goods on you either way," he pointed out. "It just makes things simpler if you make a clean breast of it. If you want to fight the case, go ahead. But in that event I warn you that you need expect no mercy."

Mr. Thorne's mouth was open. A dry tongue passed over his lips. All at once he pressed his head in his hands and groaned. When he looked up he had to swallow twice before his voice would come.

"All right." He gulped. "I'll confess."

"If you'll just dictate your confession to Miss Dixon," suggested Mr. Hurley, "we'll get it over with right away. Begin: 'I make this confession of my own free will, understanding that anything I say may be used against me.'"

When the confession had been signed and Mr. Thorne's signature witnessed, Mr. Hurley tossed the envelope across the table to him.

"You might be interested to open that now."

Mr. Thorne looked at it out of lackluster eyes.

"I know it's the bonds," he said indifferently. "But what I'd like to know is how you got me."

"I'm afraid I can't take much credit for that," drawled Mr. Hurley. "What tripped you up was a little matter of three cents. You see, those bonds weighed the fraction of an ounce more than the contents of the other envelopes. The whole batch was mailed about noon. Well, your envelope came back in the last delivery that day, just after you had left, 'Returned for Insufficient Postage.' Miss Wilkes thought that was queer, since she had put the same postage on the others; then she happened to notice the address. . . . See? But for an additional three-cent stamp you stood to win one hundred thousand

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your time is limited

but you can invest quickly, wisely, this way

The busy man willingly pays extra for the hours which the "Limited" saves him between New York and Chicago. In the rush of modern life the pressure of things to be done makes us quick to take advantage of the time-and-worry-saving conveniences which now extend into nearly every human activity—even to the making of investments. No longer is it necessary for you to make a prolonged personal study of your investment problem—simplify things by picking out one or two widely-known investment houses and rely on their experienced advice. At the nearest National City Company branch office you will find an investment advisor with our world-wide knowledge at his command ready to give you immediate time-and-worry-saving help in selecting from our broad lists of investigated securities.

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The National City Company

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Offices in 50 American Cities. Interconnected by 11,000 Miles of Private Wires. International Branches and Connections.

Own a dog?

Read this Letter!

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

August 29, 1928.

Polk Miller Products Corp.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

After a careful study, we have chosen Sergeant's Dog Food and Sergeant's Dog Medicines as the best safeguard for the health and strength of our Dog Teams upon which so much of a success of our Expedition will depend. Sergeant's Dog Food and Sergeant's Dog Medicines will be taken exclusively by us.

We found that Sergeant's Dog Biscuits contained the necessary food elements to sustain our dogs under hard-working conditions, and a product upon which we could depend. We further found Sergeant's Dog Medicines to be safe and reliable, and that we would also depend on them to keep our dogs in good condition.

We further appreciate the valuable services of your Medical Director, Dr. D. E. Buckingham, whose services have been of inestimable value to us in this matter, and due to his help we hope that our Dog Team transportation will carry on with the minimum troubles.

Very sincerely yours,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.
Richard G. Brophy,
Business Manager.

RGB:1

YOUR dog may never undergo the hardships of the Antarctic, but disease, that might leave a "Husky" unscathed, may take a death grip upon your faithful pet.

The above letter proves beyond doubt the efficacy of Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food. The same Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food chosen for the Byrd Expedition are on sale at your dealers. *But don't wait until your dog is sick.* Then, it may be too late to find out what to do. Be prepared.

Famous Dog Book *Free*

We urge you to get your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and the best treatments for each. This book has been the guide for millions of dog owners. *It is free.*

Expert Advice *Free*

Our expert veterinarian cared for Byrd's dog-teams before their departure. He will answer, without charge, questions about *your* dog's health. Write fully.

The complete assortment of Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Sergeant's Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct.

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents
FRED J. WHITLOW & CO., *Toronto*

[$100,000—AND 3 CENTS
Continued from page thirty-nine]

dollars. One might almost say that if you had taken care of the cents, the dollars would have taken care of themselves."

Mr. Thorne's eyes looked like oysters.

"But I don't see," he stammered, staring at the envelope before him. "I thought you said—"

"Oh, it was too risky to send those bonds halfway around the world just in order to trap you when they came back. So we had Miss Wilkes address another envelope. Go on, open it."

With trembling fingers Mr. Thorne tore it open. At sight of its contents—a few sheets of letter paper and a booklet—an inarticulate cry of rage burst from him.

"That's why I wanted this confession," pointed out Mr. Hurley. "Without it to confirm our circumstantial evidence, you see, we shouldn't have a thing on you from the legal point of view."

He smiled lazily as his big hand dipped into his pocket and drew out a pair of handcuffs.

"Not a darn thing!"

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

The Waiting

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Massachusetts in 1807. He was successively the editor of the American Manufacturer, the Haverhill Gazette, and the New England Weekly Review. In 1836 he went to Philadelphia to edit the Pennsylvania Freeman, for he was an abolitionist of strong principle. He died in 1892.]

I WAIT and watch; before my eyes
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears uprise
Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet
The thrashing floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair,
The steps of progress wait for me;
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine;
And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

O, power to do! O, baffled will!
O, prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done!

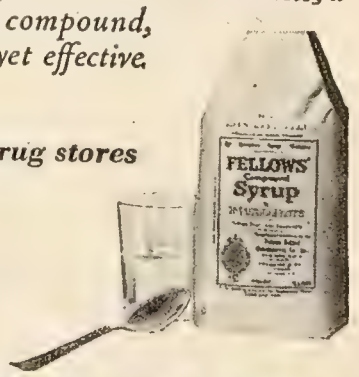
Sparkling Health

from early morning through the day

To awaken each morning with enthusiasm, clear-eyed and refreshed, eager for every opportunity the day may bring forth . . . that is the natural right of every man and woman. When energy is lacking, when the mental outlook is dark, doctors frequently prescribe a vacation or a tonic. In 58 countries physicians say that FELLOWS' Syrup is the tonic to take. Replenishing the body's vital mineral salts, increasing the appetite, favoring deeper slumber, it brings new zest for living.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild, yet effective.

At all drug stores



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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Back to D'Artagnan

Mr. Fairbanks Does a Hardy Perennial for His Thirty-seventh Film

Doug as the swashbuckling hero of The Iron Mask, which, incidentally, marks his first appearance in a sound film.

A Page of Movie Reviews by

Frederick James Smith

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

ONE by one the old guard capitulate before the advancing talkie. Doug Fairbanks, as d'Artagnan, in his sequel picture, The Iron Mask, steps from a tapestry shot to recite a prologue.

"Come with me to France of old," movietones the Dumas musketeer; "to fiery days when blood was young and hate was bold." This invocation is more of a concession to Hollywood's audible fever than anything else, while the incidental steam radiator clatter which accompanies the sword play is pretty awful.

Still, The Iron Mask is likely to be a highly popular film. Its authorship is credited to Elton Thomas (Doug's own middle names) and is a melange of Dumas incidents and characters, shifted about to suit celluloid needs.

Once again Fairbanks is the dashing d'Artagnan; once again his companions in adventure are the roistering, fighting Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Here the action centers around the twin sons of Louis XIII. One succeeds to the throne, while the other is hidden away to meet political needs. Plotters attempt to kidnap the kindly young Louis XIV and supplant him with his scheming, embittered brother, destined to be the wearer of the iron mask. Here d'Artagnan enters as the guard and mentor of the young king and his protector twenty years later against dire plots.

Reassembled to meet these new perils, the musketeers die fighting. In the end, d'Artagnan falls, too, while the French court does a composite and sobbing Uncle Tom.

It isn't the pageantry of the seventeenth century nor its maze of political intrigue that gives The Iron Mask its interest. It is Doug himself, a little less acrobatic than of yore, but agile nevertheless. The graceful Fairbanks always has seemed to me the ideal film actor. Zorro, Robin Hood, or d'Artagnan, Doug is the same—a fantastic, unreal, taunting, gay conqueror of the humdrum. The pity is that, when d'Artagnan drops before a dagger thrust in The Iron Mask, there is the feeling that this merry spirit of the shadows is passing. This film, Doug's thirty-seventh, nears the zero hour in the redoubtable Doug's career. All champions must give way to time.

Marguerite de la Motte, the original Constance of The Three Musketeers, again has the rôle seven years later. Dorothy Revier appears briefly as the wicked Milady, once glamorously done by Barbara La Marr. Nigel de Brulier is again the Richelieu.

Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper in Wolf Song, where Miss Velez does some very neat strumming on a Spanish guitar.

★ ★

Lupe Velez, who gave a peppery touch to Fairbanks' last film, The Gaucho, is co-starred with Gary Cooper in Paramount's Wolf Song, billed as a musical romance.

Wolf Song is the slender story of a restless young trapper who elopes with a beautiful Spanish señorita, and then finds he can't resist the savage wolf song of his old pals, the mountain men of the Rockies. So he leaves little Lola and treks back to them thar mountings, only to find that love is stronger than all else.

Young Cooper is the gaunt silent man from the Kentucky hills. Miss Velez, as befits her growing public, is very, very restrained. She does little else than strum a guitar and sing the theme song, *Yo-te-amo* Means I Love You, at each and every opportunity.

Do you know that—

So far the talkies are costing a lot less than the old silent films? Fewer and smaller sets are used and the scenes are made quicker? . . . About 1,400 theaters had been wired for sound in all America on February 15? . . . Lon Chaney plays a French Legionnaire in his next, The Bugle Sounds?

FOOL ERRANT

A New Serial
by

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

A Tale of Dangerous Men and a Girl's Devotion

HUGO ROSS began running to keep warm. The quiet English lane was very dark. Suddenly his shoulder struck a girl. She sprang away, but when he apologized she laughed. She had, at first, been afraid he was a tramp.

In her relief, words came tumbling out—and facts.

She didn't, she told him, want to marry James. James was a connection, by marriage, of her cousin, Emily Brown. She lived with Emily, who kept urging her to marry James, and so she was running away, and *must* catch the next train. She had twenty pounds, and was going to London to join a casual acquaintance, Cissy, and look for a job. Cissy danced, or "something like that."

Hugo, with his slight stutter, told her that he had come from London, and had had his pocket picked on the way—that he was going to apply, in the morning, for the job of secretary to the inventor, Ambrose Minstrel.

She gave a startled gasp at that. "Oh, you mustn't!" she cried. Then they heard the train. Together they ran; she caught it, and called from the window:

"You mustn't! What's your name?"

He shouted it against the wind.

Astonishing! Hugo couldn't find the answer. He spent the night on a haystack, and the next morning presented himself at Meade House, the home of the eccentric genius, Minstrel. He got the job. The fact that he had only one living relative—his sister Susan, married to Captain John Warrington Smith, of the Indian Army—seemed to be a recommendation.

Hacker, Minstrel's assistant, with strange divination, offered Hugo a loan. He refused it, went to London, packed up, pawned some field glasses, a clock, and a barometer, and returned.

He wasn't flattered to catch, through an unlatched door, Minstrel's angry voice saying:

"I'll do things my own way. The young fool hasn't the brains. He's easy—easy—*easy*."

PART TWO

MINSTREL certainly had a bee in his bonnet. He set Hugo to work, disappeared into his laboratory, and then, ten minutes later, emerged abruptly.

Hugo heard the noise of the opening door and Minstrel's voice from behind him: "What am I working at in there—eh?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Get up! I like to look at a man when I talk to him. Get up and turn round! Let's see your face. You don't know what I'm working at?"

Hugo hesitated.

Minstrel dragged at his beard with a stained lean hand.

"Come! You could tell me what was in Who's Who. I'm a bit of print in a dictionary of biography? I'm a back number, am I? Is that what you think?"

"Of course not, sir."

"Then what do you think? What am I working at now? What's my brain thinking, and my will shaping, and my hand contriving—now—*now?*"

"That's not for me to say."

Minstrel broke into a laugh.

"What a discreet secretary I've got! You don't read t papers? They're not so discreet as you. Last week the Da Sensation had a headline an inch high: MINSTREL AGA —THE SUBMARINE OUTSUBMARINED. You didn't s that?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"But you don't know what I'm working at?"

"Is it my business to know things you haven't told r sir?"

Hacker had come into the room from the hall. Minst turned on him with a gust of laughter.

"D'you hear that? Who says I'm not a picker? Isn't it treat to hear him? A paragon of secretaries! And I pick him—*I!* You can hold your tongue henceforward and fo ever, Hacker, my friend."

He came over to Hugo, put a hand on his arm, and spo confidentially:

"What's wrong with Hacker is that he fancies himse You mayn't have noticed it, but he does. There—carry o I'm busy."

He went back into his laboratory and banged the door.

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

"She said, sir, as I was to be sure and not give it to no one but Mr. Hugo hisself."

Hugo wrote half a letter, and then found Hacker looking r his shoulder.

What is it?"

Nothing. Don't let him rattle you."

He doesn't."

Hacker laughed.

He's always jumpy when he's starting something new. submarine's finished, you know—off the stocks. The miralty are taking it over. And if they don't give him a this time, they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

I shouldn't have thought he'd care for a title."

He wouldn't. At the moment he only cares about the idea, and he'll be like a cat on hot bricks till he's got it ghed out."

He strolled over to the other table and sat down.

Hugo went on with what he was writing; but before he reached the end of the letter the laboratory door was flung open with violence.

"Here, you—Ross, d'you know a tune from a toasting fork? I want music—something loud—Wagner—yes, Wagner—he's full of ideas—he stimulates — better stick to Wagner. And mind you change the needle every time. Play 'em loud and keep 'em going. And you're not to leave the records about on the floor like Hacker does."

He swung round and disappeared, leaving the door ajar.

HUGO approached the gramophone and began to pick up the records which lay tumbled pell-mell on the floor beside it. The third one was The Flying Dutchman Overture, and he hastily put it on. He went on picking up the records, and chose Siegfried's Funeral March to follow The Dutchman.

Hacker came over and looked down at him with just the suspicion of a sneer on his heavy face.

"Tidy soul! He'll love you if you coddle his records."

Hugo continued to feed the gramophone. In the middle of the Fire Music he was aware of Minstrel beside him; he had come in as soft-footed as a cat. He was smiling complacently and stroking his beard.

"Beautiful!" he said. "Beautiful! D'you like it?"

Hugo nodded. This was a new Minstrel. The restless eyes were restless no more; they dreamed.

"Beautiful!" he repeated. "Beautiful!" The words were just a whisper.

He stood there till the last note died away; then he said:

"That'll do. Finish your letters."

He sighed and turned away.

"Come on, Hacker! I want you."

They went away together.

Hugo went back to his letters. He thought he had come into an odd world. He thought it odder still as the days went on.

Minstrel and Hacker lived alone in the big, neglected house. The woman who had slopped water on the doorstep came daily. She left pails on the stairs, brooms and mops all over the place, and called it "doing for the gentlemen."

Another woman from the village came in to cook. She served up charred joints and smoked milk puddings, which Hacker supplemented with pâté de foie gras, tinned asparagus, caviar, and salmon.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page forty-three]

Minstrel drank a particularly noxious brand of thick, greasy cocoa with every meal, varied by an occasional outbreak of champagne.

In the rather remote garage lived the chauffeur, Leonard. He took as much pains with the old Napier as if she had been a brand-new car, and was, besides, kept busy on odd jobs for Minstrel. When the car went out, Hacker drove it.

Hugo had a large room looking to the front. It was next to Hacker's, and he had at once decided that it was Hacker's lighted window which he had seen from the lane. He slept in an old-fashioned four-post bed with a crooked tester and musty green hangings. The mattress and pillow smelt of mold, and the paper on the walls was peeling off with age and damp.

Hugo dreamed strange dreams in the musty bed. He had never dreamed so much in his life before. The dreams were the most fantastic that could be imagined. He was in a sinking ship, and it blew up in a burst of scarlet flame. He was in a diving bell, sinking down, down, down into blackening water that changed suddenly to boiling pitch. He was on an iceberg that broke into a million stars and whirled him into farthest space. The one thing common to these strange dreams was the element of danger; he was always on the brink of something terrible.

Once he dreamed about the girl. She was walking just ahead of him in a black tunnel. He could not see her, but he knew very well that it was she. They walked on quite silently; and as they walked, Hugo felt fear come close, and closer, until it touched him. He tried to cry out, and the girl turned and put her lips to his ear and whispered on a sobbing breath, "You *mustn't!* Oh, you *mustn't!*"

He woke. He knew that he was awake, because the girl was gone. The room was dark, but not as dark as it ought to have been; there was a little patch of light low down on the wall, a little shifting patch of light. It lit the stained edges of the paper, the rim of dust on the wainscot, and slipped lower to the floor. Hugo stared at it.

The light came from an electric torch. Someone was standing in the corner of the room, holding a torch so that the light shone downward. It traveled to the lid of Hugo's trunk. He saw a hand come out of the darkness, and he saw the lid raised up. Then he called out.

The lid dropped, the light went out. There was no sound. He shouted, "Who's there?" sprang out of bed, and made for the corner where the box stood. He had the pleasure of barking his shins against it. There was no one there. He listened. No one moved or breathed.

By the time he got the candle lighted, he was beginning to wonder where his dream had left off. There was no one in the room.

Hugo sat and looked at the letter until he heard Minstrel roaring for him below.

II

IT was the next day at lunch that Minstrel told Hugo curtly that he had no use for him till half-past 4.

He took himself out of the house with a good deal of pleasure. The day was fine. The mist that would rise presently was only an inch deep in the low meadows; the pale arch of the sky was cloudless.

Hugo left the lane, cut across the fields, and climbed a little wooded hill. He did flute exercises for half an hour, and then ran to warm himself. There was going to be a frost, and the air had an edge already. The sun was gone; an orange glow suffused the haze; the mist was rising.

He ran a mile along the road, timing himself, and then, turning, came back in a series of short sprints.

Just short of Meade House he fell into a walk, and, almost as he did so, a man came round the corner, hesitated, half stopped, passed him, and then came quickly back.

"I beg your pardon, is that Meade House?"

"Yes, it is."

The man hesitated again.

"Excuse me—the light is bad—but are you Mr. Ross? Ah! I thought so."

HUGO was very much surprised. There was something just a little familiar about the man, but he didn't know him—a middle-aged person with clothes that looked odd in the country.

"Now, Mr. Ross, I would very much like to have a word with you if I may. I have a little matter of business which I would like to discuss—in fact, I may as well say that I came down here on purpose to see you. We have—well, not exactly met before, but—you don't recognize me?"

All of a sudden Hugo did recognize him. This was the middle-aged man who had witnessed his doing down at the hands of the pawnbroker. He went on feeling surprised, and the man said:

"I'm here on a little matter of business. I believe you pawned a pair of field glasses a week ago—no, please don't take offense; there's no need—I assure you there's no need. But the fact is, I have a client who collects such things. Curious hobby—isn't it? But there—we all have our hobbies, and this client of mine—well, he collects field glasses."

"F-f-field glasses?" said Hugo.

The man repeated the word with emphasis.

"Why does he c-collect them?"

"We all have our hobbies," said the middle-aged man in a deprecating voice.

"They are a p-p-perfectly ordinary p-p-p-pair of glasses."

"They belonged to your uncle, Mr. Trevelyan, I believe?" (What was the fellow driving at? What on earth was he driving at?) He went on speaking persuasively: "My client is very anxious to buy them. He would give a good price."

"What sort of p-p-price?"

"Well—what would you take for them?"

Hugo laughed.

"I d-d-don't want to sell them."

"Come, Mr. Ross! You wouldn't refuse a really good offer, I take it."

"Why does he want them?" said Hugo to himself. "What does it all mean? What's it all about?"

Aloud he said, "Why does your man want them?"

"I'm not at liberty to say. Some association, perhaps—a sentiment—I can't say more than that."

"Oh!" said Hugo with a sudden eagerness in his voice; he let his stammer go to a really reckless extent.

"A s-s-s-sentiment! You d-don't mean—he's not—I s-say, he's not one of the s-s-survivors of the Trethewy, is he? Not one of the people who s-s-subscribed for the glasses and presented them to m-m-my uncle for his s-services at the time of the wreck?"

The man hesitated.

"I'm really not at liberty—"

"A s-s-survivor might want to have the glasses, of course," said Hugo. "I can't think why anyone else should. You m-might just tell me whether your man m-mentioned the Trethewy?"

"Well, Mr. Ross, perhaps I might go so far as to say that he did."

"And my uncle's s-s-saving them? He r-risked his life a dozen times. He was a w-wonderful s-swimmer. Did he t-tell you how he s-swam—I mean my uncle swam—out to them with a r-rope after the b-b-boat foundered?"

"He mentioned it," said the middle-aged man guardedly.

Hugo subdued his stammer to a slight hesitation.

"Well—I didn't want to—sell them. But of course—"

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Ross—under the circumstances—"

"If he is one of the survivors—"

"Exactly—exactly. I may say, from what I know of him, that he will greatly appreciate the—er—feeling which you have—shall I say, evinced?"

HUGO had no objection to his saying evinced. He repressed the desire to take the middle-aged man's hand and wring it, whilst, in a voice broken with emotion and stammering, he begged him to say evinced as often as he wanted to. Instead, he murmured something quite unintelligible, and waited.

"As to terms, now, Mr. Ross—"

Mr. Ross said nothing.

"Five pounds?" inquired the middle-aged man in a voice charged with feeling.

"Oh, n-no," said Hugo.

"Well, six."

"I'm afraid not—"

"Ten, then—and I don't mind telling you that ten's my limit."

"But I don't really want to s-sell."

"Would twelve be any good? Of course, if you were to name your price, I could put the matter before my client."

Someone passed them, coming from the direction of Meade House—Leonard the chauffeur by his build; the light was too far gone to distinguish features.

"Look here," said Hugo, "I don't want to s-sell. It's g-getting late. I'm s-s-s-sorry you've had the trouble of coming down and I'm s-s-sorry I can't ask you in."

"That's all right," said the man. "But see, Mr. Ross! You name a price, and I'll put it to my client."

Hugo had begun to walk away. He turned and looked over his shoulder.

"What about f-f-f-fifty pounds?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Five minutes of your time may mean a beautiful new car *for you*

$5,000

O-CEDAR CONTEST

$1,000 Cash (First Prize) buys a smart new sedan
$500 Cash (Second Prize) buys a snappy roadster
$250 Cash (Third Prize) buys tires and gasoline
And 378 other attractive awards starting at $100

YOU have never had a better chance to win enough money for a nice new car of your very own. This contest is so easy that busy wives and mothers everywhere are responding with enthusiasm. From many high-school girls, come letters showing that the modern youngsters are rapidly learning what time-savers O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish are in their homes. What clean, dustless, gleaming floors and furniture result when O-Cedar Mops and Polish are used.

Take five minutes now and tell us "Why Every Housewife Should Use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish." How and when they use them. What they save in time and energy. What results they get. Ask your friends who use O-Cedar Mops and Polish. Remember, you do not have to buy any O-Cedar Product to enter this contest.

To get started on your letter read the pointers below. Better still, you will find O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish at all grocery, hardware, department, drug and other stores. See how they clean. Try them. You'll like them. O-Cedar Corp'n, Dept. J-4, Chicago, Illinois.

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O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patented triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction, practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable and renewable. New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad quickly removable for cleaning and washing.

O-Cedar Polish is best for renewing any polish mop. Unequaled for furniture. *Apply on damp cloth.*

Observe these easy rules!

Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. J-4, O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of *each sheet.* Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges are Katharine H. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*; and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World*. Their decisions will be final.

Easy to have beautiful floors with O-Cedar Polish Mops. 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

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O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12-oz., 60c; *quart*, $1.25.

"Five pounds?" inquired the middle-aged man in a voice charged with feeling.
"Oh, n-no," said Hugo.

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page forty-five]

he said, and without waiting for an answer broke into a run.

In another moment laughter would have overcome him. He ran, and laughed as he ran. Of all the absurd affairs! How much more would the fellow have swallowed? And then, all of a sudden, halfway up the drive, the laughter went clean out of him and left him cold and empty, with a prickle of fear somewhere in the dark corners of his mind.

What did it mean? There had never been any Trethewy; there had never been any wreck that he knew of. The field glasses had been bought by Richard Trevelyan in a shop in Exeter not ten years ago. There was no story attached to them, and three or four pounds was the outside price that anyone would pay for them. What on earth did it mean?

Hugo went soberly back to the house.

III

AN hour later there was a knock on the study door. Minstrel and Hacker were in the laboratory. Hugo said, "Come in!" and, looking over his shoulder, saw the door open a scant six inches. The woman who left brushes and pails about peered through the crack with an aggravating air of embarrassment. When it became obvious that she would not come in, Hugo got up. She backed away from him into the hall, and at a safe distance from the door said in a piercing whisper:

"There's a young person as wants to see you."

"Wants to see *me?*"

The woman sniffed.

"She says as she wants to see Mr. Hugo, and seeing as the name was on the letter I give you this morning—"

Hugo looked past her. Everyone in the house invariably left the front door open; it was open now. The young person was standing on the doorstep. The hall lamp flaring in the draft disclosed a plump, rustic girl who shifted from one foot to the other.

Hugo was quite sure that he had never set eyes on her before. He said "Good evening," and waited, conscious that Mrs. Parford was dusting the banisters with unaccustomed zeal.

"Please," said the girl, with a gasp. "Please, sir, are you Mr. Hugo?"

"My name's Hugo Ross."

The girl also was aware of Mrs. Parford. She dropped her voice to a mumble:

"Because she said, sir, as I was to be sure and not give it to no one but Mr. Hugo hisself."

"Give what?"

"Not on no account," said the girl.

Hugo took out of his pocket the letter which he had received that morning from his uncle's solicitor. It was addressed very clearly to Hugo Ross, Esq. He held it out for the girl to see. The blue eyes stared at it. After a moment she stared at Hugo.

"She says if it was Mr. Hugo he'd say what her cousin's name was. And she said not on no account I wasn't to give it to no one else"—she paused, and added with a gasp—"*nohow.*"

Hugo's thoughts jumped to the girl in the lane. She had asked his name; he had shouted it after her as the train moved off in its cloud of steam, and the wind had carried his voice away. She must have heard just "Hugo," and no more. And she had written or sent a message.

He said eagerly, "You've got a letter for me."

"Not if you don't know her cousin's name, I haven't."

Brown was the name—yes, Brown—Emily Brown; and her husband was a solicitor; his name was Andrew. He said, "Mrs. Andrew Brown—Christian name Emily. Is that right?"

The girl relaxed into a giggle.

"That's her! And it's all right about your being Mr. Hugo, I suppose?"

"Yes, it's all right."

She dived into the pocket of the brick-red coat and produced a letter.

"She said to find out for sure and certain whether you was living here, and not to give it to no one else."

"Who's she?" said Hugo quickly.

He had forgotten Mrs. Parford, but the girl's round stare dwelt on her.

"That woman's a-listening," she said.

Hugo looked round impatiently.

"That's all right, Mrs. Parford—you needn't wait."

Mrs. Parford sniffed, and faded resentfully. Later on she took away Hugo's character in the village with a good deal of the "Who'd ha' thought it?" and "I'm sure I don't know what the world's coming to" type of innuendo.

"SHE was a-listening," said the girl. "I know her sort. And I don't want no one listening to Miss Loveday's business."

Hugo's heart gave a funny little jump at the name. He had not the slightest idea why this should happen. It had the effect of making him stammer.

"I s-s-say, d-do give me the letter."

The girl went on clutching it.

"Miss Loveday she wrote to me Tuesday; but I couldn't come afore, because I don't get no more than the one afternoon and evenin' off."

"Do you live with Mrs. Brown?"

"I don't live in—I obloiges her. And Miss Loveday wrote me to come along to Meade House and find out whether there was a gentleman living here by the name of Mr. Hugo. And Miss Loveday she said very partickler not to give her letter to no one else."

"All right, I'm Mr. Hugo. Give it to me."

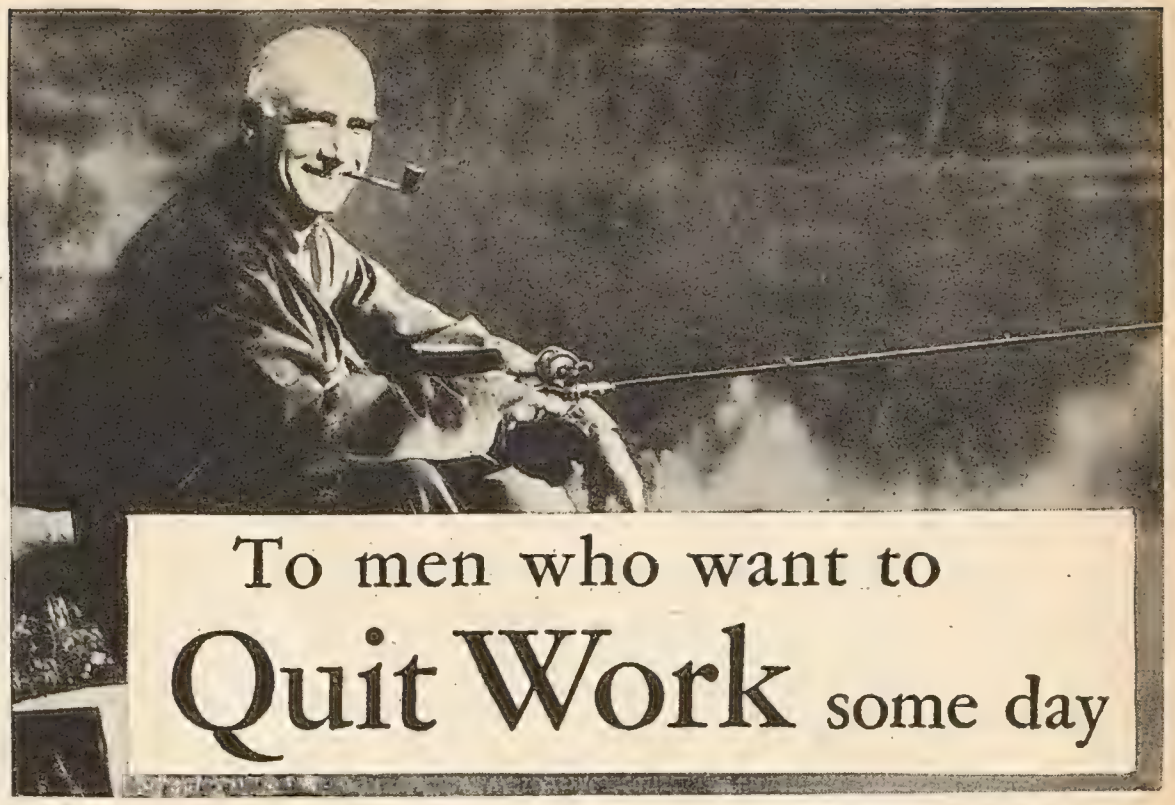
The girl still clutched it.

"They were in an awful way about Miss Loveday going off," she said. "And she said not to tell no one as I'd heard from her—and I haven't, neither." Then, without the slightest pause: "Please, sir, I must be getting along, or my friend that's waiting for me will be in a reg'lar taking—he gets that jealous. So I'll be going."

She pushed the letter at him and ran away into the dark. Hugo heard a man's voice on a deep growl, and heard her giggling answer. Then he shut the door and ran upstairs to his own room.

It was pitch dark, the uncurtained

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Quit Work some day

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It tells how these men, by following a simple, definite plan, can provide for themselves in later years *a guaranteed income they cannot outlive.*

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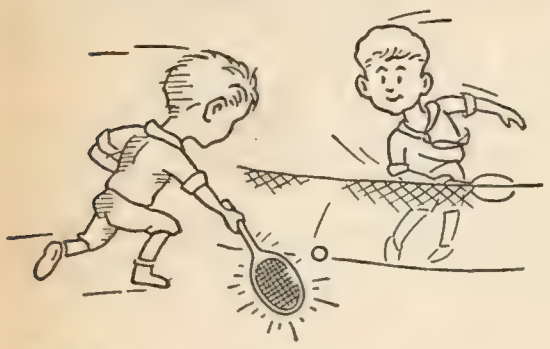

"Where'd you get that dandy racket, Bill?"

"Won it...*free!*"

"What!"

"Sure..*you* can do it too. Here's how..."

"JUST fill out one of those coupons in LIBERTY MAGAZINE like I did and mail it in. Right off the bat they'll send you all the details together with a dandy illustrated catalog with this tennis racket in it and more than 350 other free prizes, such as bicycles, sporting equipment, radio, musical instruments, 'neverything!

"You see, Joe, you get all these free prizes for selling LIBERTY MAGAZINE. And boy don't they sell! It's easy as pie. You only work in your spare time right in your own neighborhood. And I never have to bother Mother or Dad any more for spending money because of the profits I make each week.

"LIBERTY makes everything easy for you. They give you the magazines and a free carrier bag, and get you started right. And then they send you a free magazine every month full of news about other boys in the great army of LIBERTY Boy Salesmen. There's a pile of other helps, too, like a free book of hints on selling, and an account book to keep your customers' names in, and —Hey, where you rushin' off to in all that hurry?"

"I'm running home to fill out the coupon in Dad's LIBERTY!"

You don't have to bother running home like Joe, though. Your coupon is just below. Fill it out today!

Mail this now!

4-6-29

LIBERTY MAGAZINE,
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page forty-seven]

windows as black as the walls. He lit his candle and sat down on the edge of the four-post bed. His heart gave another of those odd jumps as he turned the envelope to the light. There was just his Christian name written on it in a round, childish hand—"Hugo." He tore it open and took out the letter with a most vivid sense of expectation.

The letter was written in pencil. There was no heading to it; it just began:

I've told Gertie to find out if you're at Meade House, and to give you this if you are. If you are, please leave it and come away at once. I can't tell you why in a letter. I want to see you, but you can't come here. Cissy says [this was scratched out but quite legible] you can't come here. And you mustn't, mustn't, *mustn't* stay at Meade House. Do come away quickly. If I can think of somewhere to see you, I'll write again. I can't tell you in a letter, but you mustn't stay. Please burn this.

In the middle of the Fire Music he was aware of Minstrel beside him.

A long sentence followed, which had been so successfully scratched out that he could distinguish only the name "Cissy" at the beginning and guess at something which looked like "promised" at the end. She had signed her name after that: "Loveday Leigh."

HUGO sat and looked at the letter until he heard Minstrel roaring for him below. Even then he took time to hold the letter to the candle and to watch the flame catch the edge of the paper. The sheet curled up and blazed. Loveday's name went out in a blue flame. The black ash fell into the trough of the candlestick and fluttered there.

He pushed the envelope into his pocket and went down.

It was all very odd. The more Hugo thought about it, the odder it seemed. He thought a good deal. And he wished that Miss Loveday Leigh had been less discreet and had told him why she thought that he mustn't stay at Meade House. As a matter of fact, he was more or less bound to stay there, since he possessed no more than thirty shillings in hard cash. You cannot go very far or live for very long on thirty shillings.

All next day Minstrel's temper raged. Hugo marveled at Hacker's patience. One would not, somehow, have supposed that Hacker would be patient.

The weather was cold and dreary. Everything that Hugo did was wrong; the evening found him wondering whether he would not be told to pack up and be off. Instead, Hacker seized a moment when they were alone to say some really very decent things:

"You're sticking it very well. He gets like this every now and again, but it doesn't last. He likes you, you know, or he wouldn't let himself go like this. You're treated as one of the family. I get my share. I don't say he's easy; but he's a big man, and I'd rather be cursed by him than soft-sawdered by one of your mediocrities."

IT was the next day the letter came. Hugo found Mrs. Parford studying the envelope in the hall. He took it from her and went on into the study, wondering who his correspondent might be.

The letter was signed "Brice," or "Rice," or some such name, and it appeared to be from the middle-aged man who wanted to buy Uncle Richard's field glasses. Hugo looked at a page covered with characterless copperplate and read:

DEAR SIR:

I am instructed to say that my client does not consider the sum you mentioned too large in view of the nature, and the value to him, of the article in question. I am therefore empowered to make you an offer of £50.

Yours faithfully,

There followed the scrawl that might have been "Brice" or "Rice."

How astonishing! Fifty pounds for a pair of old field glasses! If it had been five, Hugo would have been tempted. But fifty gave him the sensation of being out of his depth in dangerous waters; there were currents running of which he knew nothing. He put the letter away and thought that he would take a day or two before he answered it.

It happened that he was alone when the telephone bell rang. He took up the receiver, and to his surprise heard his own name:

"Is that Mr. Ross?"

"Speaking."

"Oh, Mr. Ross"—it was a man's voice—"I rang up to ask if you had received my letter—the one in which my client made you an offer."

"Yes, I've got the letter."

"And you accept my client's offer?"

Hugo was silent.

"Come, Mr. Ross, you fixed the price yourself."

Hugo laughed.

"If you call that fixing it! I wasn't serious."

"Are you not satisfied with the amount?"

"It seems to me to be a perfectly ridiculous amount," said Hugo.

"Well, well, I won't say that my client would not raise it. He attaches great importance— Come, Mr. Ross, name your own terms—in writing. I can't say fairer than that." There was a click and the line went dead.

Hugo put back the receiver. He was to name his own terms. If fifty pounds was not enough, he could have more. What sort of fool did they take him for? And who were they? For the hundredth time, what did it all mean?

Hacker came in presently.

"He's going to town tomorrow for a couple of days. I'm going with him, worse luck! And he says you can stay here, or go away, or do any blessed thing you please. I should clear out if I were you, or you'll be dead of boredom by the time we get back."

HUGO took a look at Mr. Rice's letter—he had decided that the name was Rice. It gave an address in northeast London. It occurred to him that he might do worse than run up to town and make some discreet inquiries about Mr. Rice. He could get a bed at his old lodgings if he wanted one. He could—yes, he thought he would go to town. But he didn't say so to Hacker.

About 1 o'clock the telephone went again. This time it was a woman speaking:

"Can I speak to Mr. Hugo?"

Hugo jumped. Who was it? It didn't sound—and yet—

He said, "Speaking," and had trouble with the "p."

"It's me," said the voice. "Oh—is it you? Oh, *do* say quickly if it is, because I can't stop a moment—I can't really."

"I'm Hugo Ross. Who are you?" But by now he knew that it was the girl in the lane.

"I'm Loveday. You know—you carried my bag. Is your name Ross? I didn't get that part of it—only the Hugo. It *is* Hugo, isn't it? Did you get my letter—the one I sent by Gertie?"

"Yes, I g-got it. Look here, what does it mean?"

"I can't tell you on the telephone. I want to see you—I *must* see you. Can you come up to town and meet me at Waterloo, by the end platform where you go down to the tube? It's nineteen, or twenty, or something like that. Can you meet me there?"

"I c-could—tomorrow."

"At one o'clock? Could you meet me at one o'clock? Cissy's going out to lunch. I think I could manage to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

But NOW—What a Change!

EVEN the youngsters spoke about it. What a treat for them to have him again—at their call—story-telling—fixing toys—a hundred and one things—and now the fun and frolic of winter days. And he enjoys it, too.

How foolish he was last year not to take the advice so many people gave him. Kind of set in his ways, he thought Rheumatic Pains came with advancing years, and nothing could be done about it. Sharp twinges—stiff joints—aching muscles—real agony that made him grouchy and irritable.

Then a good friend got him to try BAUME BENGUÉ—and he was amazed at the prompt relief it gave him. No wonder so many people recommended this wonderful remedy!

This is How He Got Relief:

At the first sign of a Rheumatic Pain, he rubbed in BAUME BENGUÉ freely on the affected part. Then, spreading a thin layer over the entire area, he covered it with absorbent cotton held in place by a piece of cloth. Immediately the powerful ingredients in BAUME BENGUÉ started to relieve the congestion by stimulating a fresh circulation. The irritated nerve-endings were soothed and the cutting pains disappeared.

Recommended by Physicians for more than 30 Years

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"Ben-Gay"
The Original Analgésique Baume

ACHES AND PAINS: Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Sciatica and all pains of nerve or muscle. Rub BAUME BENGUÉ well into the affected part and cover with cloth. Follow directions in package for quick relief.

TIRED FEET: Sore, aching, swollen feet get prompt relief by rubbing them well with BAUME BENGUÉ. It is helpful to soak the feet in hot water to open the pores before BAUME BENGUÉ is applied.

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[FOOL ERRANT Continued from page forty-nine]

get away— I *must*. Can you manage one o'clock?"

"Yes."

"You'll wait if I'm late—won't you? Because I must see you. Are you alone, or is there anyone in the room?" Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Mr. Hacker isn't in the room, is he?"

Hugo was startled.

"Why do you ask that? Do you know him?"

"Cissy knows him. Is he there?"

"No—I'm quite alone. Look here, how shall I know you? I mean I've heard your voice, but—"

He heard a little breathless laugh.

"I'll wear a chrysanthemum—a yellow one. Oh—" It was just the sharp beginning of a sound, cut off almost as it reached him.

He waited; but there was no more life in the line.

As he hung up the receiver, Hacker came into the room.

IV

HUGO slept that night heavily and dreamlessly. He woke late, and came down to find that Minstrel and Hacker were already away.

"Gone this half hour," said Mrs. Parford with a morose sniff. "Might you be wanting anything?"

"B-b-breakfast," said Hugo meekly.

Mrs. Parford tipped the pail in his direction.

"*On* the table—*in* the dining room. And I'd be glad if you'd make the tea do, seeing I'm in the middle of me floor and it isn't but half an hour made—and what's half an hour when all's said and done?"

Hugo caught the next train. He had the luck to get a carriage to himself, and presently it occurred to him to take out his pocketbook and have another look at Mr. Rice's extraordinary letter. He had pushed it down behind the last letter he had had from his uncle's solicitor.

The solicitor's letter was there—a thick, stiff wad—but Mr. Rice's thin blue sheet was not where he had put it. It was neither behind Mr. Gray's letter, nor in front of it, nor anywhere else in the pocketbook. It was gone. Something else had gone, too—those pawn tickets. Never mind them.

Hugo sat looking down at the pocketbook on his knee. The telephone bell had rung. He had talked to Rice, and after Rice had rung off he had taken a look at the letter; and then he had put it back. He was quite sure that he had put it back. He remembered pulling Gray's letter forward so as to make room for it. He had certainly put the letter back, and, as certainly, the letter was gone. The address—yes, fortunately he remembered the address—107 Finch Road, N. E. He thought he would go and have a look at 107 Finch Road after he had talked to Miss Loveday Leigh.

At ten minutes to 1 he took up his stand between platform 21 and the tube entrance. An intense shyness had fallen upon him like a fog. He knew quite well that he ought to be feeling adventurous, excited, romantic. Instead, he was merely in a blue funk.

Suppose he spoke to the wrong girl. Suppose she never came. Suppose there were half a dozen girls all wearing yellow chrysanthemums. Suppose there wasn't anyone wearing a yellow chrysanthemum at all.

In any case, he was quite sure that he was going to have one of his worst stammering fits.

A horrified glance at his watch showed him that it was a minute past 1. He would have given anything in the world to be somewhere else, and for four minutes he hoped earnestly that she would not come; after which he became desperately afraid that she had changed her mind, that she had been kept, that she was not coming after all.

He began to walk up and down—twenty yards in the direction of the flower stall, and twenty yards back again.

Perhaps she meant to buy her chrysanthemum at the stall.

In the midst of seemingly trivial happenings, Hugo could not realize what grave danger he was in. Stay with him in next week's continuation of this story.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page fifty-two)

1—Who is the governor general of Canada?

2—For what, besides the manufacture of pencils, is graphite most used?

3—What is a pocket veto?

4—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *casus belli?*

5—What is common to the following names: Orloff, Clydesdale, Morgan?

6—Is the picture of George Washington on the two-cent stamp shown in right or left profile?

7—What are French policemen called?

8—What, traditionally, is at the end of the rainbow?

9—What is a cosmopolite?

10—What was the Renaissance?

11—What region was called Lusitania by the ancients?

12—Which two teeth does a baby normally cut first?

13—What is a leprechaun?

14—For what is litmus paper used?

15—How many ages of man were described by Shakespeare?

16—What is a salmagundi?

17—The eating of what caused the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden?

18—What is the capital of Iowa; Kansas; Kentucky?

19—What is meant by placing a sum of money in escrow?

20—What are members of the Society of Friends commonly called?

THAT walk up Jibralter to the Torture Cave made Pikes Peak look like an ice cream cohen.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

A Gibe or Two from Gibraltar

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Aboard the S. S. France, at Jibralter.

DEAR MARG:

Well, here I am writin you from Jibralter in the Mediteranian See. Its the spot where the insurance Co. gets the policies from. Oh baby what a rock! The English sure led with the ace when they grabbed this cliff. The foist officer told me its the greatest fortification in the world, an I guess hes right after you see the miles of gun galleries. On the up an up Marg, it holds more secrets than Calvin, Hoover, and Lindy put together. You couldnt get a row boat, much less a cigarette paper into the Mediteranean if the limeys didnt want to let you. If they ever touch off one of those big cannons they have on top, the Sultan of Turkey in Constantinoble would think that one of the wives pulled the chair out from under him. Yea, and another thing, you have about as much chanst of usin a camera in Jibralter as you have of chisslin a kiltie outer one pound four ounces and six pence.

We're anchored right in the harbor under the big rock and all around us are ships from all nations. Every flag from the Swiss Navy down to the Nights of Columbus is flyin here. Along side of us is the big British dreadnought H. M. S. Fruitskin. She just dipped the colors to us. That dont mean shes dyein a shirt, it just means shes salootin.

Well, as soon as we anchored, up comes the Quaranteen doctor. Right away the steward grabs him by the duke and leads him to the bar. The medical hoists a coupla quick shots while the quartermaster hoists a bunch of flags, a code, readin *Plenty of Cases on board.* Then the Doc proceeds to the bridge, goes thru the motions of feeling the Captains pulse and beats it.

I wish they'd get the clock fixed on this ship. At 3 oclock they strike 6 bells and at one oclock they strike 2 bells. I guess the works must be all damp in the pendilum department.

After the prelimmeries were over they took us ashore in a cockney tender to see the town. On the wharf was a bunch of english hacks waitin for us what they call surreys. Oh lady what an outfit. No jokin, they would slay the shock troops. The one I got in was a toss up between a meat grinder an a side car. The oat burner in front was a swell nag about the size of a good sized Lady bug. She had a leg on each corner and you could have hung your vest on her anywhere. The only thing that saved her from the soap works was the owner.

Oh my dear you shoulda seen the driver. He had on a Prince Albert that the Duke of York must a given him when he was shooin the moths outer the cedar closet. What a rap-around! The tails of the coat were tucked in the six ply boots to keep the calves of his legs warm. The yellow and red tie he had on was decorated with 57 varieties of lucious vegetable soup.

This sap was supposed to show us the town. He was a pip. As we trotted along he would point out the various points of interest, and on the level we couldnt tell whether he was talkin Arabian, Portuguese, Jewish or Heathan Chinese. He says he spoke six languages and I believed him—he spoke em all at once.

WELL, we passed thru the main street. The town was full of British officers, sailors, and hindoo merchants with hot towels or the family wet wash rapped around their heads for hats. They were sellin Spanish and Oriental shawls and to bargain with em sounded like an Irishman tryin to twist a Greek outer his right glim. What burglars!! Theyd pluck the eye lashes right out of your tweezers and love it.

Everything went along swell until the hackie pointed the oat burner up the side of the big rock to show us the works. He got half way up the street when the poor nag began to develop a bit of differential trouble. From the sound of her gear case I could see she was due for the tannery. Fifteen feet further the driver jumped out of the hack and began takin it on the hoof to lighten the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

makes eyes bright

Merely darkening the lashes will not beautify eyes which are dull and lifeless. Eyes must shine to be truly alluring, and nothing gives them that glistening appearance as safely as *Murine*. It positively contains no belladona.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

"Neat Hair an Asset"

"The world judges by appearance," says the popular Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., "and a neat head of hair helps put you over. I keep my hair smooth and glossy with a little 'Hair Groom' each day. It makes the most unruly hair behave without making it look greased."

"Hair Groom" comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. L46
578 Madison Ave., New York City **FREE**

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

load and asked me to do likewise. Listen Kid, *an did I walk!!!* I've climbed some high spots in Yosemite, but that walk up Jibralter to the Torture Cave made Pikes Peak look like an ice cream cohen. By the time I got to the top I couldnt even blow a fly offa hard boiled egg. An not only that, the two frails were left in the back seat to ride while me and the Kentuckey Judge was doin the anklin. Then they give you that dish that the woman always pays.

In the afternoon they drove us over to a swell hotel in Algeciris, Spain, to have a bit of tea. High hat stuff. You oughta seen the huge cakes the guy brought out. They were as big around as the second hand dial on a rist watch. What a meal!! Toast, tea and cakes. He coulda served the works in a eye dropper with one squirt.

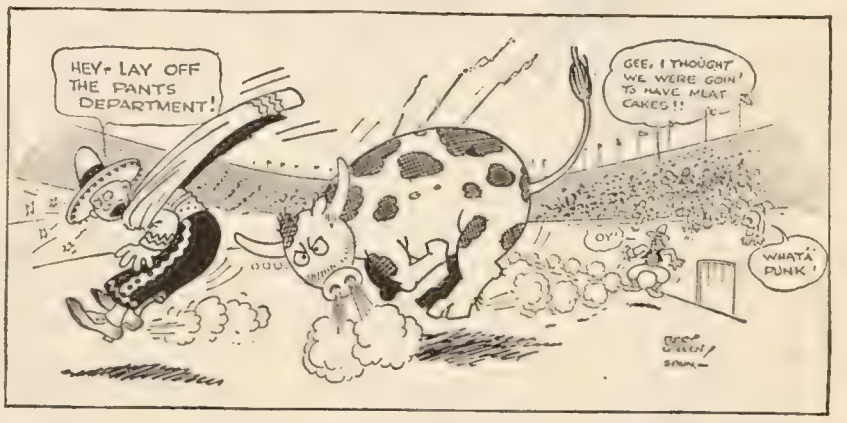
Well, after we inhaled the groceries I went over to see a bull fight. Heres how it works. First of all they take about six months feedin a bull raw meat to get him nice and wild. Then when the big show comes off they lead him in the bull pen behind the arena and drop a half ton door on his back to take the kick outer him. Imagine it?

Then when hes half goofy the procession of gayly clad escorts and assistants march in and show off. Then in comes the Toreadoor.

After he throws the bull to the Senorita she gives him the sly eye and throws the bull back to him, then out comes the cows husband snortin and belly achein and buckin and kickin and makin more noise than a Dago selibration. Right away, pronto, the Toreadoor beats it like merry hell for the little fence what protects him from the meat company.

And believe me he just missed the tortoise shell stickpin in the seat of his pants by the width of a dude mustache.

Every time the cows husband got stuck with the bread knife the chili con conies went wild. He had so many darts stuck in him that he looked like an overgrown porkupine. When the poor thing finally went for the count the brutal show was over.



He just missed the tortoise shell stickpin in the seat of his pants by the width of a dude mustache.

If this comes under the head of a national sport Id much sooner spend ten minutes in the Chicago stock yards takin the blindfold test!

Listen Marg, theres eight pairs of brides and glooms on the boat. One night the hole troup beat it off in Morocco and sneaked up to the native quarter and watched the dancin girls do their stuff. Naughty, naughty. Honest Gorgous, *the girlies didnt have a stitch on!!*

Some of the brides turned their brand new husbands faces to the wall and some of the husbands covered up the wives optics also. Oh I could scream.

Its a good thing your old man wasnt there. He couldnt a stood IT!!! If that wasnt a dance, then George Whites Scandals looks like an old fashioned Virginia reel.

We're leavin for Algers tonight. I'll write you all the scandal!

Sorry to hear your mother fell down the stairs. Cheerio!!

Your pal, MIKE SHEA.

Some more of Mike's Mediterranean musings should arrive soon and will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 50

1—The Right Honorable Viscount Willingdon.

2—For lubrication.

3—The retention by the President of a bill unsigned until after adjournment of the Congress, so that it does not become a law.

4—The cause of war.

5—They are the names of breeds of horses.

6—Left.

7—Gendarmes.

8—A pot of gold.

9—One at home in every country; a citizen of the world.

10—The transitional movement in Europe between the medieval and the modern world, marked especially by the revival of classical design in art and letters.

11—That which almost coincides with what is now called Portugal.

12—The lower central incisors.

13—A sprite or goblin in Irish folklore.

14—Testing substances for acids or alkalies.

15—Seven (As You Like It. Act II, Scene 7).

16—A mixture of various ingredients; a medley or miscellany.

17—Fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil (Genesis iii).

18—Des Moines; Topeka; Frankfort.

19—Putting it under the exclusive control of an individual or institution for payment to another party only upon the proper completion of some agreement.

20—Quakers.

Eeny Meeny Miney Mo

A New For the Love o' Lil

BUZZ-BUZZ! Chatter-chatter! Senator Blower's mansion on Cedar Avenue was the glittering scene of a formal social blow-out. Lil received her guests with fantail-pigeon dignity. Wasn't she resplendent in a $208 green satin and a sparkling diamond necklace? Weren't thirteen of the town's four hundred jabbering under her crystal chandelier? Wasn't she going to pay the Carroll Trio twenty dollars per musical capita?

"How do you do?" she murmured to the mayor's wife, wondering if she should have accented the *how*, the *you* or one of the *dos*. "Mr. Jenkins says your husband's a Democrat. Senator Blower's a Republican—"

"Ah-aaahhh," the first lady of the city broke in, like the siren on the drawbridge over the river. "So let's be Socialists just for the evening."

This week's cover picture.

While the wailing strings were Liebestrauming on the landing, Sandy sawed the mayor's arm up and down in a corner. Two important men of social standing had met at the same cocktail tray!

"Your highness," Sandy said, "have you an extra speeding permit?" Such familiarity with royalty was due to two Martinis. "A guy's got to hurry so nowadays to keep ahead of the next feller—"

"Ha-ha," the mayor chuckled. He was really laughing up his sleeve. How soon would this society upstart trip on the top-most rung of the social ladder?

"The weather man has favored us," Miss Florence Sparks, a rich débutante, was gushing. She was a raving talker as well as a raving beauty, a two-legged phonograph with an everlasting record. "Had this party been earlier this month, the night would have been rainy. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—"

"April flowers bring May showers," Lil said, thankful there weren't many more days in the week.

By the time Sandy had said, "It wouldn't be a party withoutcha," to each of the thirteen guests he felt quite *de trop*. He leaned an elbow against the antiqued beveling of the salon's paneled wall and imagined that Senator Blower's pouchy ancestors were smirking from their illumined canvases. He took a deep breath and then exhaled just in time to inhale a blast of Narcisse Noir. This enticing odor came from Madame Hélène Eisen, a novelist, who was there in crimson-and-spangled glory with wax grapes dangling from her left hip. She extended her hand the way a swan projects its neck to eat floating bread crusts.

"A pleazzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzure!" she smiled, showing her private gold mine.

"Dinner is served," Meadows announced, opening the purple drapes between the salon and dining room. An exciting glimpse of gleaming silver!

The Great Dinner Parade! The Trio played Hail to the Chief on account of the mayor, and a little later Sandy found himself surrounded by silverware. Tiny spoons, big spoons. Regular forks, funny forks. Short knives, long knives. A neat block J on each.

"Eeny meeny miney mo," he anguished, going through piano keyboard motions. "For the love o' Lil, *what* shall I use for the fruit cup?"

(Next week's cover adventure: Opera Night)

Food *a-plenty* but a

Body *Starved!*

**a diet change may be imperative*

ACIDOSIS is as prevalent among people who believe themselves "well-fed" as among the poor. Abundant but unwisely chosen foods actually starve the body, lower vitality, stop clear thinking and create an Acidosis condition to which is attributed common ailments, forerunners of dangerous diseases.

Medical authorities point out, as never before, the real menace of the faulty American diet. Science has proved that a properly balanced diet will not only protect against illness, but will correct many minor ailments and build better health.

It is vital to the health of almost every man, woman and child that *less* of the good but acid-forming foods be eaten (meat, eggs, fish, breads and cereals) and *more* of the alkaline-reaction foods, such as Oranges and Lemons and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. *The diet must be thus balanced.* Acidosis results unless over-acidity is curbed.

Acidosis appears in many forms. Science has proved that the liberal use of *fresh* juice of California Oranges and Lemons is among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis. While acid to the taste, the juice of Oranges and Lemons has a *definite alkaline reaction* in the body and aids in establishing a normal condition, which means health.

If you are half well most of the time; sluggish, subject to types of headache, nausea, acid perspiration, nervousness, sour stomach, sleeplessness — you may need an entire change of diet. If your case is abnormal or of long standing, consult your physician at once.

Fresh Orange Juice, or Lemon (with water, sweetened or unsweetened) from one to three times each day is a definite health aid. Not only is its alkaline-reaction certain, but its content of vitamins and mineral salts is vital to good health. Orange salads and desserts are additionally beneficial. Any family can follow these simple anti-acidosis measures.

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. To be sure of uniform and dependable quality look for the trade mark "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons.

Normal, anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets are given by an eminent authority in a *free* book—"Telling Fortunes with Foods." Send for it immediately. This book discusses Acidosis and also contains a chapter on Safe Reducing together with a list of acid and alkaline-reaction foods for your good health guidance.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1304, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Vox

Aw, Nobody Could Be as Perfect as You

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I get so darn mad when I read trash like that letter written by Spartan. He said post-war women are impossible and detestable—that they will not keep house, will not work, and marry just because they're mercenary.

I speak not for myself but for the many thousands of post-war flappers whom you see standing in street cars and subways, night and morning. I rise at 6 A. M. and get a good breakfast for my husband. I clean my house and get to work at 8:30, and I work eight hours a day, maybe longer, for a firm that must think I am satisfactory or it wouldn't pay me as well as it does.

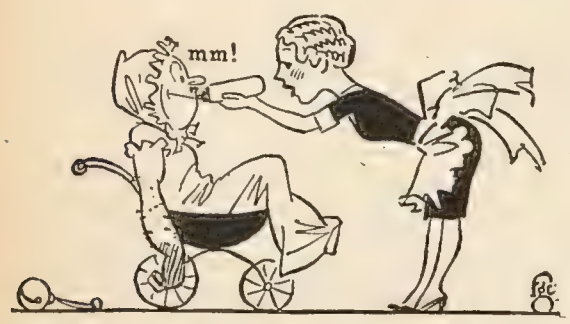
And then I dash gayly home at night to get that same husband a good hot supper, and after supper I wash dishes, and scrub floors and bathtubs, I iron shirts, B. V. D.s and darn socks, I bake lemon pie and make angel food cake, or prepare tomorrow's fresh vegetables.

And all the time I argue, coax, wheedle, and pester that man of mine into studying, or bowling, or swimming, or dancing, or reading—anything to keep him well clothed, well fed, well housed, and good humored—in the hope that some day, when he takes his place with the men of this world, I can step aside and start all over again to raise him a family of honest-to-God *men*. Not Spartans.

I don't work because I am greedy, mercenary, selfish. I work because *I love that man*, and thousands of other girls work for the same reason: because their men, as a result of man-made, post-war conditions, are struggling to get a toe hold.—*A Wife.*

Just Before the Bottle, Mother

AUSTIN, MINN.—Prohibition is putting the country on the bum. The only liberty we have stands out there in New York harbor, and even that is surrounded by water. Yes, we're a lot of dead



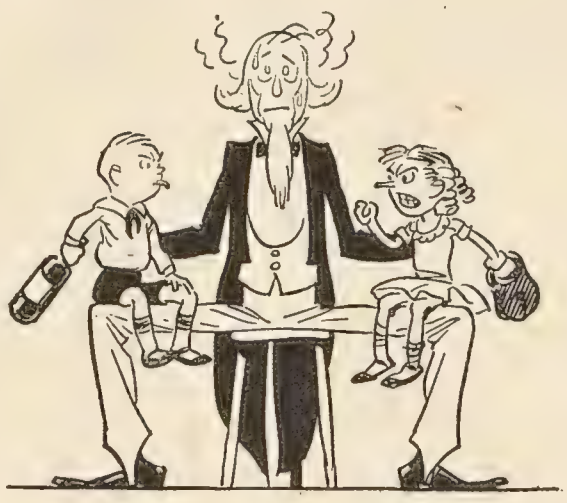
ones, now, going around with a face on us like a funeral, and all for the want of a smile.

When we were babies they gave us a bottle to keep us quiet. And now, when we need a bottle, they take it away from us. I'd go back to being a baby if nursie would give me a bottle filled right.—*Chuck.*

Prohibition "As Is"

CHICAGO, ILL.—I guess that bird Major Walton Green, who wrote "Prohibition 'As Is,'" knows his onions. Also his alcohol. His piece made me do some thinking.

Looks to me like the real situation is that Uncle Sam wants both prohibition



and booze. He wants prohibition 'cause he wants to be respectable. And he wants booze 'cause he's thirsty.

Sam's got a little prohibitionist on one knee, and a little wet on the other. Both of 'em are his kids, and he's a big enough and square enough guy to be able to like both of 'em. But he don't let his left knee know what his right knee's doin'.—*Man Who Likes to Laugh.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As a bootlegger, allow me to congratulate you on the article, "Prohibition 'As Is,'" by Walton Green. It rang true, and was worthy of space in any magazine on earth.

Walton Green. There is a man!

I myself am under indictment, on ten counts, for conspiracy to violate the national prohibition act, and will go to trial during March, and expect to be convicted and sentenced to Atlanta for a term of months.

I am supposed to be a ringleader in a large alcohol plot and have run the gauntlet of petty shakedowns and major shakedowns, have purchased costly inside dope, have had a number of "meets" on the sly with "prohi" men, and can shout from my hotel room that the whole system is corrupt petty larceny, and "lousy."

It gives me pleasure to read an article by a man whom I used to fear but who must command my respect because he will not "take." He attempted to enforce the law for love of duty rather than love of publicity and coin.

May we have more articles by him in the near future.

They will convince the people that the enforcement system today is on the wrong track, and eventually save the country millions.—[*Signature omitted by request.*]

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.—"Prohibition 'As Is'"—a real story! Mr. Walton Green is an arc light, turned on the wreck of prohibition.—*G. F. Richer.*

All Together, Folks: a Heading for This—Any Word in the First Paragraph

HANOVER, N. H.—Blah blah blah blah, blah blah-blah blah, blah blah-blah blah blah blah blah blah, blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah-blah.

Blah-blah.—*B. L. Ah-blah, 100 Per Cent American.*

The above letter is a composite of all the communications to LIBERTY'S Vox Pop of the Great American Peepul.

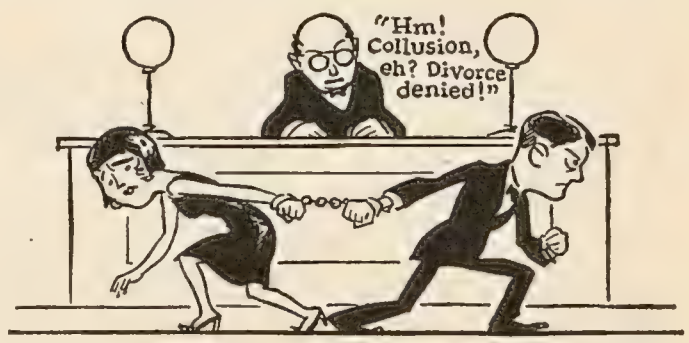
Vox Pop is an education. It should be assiduously studied by every psychiatrist in the profession.—*J. A. Cooper.*

It's Worth Trying

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That editorial of yours, "Divorce and Collusion," not only hit the nail on the head, but drove it right in.

It's always seemed to me that, as you say, the best reason for ending a marriage is when both parties to it want to end it. But, in such a situation, the law steps in and says: "Nothing doing. It's collusion."

I wonder what underlies this legal applesauce. Is it the idea that, except for the collusion provision, people would



go in for a kind of marital free love, agreeing to marry for the sake of appearances, but to divorce each other after a year or two?

If that's the big idea, I think it's banana oil. The law should trust human nature more. Monogamy is older than our present laws, and will exist after those laws are dead.

When two people are handcuffed together, and both are straining to break away—let 'em, say I.—*L. Williams.*

And Furthermore, If You Hadn't Read Them You Wouldn't Have Known They Were Useless

IRON RIVER, MICH.—After reading your useless weekly articles on "Bryan—An American Phenomenon," I thank whatever gods may be, that he was never elected President.—*S. M. Buckley.*

Pop

As One Decent American to Another

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—After reading your editorial, "Our Covers," I'm writing Vox Pop for the first time.

That is a terrible way for readers to write about Lil and Sandy. I'll just bet every one of those "decent Americans" gets told to go to h— just as often as I do, and I'm just as decent an American as they are.

I suppose those people who were so depressed after Uncle Ulysses died think they are going to live forever, or maybe they are such sinners they don't like to think of such things.

It is very true that old people die, children are born (I have two), and men tell their wives to go to h—(mine tells me that, and I tell him I'll meet him there). Just the same, we love each other, and our children, and are very decent Americans.—*Elizabeth V. Sivek.*

He's Bottling One Now

FORT WAYNE, IND.—"The Murders on the Roof," by Edward Doherty. The best detective story yet published in your magazine!

More power to you, Eddie! May you have another as good to uncork, before too many months have gone by.—*Jerry Rowan.*

It's a Tough Life

MOUNT PLEASANT, OHIO—I feel like shooting the anonymous knockers in Vox Pop. Who among us would go out and tell our hostess her dinner was a perfect flop? Would you tell your neighbor that his new house looks like a dog house? Would any man or woman gaze upon a baby and tell either parent that the child resembles an ape? No, because we'd be face to face with the one we abused. We do those things under cover.

What is wrong with America? The rich are abused if they do not give away their riches; the poor are abused for being poor; the old are chucked away to die. On every corner is a

church: a symbol of Christ, who tried to save us from sorrow, hurts, and injustice. And we hang around the church door, and slap the next fellow who trots up.

The Bible says that Cain and Abel are dead. I'll be darned if they are. They are still in the ring.—*Margaret H. Taylor.*

Just a Minute There, Young Feller—What Kind of a Page Do You Think This Is?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hey! Hey! You shouldn't print articles like that one by Richard Carroll, called "Jimmie Doolittle—The Fog Diviner." Too dangerous.

It was a wow of a good write-up, but the thing that stuck in my mind was the

part that told how Jimmie, when he was a student aviator in the Signal Corps, had to report to his colonel, one day, minus the seat of his pants. He'd ripped 'em getting out of an overturned plane, and hadn't had time to change.

Well, reading that part gave me about the worst nightmare I ever had. I dreamed I was at a formal ball, dancing with a lovely girl I was anxious to make a hit with—and suddenly . . .—*Steve S.*

A Kentucky Bouquet

GEORGETOWN, KY.—Can you tell me why newspapers, etc., insist on calling Colonel Chas. Lindbergh an ace? Did it not take five air victories to achieve that distinction during the war? Though a man gave his life, if he did not have five victories over enemy aircraft he was not called an ace.

Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic several years ago. How can anyone mention Lindbergh at the same time with the names of Frank Luke, Rickenbacker, Bishop, Lufbery, and the other Allied aces? Yes, even with the name of the German, Richthofen? Those fellows flew with enemy machine guns, etc., pouring lead or steel at them.

With a ten-year improvement in planes since those days, Lindbergh makes some wonderful flights.

One American flier received the Congressional Medal of Honor: Luke.

The award of the Congressional Medal of Honor is confined to a soldier or sailor who shall, "in action involving actual conflict with an enemy, distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life, above and beyond the call of duty."

How did Lindbergh and Commander Byrd have the guts to accept the Medal of Honor?

There were hundreds of boys who did more in the air, during the war, than Lindbergh will ever do. So let's give Lindbergh a rest from the public, and the public a rest from Lindbergh.—*Disgusted ex-Soldier.*

Wise Crack Featuring NaCl

HAZELTON, IOWA—Every LIBERTY should contain a small packet of salt to be taken while reading LIBERTY'S love stories.—*Charles Carroll.*

Ditto Featuring $HNaCO_3$

CHICAGO, ILL.—Did you really read that "Blanket Fiend—A Story of Fear," before you published it?

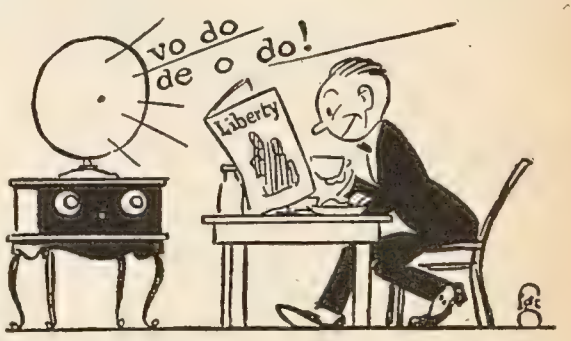
My fear was that I wouldn't be able to get to the end because of violent gastric disturbances. I couldn't finish it till I'd swallowed a pound of soda.

Next week, let Beatrice Grimshaw write about the Whistling Wampus, or the Horrible Howlings of a Hungry Hoosegoo.—*F. A.*

Yes, But How Do You Mean You Read With Your Hand?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I've found a way to get three kinds of thrills at once: a thrill of the ear, the mouth, and the mind. And this is the way I do it.

I turn on the radio, sit down to a good meal, eat with one hand, and read



LIBERTY with the other. Your new size makes it easy.

I find nuts and celery and olives—particularly nuts—go best with Vox Pop. Salads go fine with fluffy romance. Rare, bleeding beefsteak seems to suit Mr. Sutherland's Real Life Mysteries and Mr. Doherty's "Murders on the Roof." And—sh-h!—I drank a big glass of home brew when I was perusing Walton Green's article, "Prohibition 'As Is.'"—*Pete.*

No; You're Thinking of Vox Pop

ST. LOUIS, MO.—That story, "The Breckinridge Necklace," by Achmed Abdullah! Gee whiz! Do you shut your eyes and say, "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo—catch a story by the toe"—and reach in and grab one out of the pile of mail, and run it?—*M. F.*

International photo

Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, the widow of the murdered rector, on the stand in her own defense. In 1926, four years after the double murder, she and her two brothers were tried. They were acquitted.

The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree

Who Committed the Hall-Mills Murder?

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

MRS. ELEANOR MILLS was a choir singer in the New Brunswick, New Jersey, church of which the Rev. Dr. Edward W. Hall was pastor. Each of these two was married, but they were lovers. On Saturday, September 16, 1922, their bodies were found under a crab-apple tree near De Russey's Lane, in the outskirts of the city. They had been murdered about 10:30 P. M. on Thursday the 14th. Last week Mr. Sutherland told what is known of the history of their love affair, and introduced the other persons prominent in this, the most celebrated of recent murder mysteries. He then began an hour-by-hour recital, based on the public records.

As the installment ended his recital reached the murder itself; it now goes on to subsequent events of the fatal night.

Louise Geist was a chambermaid in the Hall home who gave important evidence.

Part Two—The First Investigation

LOUISE GEIST first swore that "at ten-thirty when I commenced to shut up the house for the night Mrs. Hall was in the library playing solitaire."

Later she swore that she last saw Mrs. Hall at 9:45.

Four years later, at the murder trial, she reverted to her first story.

Friday, September 15, 1922. 1:30 A. M. Cedric Paulus, a citizen, says he was passing the Hall church and wondered why the church was lit up at that hour.

2:15 to 2:30 A. M. James Mills says he couldn't sleep, worrying about his wife, and he went to the church to see if by any chance she had fainted and fallen in the building somewhere. He found nothing, he says, and extinguished the lights and went home to bed.

2:30 A. M. Mrs. Hall says she hadn't slept because of worry. So she dressed, called Willie Stevens, and together they went to the church. They found it dark, and then walked to the Mills home, saw no lights there, and went back to bed. She didn't knock at the Mills door, although the last word she had with her husband was to the effect that that was where he was going.

FOUR years later, at the trial, a detective testified that when he and Prosecutor Beekman called on Mrs. Hall on Sunday, September 17, she told them all the above *except* about her going out with Willie.

The detective, who had just a moment before talked to William Phillips, the night watchman, told Mrs. Hall that information had come to him that a woman had been seen entering the rear door of the Hall home at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. Hall hesitated a moment, the detective said, and then calmly acknowledged that it was she, but insisted that Willie was with her and that they went in the front door.

2:30 A. M. William Phillips saw a bareheaded woman in a long coat enter the rear door of the Hall residence. Unprecedented as this was, it was equaled by the fact that the whole house was lighted up. Later, Phillips changed his story so much that he was arrested as a perjurer.

4 to 5 A. M. H. A. Kolb, milkman, found the rear door of the Hall home wide open. This had never happened before.

6 A. M. Mrs. Hall says that not having slept, she arose and at once telephoned the police station: "Have any casualties been reported?" She says a rough voice answered no.

7 A. M. Frantic with worry, she says, Mrs. Hall got the Dodge and drove downtown. She testifies that "while just passing the church" she saw Mills.

The conflict between their stories as to what they said to each other and where they met is important enough to be told a bit later.

7 A. M. Louise Geist says she came downstairs to find Willie Stevens putting up the shutters, the first time it had ever happened. She asked him what he was doing up so early, and he replied: "I'd rather Mrs. Hall would tell you."

7:30 A. M. Mrs. Hall returned home.

8:30 A. M. She and Willie had breakfast. She says she was mad with anxiety. Willie says she didn't seem particularly worried.

9 A. M. She took the Dodge again and went downtown, and from a booth there telephoned to Mrs. Emma Voorhees, Dr. Hall's sister who lived in Jersey City, that he had been out all night for the first time and she didn't know what had happened.

MRS. HALL then did a bit of shopping and returned home, where she remained all morning, "frantic with worry," but doing nothing to ask help from the police or hospitals or her brother Henry or her intimate cousin, Edwin Carpender, across the street.

12:10 P. M. Mrs. Hall drove to the station, and at 12:30 met the train bearing Mrs. Voorhees and Mrs. Theodora Bonner, Dr. Hall's other sister, who lived in New York City.

12:45 P. M. On her way home, she drove past Mills' home and conversed with him briefly. No news of the missing pair.

2:30 P. M. Marion Stokes and Mrs. Minnie Clark went to the Hall home and took some more pictures.

3 P. M. Mrs. Voorhees went to the Bayard, a nearby boarding house, and took Grandma Hall, her mother, away. They returned to Jersey City.

4 P. M. Senator Florence, the family lawyer, came. They had telephoned him earlier. He said he'd notify the police. After dinner that evening he did call up the chief of police, but nothing was done by anybody.

5 P. M. Mrs. Bonner returned to New York City.

5:15 P. M. Mills says Mrs. Hall called at his home again. Mrs. Hall said nothing about this call for a long time, and it will be gone into later in this story. No news of the vanished couple.

7:30 P. M. Barbara Tough says Mrs. Hall phoned Agnes Storer, a choir member, and said: "Agnes, Dr. Hall will not be down to choir practice tonight, as he is out of town."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$10,000 IN PRIZES

Here Are Some More Winners

THIS is the tenth and last of a series of stories of celebrated detective problems, for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes. The first awards were announced last week. For the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on the Dot King mystery (the second story in the series) Mr. Sutherland has awarded prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To William A. Appleby,
874 North Orkney Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To George H. Hart, York, South Carolina.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To J. F. McGill, Colonel U. S. Marines, Retired,
Oakville, Napa County, California.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To Laura A. Pengilly,
511 Montana Street, San Antonio, Texas.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 each
To Glen Ketchum, 2919 West Forty-third Street, Minneapolis, Minn.; Kenyon Stevenson, 103 South President Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.; Charles Wellington Wessell, Route 2, Quakertown, Pa.; Adelaide F. Brown, 232 North Custer Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

It is hoped that the prize awards for the third problem, the William Desmond Taylor case—The Mystery of the Movie Director—can be announced in next week's issue.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

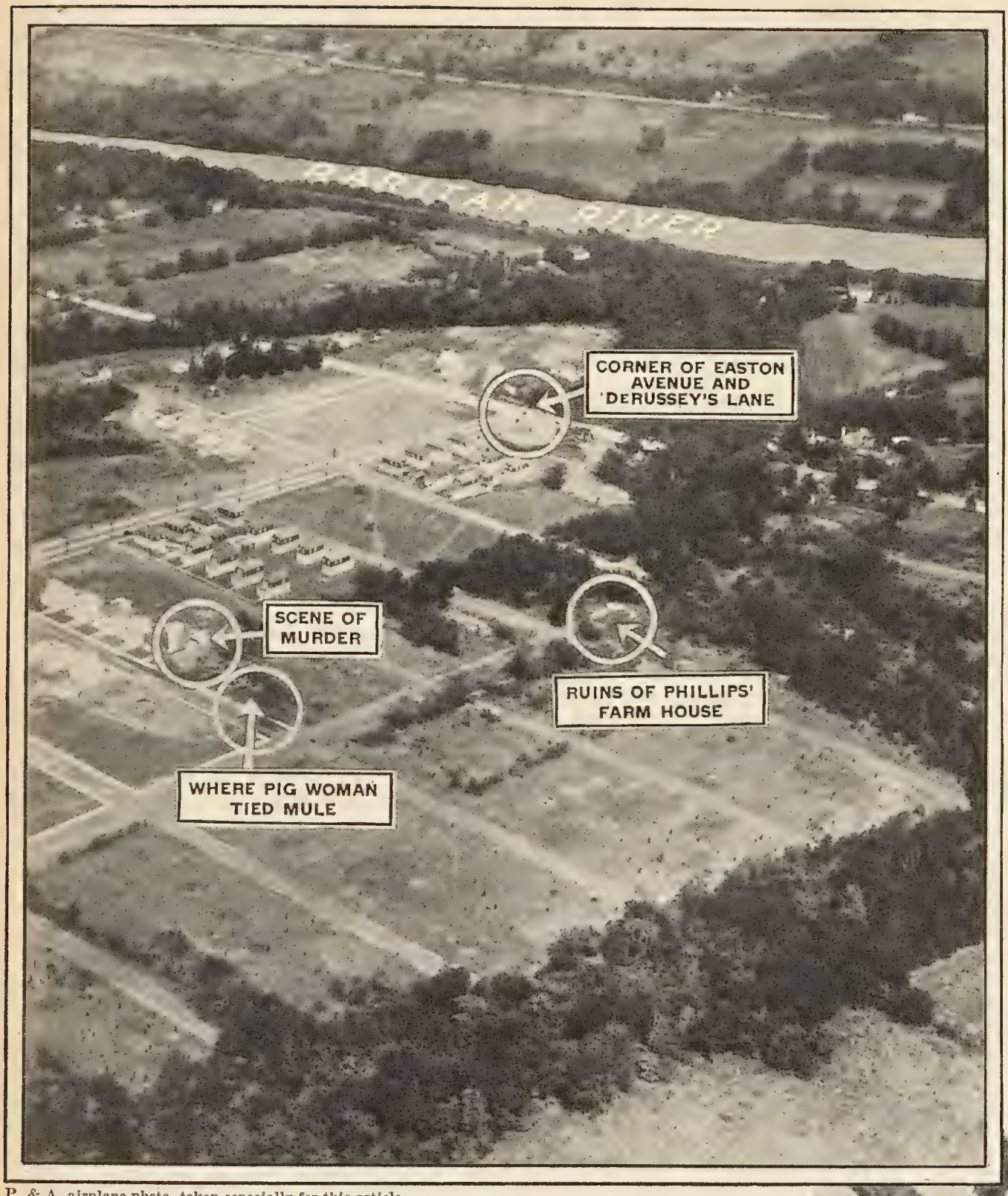
Solutions should be mailed to Sidney Sutherland, in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story is completed.

Mrs. Mills' daughter Charlotte, with a snapshot of her at the moment of her collapse during the trial.

P. & A. photos



P. & A. airplane photo, taken especially for this article

The Phillips farm, scene of the Hall-Mills murder, and its surroundings as they look today. They have been much improved since mid-September, 1922. De Russey's Lane is a "lovers' lane" no longer.

[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE
Continued from page fifty-seven]

7:30 P. M. Mills opened up the church for the choir rehearsal, and then called on Mrs. Hall. She said nothing about this visit to her home until long afterward; and what they said to each other will be interesting a little later.

Mrs. Hall went to bed at the usual time that night, having done nothing to find her husband all day except to call the police station at dawn that morning and, without giving her name, ask if any "casualties" had been reported, and except telling Senator Florence that he was absent.

Saturday, September 16, 1922. 7 A. M. Mrs. Hall and Willie arose and breakfasted.

8 A. M. Barbara Tough says Mrs. Hall handed her a pair of Dr. Hall's white silk socks, saying: "Barbara, will you wash these for him? I don't like to leave any perspiration in them."

The white socks were put on Dr. Hall's feet a few hours later and he was buried in them.

8:30 A. M. Mrs. Hall says she knew something terrible had happened, so she telephoned across the street to Cousin Edwin Carpender and he and his wife came over and his wife spent the day with Mrs. Hall.

9:30 A. M. Mills says he went to Mrs. Hall's house and was told she had driven downtown on a shopping tour with Mrs. Carpender. He waited and when she returned he said: "I'm terribly worried, Mrs. Hall. I wonder where she is. The house is in a terrible condition." To which Mrs. Hall replied: "It is certainly too bad."

10 A. M. Raymond Schneider and Pearl Bahmer, wandering around the Phillips farm, stumbled on to the bodies and telephoned the police.

10:30 A. M. Alfred A. Cardinal, a reporter on the New Brunswick Home News, who had been out to examine the bodies, telephoned to Mrs. Hall and asked her if the preacher was home. She said he was not, but was out of town. The reporter asked her if she cared to tell where he was and what his address was. "Why do you ask these questions?" Mrs. Hall says she answered. But the reporter says she said: "Don't say anything about it."

Mrs. Hall immediately telephoned Senator Florence about the reporter's cryptic questions, and he and Edwin Carpender went to the newspaper office and tried to have the story of the murders kept out of the paper till Monday.

The Pig Woman on her mule Jenny. Her husband took this picture.

11:30 A. M. Dr. Long, coroner's physician, and several policemen and detectives went out to see the bodies. Sheriff Bogart Conkling introduced the doctor to Senator Florence and Coroner Hubbard introduced him to Carpender.

1 P. M. Mrs. Hall says that Mrs. Carpender, who had gone to her home for luncheon, returned to the house "and *came upstairs* to where I was and said: 'What you feared has happened. He has been shot.' She also told me Mrs. Mills was with him and had been shot, too."

Later, Mrs. Hall says that "Mrs. Carpender *telephoned*

me and said: 'What you feared has happened,'" etc.

1:30 P. M. Willie Stevens was told of the murders. He says he cried.

4 P. M. Barbara Tough says Mrs. Hall asked her for a pasteboard box and said: "I want to give him—to put some clothes in for him. Where are those socks I gave you to wash this morning? Are they dried?" Barbara gave her the socks and a box.

4:20 P. M. Edwin Carpender went to Mrs. Minnie Clark's home "to get a key to the church." He found she had dashed over to James Mills' home, so he drove over there with Addison, Minnie's husband. Leaving Addison with Charlotte Mills, he and Minnie went to the church, got the rector's vestments, and, according to the state, searched the study for letters.

Mrs. Clark volunteered the statement at the time that "Carpender had a key and didn't need to come to me for one. At Mr. Mills' request I left the church door open after we left for the undertaker's with the vestments, so the undertaker could get anything else needed."

Later the prosecution asked why. They had already taken everything the undertaker would require. With the door open any other interested party could have access to the church and the study.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Mills (left) with Mrs. Hall, at the picnic they attended the day before the murder.

DURING the afternoon Willie telephoned Lyons & Parker, a clothing store, and ordered a suit for the funeral. He told them to send a boy with it so he could send back a couple of suits he wanted cleaned.

The two suits were dreadfully soiled and tied up with a rope. No examination was made to see what needed to be cleaned.

Sunday, September 17, 1922. 10:30 A. M. Miss Sally Peters came on the scene from New York City and established herself in charge of everything in the Hall home, admitting or repulsing reporters, legal authorities, and callers.

Alfred Butler, taxicab driver, who took Sally from the station to the Hall house, says he saw Henry Carpender taking bundles of papers from the house and putting them into his automobile.

Mazie Clements tells of seeing Carpender on the same errand.

Monday, September 18. 11:30 A. M. Coroner Hubbard took Hall's body to Brooklyn, where it was interred in the Stevens plot in Greenwood Cemetery. Eleanor Mills was buried in Van Liew Cemetery, New Brunswick.

Before the following incidents occurred (they are mentioned here in order to get them out of the way) the formal investigation started.

February 7, 1923. Mrs. Hall and Sally Peters sailed on the America for Italy. They occupied Stateroom 12 on B Deck.

April 10, 1924. Mrs. Hall returned to America on the Colombo, Sally Peters having returned previously.

July 8, 1924. Mrs. Hall and Miss Agnes Storer sailed on the Duilio (Stateroom 41) for Italy. Their names were not on the passenger list made public.

April 6, 1925. Mrs. Frances N. Hall, age 51, who joined the ship at Genoa, and Mrs. Theodora Bonner, 54, who joined at Naples, returned to America on the Conte Verdi.

BUT in the meantime — getting back now to September, 1922, and resuming the story of the events immediately following the murder—

A perfunctory investigation was commenced. The authorities in and around New Brunswick seemed content at first to make their inquiry cursory indeed.

So cursory that both the victims were buried without autopsy or inquest. This flagrant violation of the New Jersey statutes immediately was exposed by the newspapers, and the bodies were disinterred and examined.

It was found that Dr. Hall had been shot once, the bullet entering just below and in front of his left ear lobe and emerging in the right temple region. His hands and forearms and right calf indicated that he had been in a savage battle, the fingers being twisted back.

Mrs. Mills had been shot thrice. One bullet had struck her directly between the eyes, another had entered under the right eye, and the third had pierced her skull just above the same eye. In her throat was a gash eight inches long—so deep that the vertebræ were exposed, and only a strip four inches long in the back of her neck was unsevered. She was almost decapitated.

Severe contusions were evident on her torso and arms and legs. The larynx, guardian of the pure soprano tones that had first charmed the married preacher, had been jerked out of the wound in the slender throat.

With the newspapers clamoring for a solution of the crime, the prosecuting authorities began to take statements from suspects and others.

There had been a casual examination of Mrs. Hall the day following the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE
Continued from page fifty-nine]

finding of the bodies, but nothing was written down by the deferential Azariah Beekman, who conducted the questioning—in Mrs. Hall's home in New Brunswick, instead of in his office in Somerville, ten miles away in his own county.

On September 23 Mrs. Hall made an affidavit in which she said, among other things, approximately what I related in the preceding installment of this story. But she gave other details—to wit:

That she wore a gingham dress, a long gray coat, and a brown felt hat when she went out at 2:30 A. M. Friday, to hunt for her husband.

That, happening to pass the church about 7 o'clock that morning, she saw James Mills and asked him if Mr. Hall had been over to his house the night before. To which, she said, Mills replied: "My wife has been out all night—never did such a thing before."

That she saw Mills at noon when she met Dr. Hall's sisters; neither had learned anything.

That she made no effort to find out anything about Hall at the two hospitals; or to give the police her name and ask them to search for him; or to notify any of her relatives—only Dr. Hall's two sisters.

That she phoned Edwin Carpender early Saturday, September 16: "I know something terrible has happened."

That she didn't notify the press or the authorities or the prosecutor or relatives or church officials or parishioners, though both Dr. Hall and Eleanor Mills had been absent more than thirty-six hours and neither had ever been away before.

That in talking to Mrs. Carpender early that morning she said: "I am sure Edward has been killed. Mrs. Mills also is absent, and I think she has also been killed."

Question (by the investigator): You were very fond of your husband?

Answer (by Mrs. Hall): Yes. His love was the most beautiful thing that ever existed.

Q. Which is the strongest impulse that you have: to save the reputation of your husband, or to discover the truth about the guilt of any party in this crime?

A. I know he has done nothing wrong.

Q. I understand, . . . but you, being his wife, would naturally be intensely interested in discovering who his murderer was?

A. I almost feel as if I did not care. I haven't really thought of it. They cannot bring him back.

Q. In other words, . . . you are more anxious to retain the belief in the beautiful qualities of your husband than you are of the apprehension of the guilty party?

A. I am so sure of his guiltlessness that no matter what came to light—a murderer is not to be left at large.

With which commendable generality Mrs. Hall seemed ready to drop the topic. But Mr. Toolan, the assistant prosecutor, persisted:

Q. You must certainly want the guilty person brought to justice? If that had to be done at the expense of disclosing some things that would not reflect well on the character of your husband, would you want that done?

A. His friends knew he could do no wrong whatever you have found.

Q. Don't you have any desire to have the guilty one punished?

A. Not aside from the public interest. The punishment will come hereafter.

International photos

Pearl Bahmer, with Raymond Schneider. This couple, rambling near De Russey's Lane, found the bodies of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills.

THOUGH more than four years were to elapse before Mrs. Hall again told her story under questioning—quite severe, this time, because the state of New Jersey was trying her for murder—it will be interesting to compare the foregoing affidavit with her statements on the stand, where she—

Admits for the first time that she and Hall's sisters examined his checkbook Friday morning, September 15, to see if he had drawn any large sum preparatory to taking a long trip.

Denies all previous remarks attributed to her that she knew Dr. Hall and Eleanor Mills were dead. (James Mills statement will be interesting in this regard.)

Admits that she may have seen the church door open the morning of Friday, September 15, and have gone in, and talked to Mills inside.

Says that Mills at that early meeting mentioned the possibility that the absent couple had gone to Coney Island. (Mills said it was mentioned at their fourth meeting that day.)

Says she saw Mills only twice that Friday. He says he saw her four times.

Was eager to phone Hall's sisters, she said, but felt no impulse to notify her own relatives.

Tells for the first time of calling up a preacher named Conover at his home in Bernardsville, New Jersey, to talk about the missing rector—but in four years she had never mentioned this effort to find her husband.

She insisted icily on the stand that she asked the police, "Have any accidents been reported?" And when pressed vigorously about the use of the word "casualties," admitted by herself in her affidavit, she flatly and coldly declined to use the word "casualties" at all, but insisted it meant the same thing as "accidents."

In Beekman's examination of Mrs. Hall, both verbal, on Sunday, September 17, and through his assistant, Toolan, on September 23, nothing could have been more delightful than the tender, velvet-palmed way in which the widow was handled.

The contrast with the way they handled poor James Mills, the janitor, equally bereft, is striking. On September 26, 1922, Beekman himself took Mills in hand, and Mills spoke substantially as follows:

He says Dr. Hall took Mrs. Mills to New York City to see Pavlowa, and made no secret of it. (Mrs. Hall never knew anything about this, she says.)

Though Mills says he never knew his wife to write anybody a note, and never quarreled with her about the preacher, yet he admits that, the day before the bodies were found, he searched the desk and wastebasket in the preacher's church study to see if he could find any missives.

He says the church was lighted at 2:30 A. M. Friday—the time Mrs. Hall says she and Willie were standing in front of it and, because it was dark, didn't go in. He says he also had lights on in his house after he returned from the church, the time Mrs. Hall says the Mills house was dark.

He says he first saw Mrs. Hall about 9 o'clock Friday morning "*in the study of the church,*" and there conversed with her about the vanished pair.

AS a result of Beekman's questioning, he admits he went to the church at 11 o'clock Thursday night, three hours after his wife had left to meet Dr. Hall, to see if she had fainted and was lying in the church—though he admits he knew she hadn't had a key to the church for months.

He explains his second visit at 2:30 A. M. by saying he hadn't looked carefully the first time.

On January 14, 1923, Mills was examined again at his home at 49 Carman Street. Here he tells another story about that early Friday meeting with Mrs. Hall—to wit:

"I opened the church about 8 o'clock and in the preacher's study was startled to find Mrs. Hall standing there. She asked me if there was any sickness at my house the night before. I said no. She said: 'Mr. Hall hasn't been home all night.' I said: 'My wife hasn't been home at all. Do you think it was an elopement?' She said: 'Oh, no, Mr. Hall wouldn't do that. I think it is foul play.'"

In the grand jury investigation, Mills said he had never suspected his wife, and, in spite of Beekman's brutal innuendoes and savage questioning, he denied he had condoned adultery by his wife; or had owned a pistol; or had used a knife to cut anybody's throat.

He also said that at 5:15 P. M. Friday, September 15, Mrs. Hall drove to his house and they talked about the absent, and Mrs. Hall said she was sure they were dead.

And he said that at 7:30 or 8 o'clock that evening he went to Mrs. Hall's and found her on the porch. At that time he asked her if it was possible that Hall and Eleanor might have gone to the carnival at Coney Island. "Oh, no," he quotes Mrs. Hall's answer; "Mr. Hall wouldn't go there. They are dead or they would come home."

Nor was Beekman as gentle with little sixteen-year-old Charlotte Mills as he was with Mrs. Hall. On Monday, October 2, 1922, he examined the orphaned girl. Charlotte, it seems, had fallen in with some of the metropolitan newspaper folk and, probably at the suggestion of some of them, she had addressed a letter to the governor of New Jersey in which she had said that the prosecutor's office was taking bribes and not really trying to uncover the guilty parties.

Beekman asked her if she believed all that stuff, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Whoop-PEANUTS!

"The Nickel Lunch"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

If you want to tickle your appetite, buy a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts. What whoppers they are! Fresh as a night-club hostess. Big as the head-waiter's tip. Wholesome. Satisfying. *"The Nickel Lunch."*

Sold only in the Glassine Bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

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You did Right!

IT IS always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. You have the doctor's assurance that it doesn't affect the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions enclosed.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BAYER ASPIRIN

[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE]
Continued from page sixty-one

Charlotte replied bravely that she did; so Beekman advised her "to get that idea out of your head and keep quiet."

Nor did Charlotte fare any better when she was brought before the grand jury which eventually considered the murder. There she was savagely ridden by Beekman because she was associating with a Miss Florence North who represented a New York City newspaper.

J. V. Hubbard, coroner.

Barbara Tough, servant.

P. & A. photos

The Halls' home as it looked when Dr. Hall set out from it for the tryst that death cut short.

Louise Geist, servant.

Azariah Beekman, prosecutor.

Charlotte had found a bunch of the preacher's letters in her dead mother's workbasket, and she had sold them to Miss North. This brought forth excoriating condemnation from Beekman.

Wilbur A. Mott, deputy attorney general of New Jersey, also spoke before this remarkable grand jury, and he too seemed intent on saving Charlotte's soul rather than on worrying about the dead under the crab-apple tree.

Before we go into the proceedings and conclusions of the grand jury, let us consider a few other statements and affidavits.

It is undeniable that the newspapers had a tendency to implicate Mrs. Hall and her two brothers, and the reason why Henry Stevens suddenly appears in the picture is as follows:

Raymond Schneider and Pearl Bahmer found the bodies near De Russey's Lane. Their relations—he a married man and she a wild seventeen-year-old girl—were such that Pearl eventually was sent to a reform school. Raymond was jealous of Clifford Hayes, a New Brunswick youth; so he told the authorities that he and Hayes had followed Pearl and her father the night of Thursday, September 14, and that when they had come upon them Hayes had shot them.

Then, he said, they had discovered that by mistake Hayes had killed Hall and Eleanor Mills instead.

SO the authorities arrested Hayes, and the moment the news was printed another amazing figure stepped into the plot.

This was Jane Gibson, the Pig Woman. An identifying word is desirable. Salome Müller was born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1846. She married a man named Eisleitner and they produced quite a brood of children, among them a daughter they named Jane. Jane was born in Kentucky.

Her mother being a harsh woman, Jane ran away from home and joined a circus. Years later, married to Jim Easton, she showed up in Bayonne, New Jersey, worked there a few years, and then purchased the old Gibson farm on Hamilton Road about two miles directly west of New Brunswick. This was in 1912.

With her husband and her son (he was eighteen in 1922) she tilled her farm, raised spotted Poland China pigs, sold corn and truck and eggs and chickens to townspeople, and did the best she could in a little shack she built herself.

Jane became known as Jane Gibson because people were familiar with the old Gibson farm. She was in 1922, and she is today, a short, dumpy, unkempt farming woman, clad in shapeless calico garb, disdaining stockings. Uneducated, nevertheless she has a keen mind; and little in life has escaped her piercing gray eyes. It was this old creature who suddenly thrust her utterly inconspicuous personality into the spotlight. And the following is her *first* story of her connection with the mystery.

On Sunday, September 10, 1922, Jane noticed that somebody the night before had stripped twenty rows in her cornfield of all the ears, leaving only the stalks. She suspected the thief had come from an Italian colony north of Hamilton Road, then unpaved, and about a mile east from the Gibson farm. So she resolved to sit up and keep watch.

Four nights passed without incident, Jane seated in her swing under a tree near her barn, her dog tethered to a tree near the field.

ON the night of Thursday, the 14th, much happened. The Millstone bus whirled past the farm on its way to New Brunswick at 8:45, its scheduled passage. About half an hour later the dog barked and Jane heard a creaking wagon traveling east on Hamilton. It stopped opposite her denuded twenty rows.

Jane hurried into the barn and saddled Jenny, her mule. Then she rode down the 100-yard path to the road, turned east, and followed the wagon, which had begun to move slowly on. About 350 yards down the road the wagon turned north into De Russey's Lane, a narrow, rutted trail that meandered up and down through the dense woods in a general northeasterly direction.

At the foot of the first declivity Jenny brayed, and Jane dropped back a bit, fearing the men in the wagon. It was pitch dark.

On and on the wagon creaked its eerie way, Jane and Jenny following noiselessly fifty or seventy-five yards behind. To the woman's surprise the wagon did not turn left into the road that leads to the Italian colony, but continued on De Russey's Lane.

This lane eventually reaches Easton Avenue, a main highway that runs north and south. Just before it ends in the larger thoroughfare, the lane passes the Phillips farm on the crest of a rise. To reach the farmhouse one turned south from De Russey's into Phillips' Lane. Just south of the Phillips farm is a brook, and that brook is the dividing line between Somerset and Middlesex counties, New Brunswick being the county seat of the latter.

Jane therefore was traveling in Somerset County. At the junction of Easton and De Russey's Lane (the lane ending there) stands the Parker Memorial Home for the Aged, and thither the rector and his choir singer often went to entertain and solace the inmates. From its veranda their lovelorn eyes had encountered the possibilities for trysts in the dense undergrowth on each side of De Russey's Lane, and there undoubtedly they had frequently journeyed. It was there they were to die.

Jane followed the wagon until it turned south on Easton. Just as she started to follow it there, an automobile traveling north suddenly whirled into De Russey's Lane. Jane pulled Jenny to the north side of the trail, thinking the machine was going up the hill. But it ran in a few yards, its headlights showing her clearly on her mule, stopped, backed out, and vanished back down the road toward New Brunswick.

As the blinding lights swept the south side of the lane, Jane saw two persons standing there. One was a short, stocky woman in a long tan coat. She was bareheaded and snowy-haired. Jane saw her face distinctly. Beside her and much taller was a colored man.

"That's nice," grunted Jane as the car's lights etched the couple for a brilliant moment. "A white woman and a nigger! Well, I'll keep on after that wagon and when I find where it stops I'll tell the state troopers and get my corn back. But where is the wagon going? I'm sure it ought to have turned into that dago colony. Probably they know I'm following and are trying to throw me off, because everybody for miles around knows my mule Jenny."

Jane reached Easton Avenue, a few yards farther, stopped the mule, and listened. The creaking wagon had vanished in the night. Parked on Easton, heading north, was a closed automobile, its red tail light visible. (This machine was later identified by a passing bus driver as a Dodge sedan.)

Jane sat there a minute and then decided to retrace her steps up De Russey's Lane to the opening of Phillips' Lane at the top of the rise.

WHEN she came to Phillips' Lane she turned left, rode down it about 300 yards, and tied Jenny to one of a clump of small cedar trees. Then she started back afoot to De Russey's, intending to sit there and wait for the wagon to return. If Jenny brayed where she was tethered, Jane figured, the Italians would think she was way off south of De Russey's in the woods, and would continue carelessly on to the foreign settlement.

Jane had walked about 100 yards north up the path when she suddenly heard voices, a sort of mumbling quarrel. She stopped. The voices came from beyond a tangled barricade of brush on the east side of Phillips' Lane. In the silent darkness the voices rose and fell in angry and unintelligible phrases. There seemed to be two women and several men involved. Jane stood motionless.

The sounds of men scuffling and growling came to the listener. Jane crept closer until she could peer into an open space.

Suddenly somebody bathed the scene with an electric flashlight. In the center of the spot were two men struggling savagely. Jane saw the back of one, as if he were bent over tugging desperately, his head buried against the chest of a taller man whose face was clearly visible.

Then the light was extinguished—and a shot split the night. Silence. Then a woman's voice:

"Oh, Henry!"

Then screams—screams of terror and panic; the sound of a woman running and a man running heavily after her. Then a moment's stillness. Then three shots as fast as a trigger finger could twitch.

Again the black night was without sound.

Mr. Sutherland's story of the Hall-Mills mystery will be concluded in next week's issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

No Room for Prayers

Carl lived with his grandmother, who went to church every Sunday morning. One Sunday Carl refused to accompany her. His grandmother told him all little Christian boys went to church. Carl, having on a last year's suit, said: "But, grandma, no boy could be a Christian in these old tight pants."—Mrs. C. H. Ayer, 1412 Linwood Ave., Evansville, Ind.

* * *

The Long, Long Trail

Walking down the street with my son Paul, we passed a bus filled with old soldiers. He asked: "Who are those old men with uniforms on, daddy?"

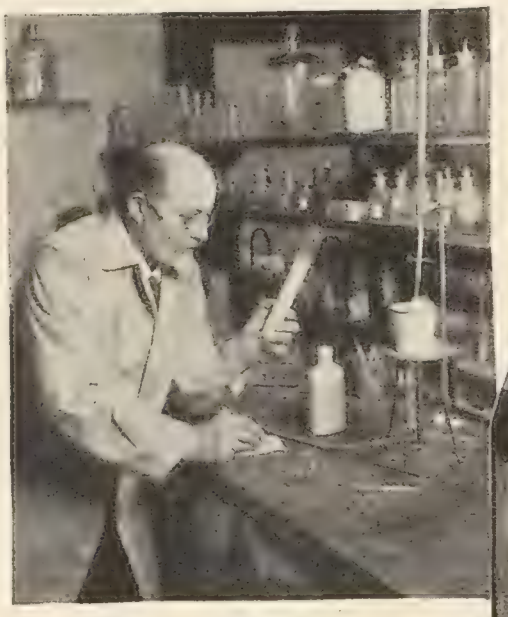
"Those are Civil War veterans, son," I replied.

He then said, "Oh, daddy, are they just now getting back?"—Paul Prescott, 508 Keeler Ave., Bartlesville, Okla.

It keeps TEETH WHITE

A WORLD OF FRIENDS — for the world can't resist a winning smile! And it's your teeth that make or mar your smile. Never let them grow dull or discolored. Chew Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth white — makes smiles brighter. Everybody likes that unique flavor . . . and Dentyne is *the highest quality chewing gum made today.*

Chew DENTYNE . . and smile!



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PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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WHY MUST MEN and women of 30 and more be haunted by the fear of gray when science offers Kolor-Bak? If you don't want gray hair, don't have it!—color with Kolor-Bak, a clean colorless liquid which gradually colors to the right shade of blonde, auburn, brown or black! The one bottle is right for all shades! Nor does the hair lose lustre. Why experiment with anything—even on one lock of hair—when Kolor-Bak always gets the same results—Kolor-Bak is sold on a money-back guarantee!

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Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

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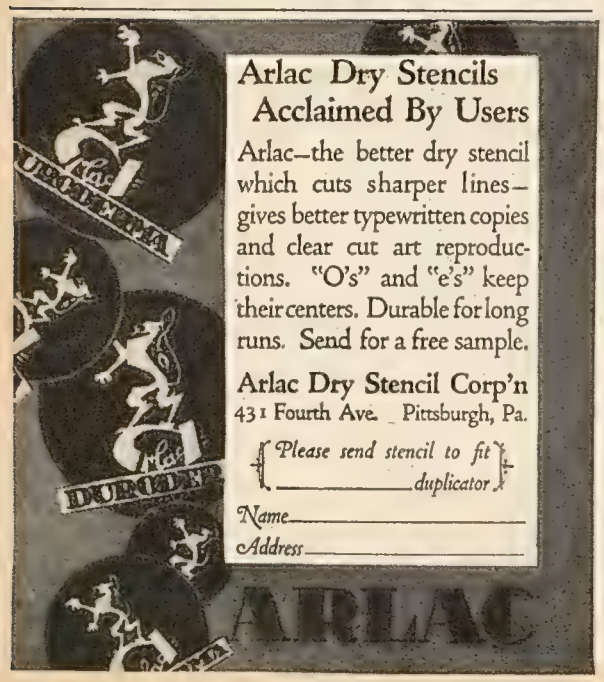
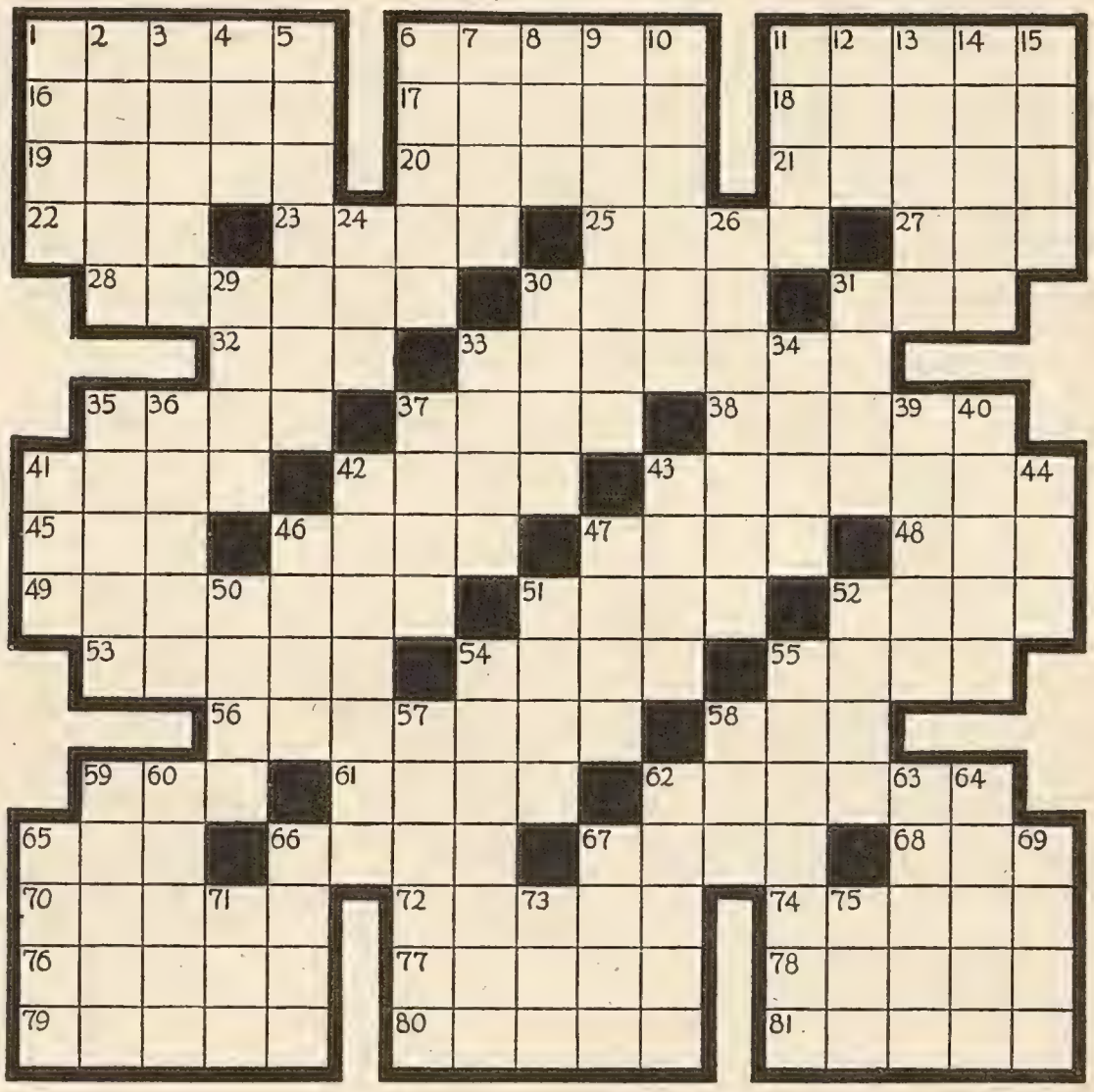
If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS



Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

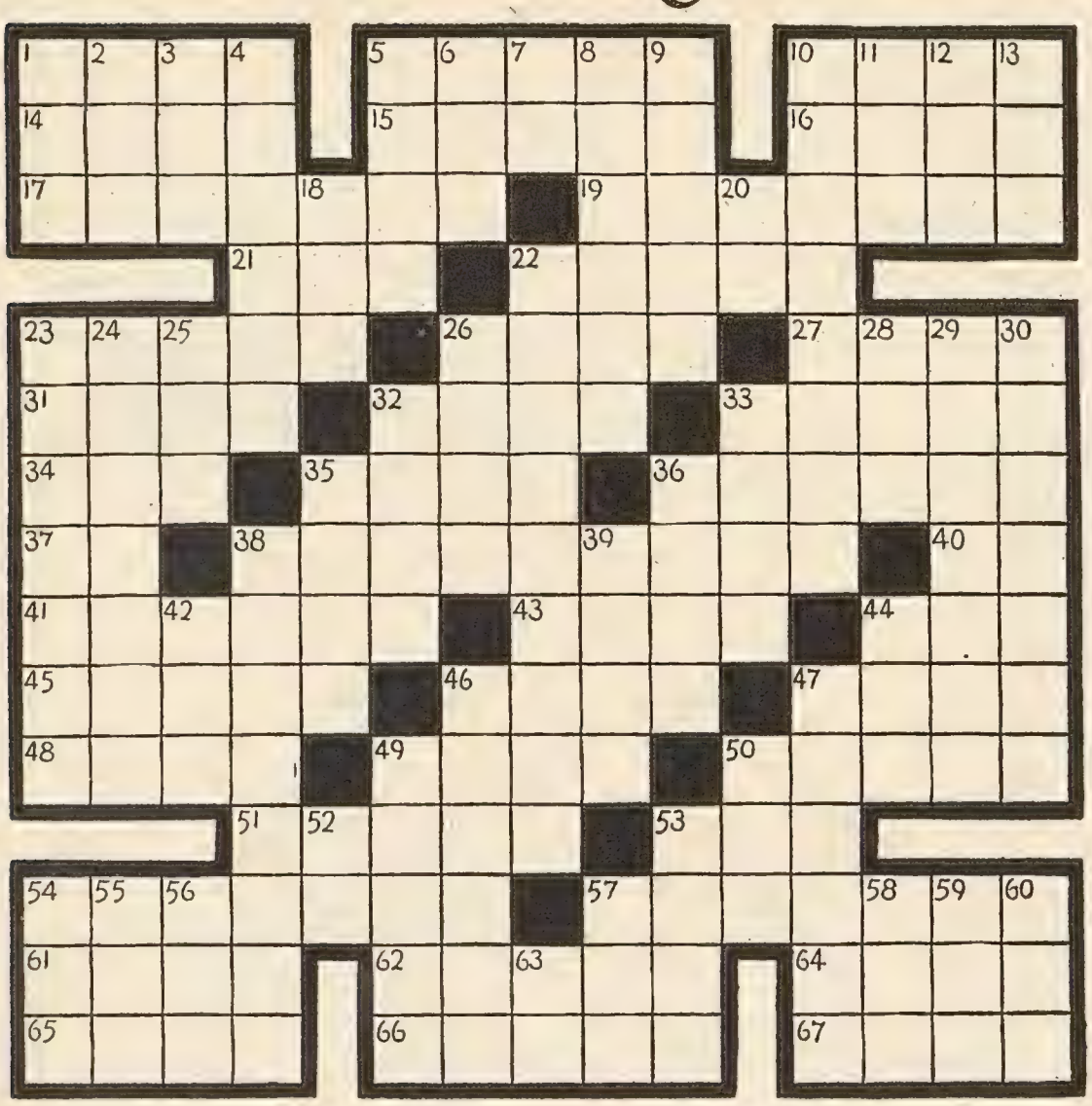
1 Moves briskly
6 Sumptuous repast
11 Comb or card, as wool
16 Boundary
17 Turner's machine
18 Protective plating on ships
19 Sultan's decree
20 A nymph of mountains and hills
21 Goes in the van
22 Wooden pin
23 Black
25 Small glass bottle
27 Rested
28 More profound
30 Strife between families
31 Beast of burden
32 Man's nickname
33 Husbandmen
35 Move slowly but steadily
37 Failure to keep a possession
38 Boisterous
41 Profit
42 Filth
43 Revolved
45 Point
46 A coin
47 Ornamental jar
48 Attention
49 One of the class which includes monkeys
51 A fish
52 Cautious
53 Declare
54 Inclosing frame or framework
55 Darkens
56 Bodice of a dress
58 To run wild
59 Cease to be
61 Portal
62 Gems carved in relief
65 Supply with a crew
66 A son of Adam
67 Small bundle of hay
68 Energy
70 Endow
72 Lassoed
74 Avoid
76 A wading bird
77 Love deeply
78 Observed
79 Number of animals moving together (plural)
80 A man's name
81 A Scandinavian

VERTICAL

1 Inadvertent fault
2 Fagged
3 A likeness
4 Quit of
5 Soaked as in a liquid
6 Bottom of any room
7 Acquire by labor
8 Devoured
9 Barbers
10 Boredom
11 Lofty
12 Sooner than
13 Accumulate
14 Beverages
15 Heretofore
24 Couch
26 Full of glands
29 Short jacket formerly worn by women
30 To go hungry
31 A continent
33 Fortified location
34 Fixed course or routine
35 Mated couples, as of birds
36 Place a restriction on
37 Furnish with an interior covering
39 Vapor
40 Measures of time
41 Vacant space
42 Purge away, as foul matter
43 Garden tool
44 Not sweet, as wine
46 Roman philosopher
47 A clamping device
50 A spice
51 A messenger
52 Broad
54 A negative pole (electricity)
55 Moistens
57 Persian governor
58 An illuminant
59 Italian poet
60 A domain of Great Britain
62 A fruit beverage
63 Egg-shaped
64 Took the part of
65 Fog
66 Puts in place
67 Part of to be
69 One of ancient Media
71 Town in Germany
73 Cooking vessel
75 Oath

Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 To fling one's self about
5 Machines for throwing clay pigeons
10 Bare place on the side of a mountain
14 Entrance or passage in a mine
15 System of phonetic notation
16 Drew or pulled (nautical)
17 Delayed beyond the usual time
19 Furnished with lateral flaps
21 Beam
22 Document
23 Treat with contempt
26 Festival
27 Plan, map, or chart
31 Greek combining form: broad
32 A spice derived from the nutmeg
33 Wool-colored
34 Ten decades (abbr.)
35 Labor
36 Defeated
37 Syllable denoting hesitation
38 Town in western Germany
40 A western state (initials)
41 Coin of Peru
43 River in Egypt
44 American author
45 One chosen or set apart
46 Money drawer
47 Stimulate to activity
48 A king of Midian (Numbers xxxi.)
49 Pass through a sieve
50 Abounds
51 Rice boiled with meat, fowl, or fish (variant)
53 Disfigure
54 An offensive odor
57 Hinged part of an airplane wing
61 Utilized
62 Couples
64 Central part of a wheel
65 Hence
66 Anglo-Saxon domestic slaves
67 Enough (poetic)

VERTICAL

1 Flap or appendage
2 Poem
3 Yellow ocher
4 Stellate
5 A die having three pips
6 Sixteen and one-half feet
7 A form of to be
8 Roman procurator of Judea
9 Range or extent of view
10 Most pointed, or keenest
11 A small, rudely-formed boat
12 Hail
13 A color
18 Measure of area in Japan
20 Partake of reality
22 Hypocrite in Dickens' Martin Chuzzlewit
23 Withdrawer
24 Unworthy of an adult
25 Vase
26 Tract of land under cultivation
28 Kindled
29 A thing to be done
30 Machines for stirring and spreading hay
32 One of a Philippines tribe
33 Titular character of a George Eliot novel
35 Small tumor on the skin
36 Sphere
38 Certain crustaceans
39 To incline
42 Bill or beak
44 A simian
46 Headdress (plural)
47 Placid
49 Slant
50 The palmyra (India)
52 A small cyprinoid fish
53 Fail of attaining
54 Egyptian deity
55 A tree
56 Coin of Roumania
57 Measure of area
58 Managed; conducted
59 Combining form: egg
60 Fresh
63 A preposition

L	A	I	C		F	O	W	L	S		C	H	O	W
A	L	B	A		O	R	I	E	L		L	A	M	A
S	T	I	R		G	E	S	T	E		E	M	I	R
T	C	D	E		G	A	P		E	F	F	E	T	E
			F	E	E	D		S	P	A	T			
S	C	A	R	E	D		C	H	E	S	S	M	A	N
H	O	N	E	R		S	H	I	R	T		A	M	A
E	L	S	E		C	H	I	N	S		B	O	O	M
D	I	E		E	A	R	L	Y		B	E	R	N	E
S	C	R	A	P	P	E	D		R	E	N	I	G	S
			V	O	I	D		B	A	L	E			
M	O	D	E	S	T		N	E	T		D	O	R	E
A	M	I	R		A	V	A	S	T		I	S	I	S
L	E	G	S		L	A	P	E	L		C	A	M	P
E	R	S	E		S	T	A	T	E		T	R	E	Y

Answer to last week's puzzle

1929 Belles Are Not Fat

They end the excess in this easy way

Twenty years ago excess fat was common. Few people of 40 escaped it. Not so today. Slender figures are the rule. All ideas of style and beauty are opposed to fat.

This great change started when science discovered the chief cause of obesity. It lies in an under-active gland. A way was found to correct this deficiency, and multitudes employed it.

This factor was embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. That is one great reason for the slender figures you see everywhere today.

Marmola is not secret. Each box contains the formula and the reasons for results. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method if you over-weigh. Watch the new health and vigor which come when the excess fat departs. Then you will know why so many people, for many years, have urged friends to use Marmola. Go start at once.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Whooping Cough

FOR fifty years Vapo-Cresolene has relieved the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Use it tonight and save the child from that wracking cough. Cresolene is widely used for Coughs, Bronchitis, Spasmodic Croup and Bronchial Asthma.

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Vapo-Cresolene
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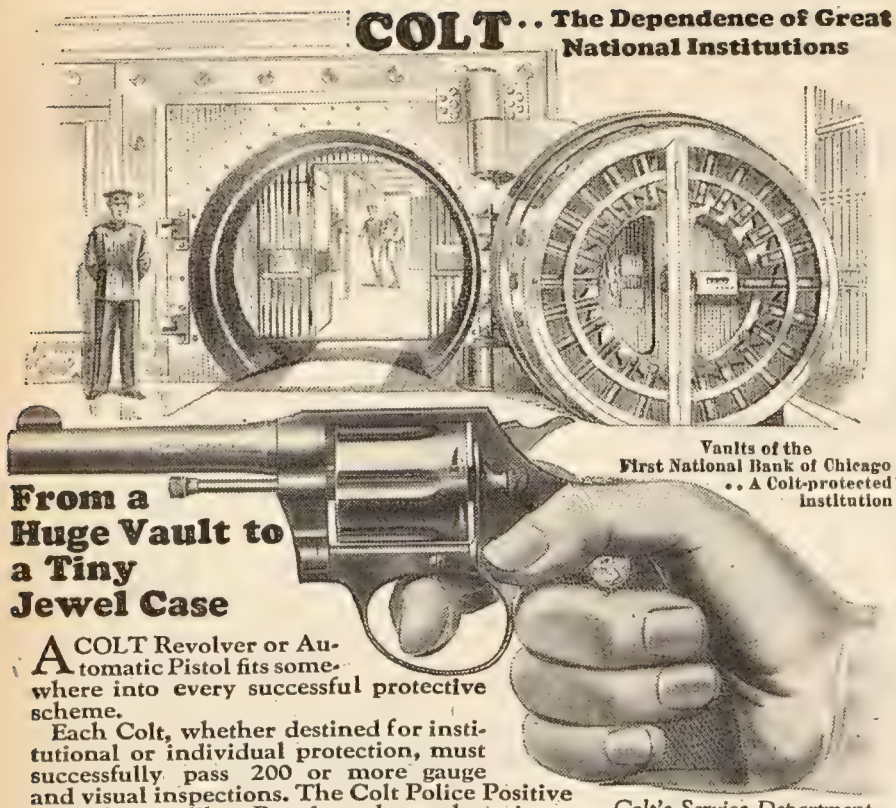
COLT.. The Dependence of Great National Institutions



Vaults of the First National Bank of Chicago .. A Colt-protected institution

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TABLETS FOR
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"O, Gee!—Grandma's Coming Downstairs—Rheumatism's Gone"

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

Buoyant Feet

By
EILEEN BOURNE

BUOYANCY of movement is of infinitely greater importance in a mature woman's quest for the things of youth than a face ironed clear of wrinkles and bags at the hands of cosmetic surgery. It is more important than a perfect profile or a reduced girlish figure. As a matter of fact, it is the miracle worker in staving off middle age or its appearance.

The foot, to serve as a lever in walking, must be advanced directly in the line of the body with the toes pointing straight forward. Unless shoes allow the toes to spread naturally when the weight is thrust on them, the foot becomes a stiff, inflexible pedal.

The real seeker after youth should always think of the springs thereof as being located in her feet. Remember the old adage about it profiting a woman little if she saves her face and figure but suffers the loss of young feet. Stooping, sagging, and dragging of the body and feet are age signs far more telling than the ones usually directed to feminine attention.

To attain buoyancy, let me prescribe the following exercises:

FIRST: Stand in a correct posture, the abdomen in, head up, chin up and in, back straight, and chest raised. Stand not only well poised, but lightly. *Feel* light about it. Then, lightly and quickly, hop first on the ball of one foot and then on the ball of the other.

SECOND: Stand in a normal position, with the weight on the balls of the feet, hands on hips, body stretched up. Rise and sink on the balls of the feet a dozen times, barely touching the heel to the floor.

THIRD: Advance one foot, weight over it. Rise and sink rapidly on the ball of the forward foot. Advance the other and repeat. Do this ten times.

FOURTH: Shake the stiffness out of the leg muscles by swinging the left leg freely forward and back. Don't kick—just swing. While swinging the left leg, stand lightly on the right foot, which should be advanced a step. Then advance the left leg and swing with the right foot.

FIFTH: Stationary running is advocated for this lightness of movement. Go easily at first: it is tiring. Hold the body well up and in control. Go through the motion of fast running, but confine yourself to a small area.

Skipping rope has particular advantage in achieving the lightness for which we aim. But it must be advised with caution for women overweight or for those who may be suffering from some ailment besides foot heaviness. In reduction courses, properly supervised, skipping rope is often practiced and found a highly effective exercise.

Dancing, on the other hand, is something every woman can do. With every home boasting some kind of instrument from which music may be produced at a moment's notice, it is easily the pleasantest and one of the most effective ways of loosening and lightening up.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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(Please print or write plainly in ink)

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"Cars *other than Fords*"

STATISTICAL reports coming to our desk are still using that obsolete expression: "Cars other than Fords". Time was when the phrase possessed a certain potency.

Times have changed.

Cars other than Fords, as indicating a distinction between much money in the bank and not so much money in the bank, is dead—cold dead. Ford himself killed it. Almost overnight, the old Ford became a memory.

The new Ford flashes down the drive colored to suit the most exacting of modernists. The new Ford, greyhound-gaited, leaps from the leash of the stoplight at full power, while multi-cylindered aristocrats of the avenue are picking up the pace in second. The new Ford, town-car model, parks proudly before the swankiest shops of Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard, Hollywood Boulevard. The chauffeur, (in livery, mind you!) waits with no loss of dignity at the wheel. Madame is inside shopping.

LIBERTY'S audience of readers is vast in numbers, active, prosperous, modern minded. LIBERTY readers move about. They go places and do things. Naturally they need cars. They buy snooty sedans and ritzy roadsters. They have bought and are buying the new Fords in great numbers. Price still functions as a factor. But pride-of-ownership, something hitherto held sacred to the elite of Auto Row, has entered into the Ford equation.

Things have happened in the motor world. Things have happened all about us. LIBERTY started out, less than five years ago, determined to march in step with changing times. From the beginning this publication has held more regard for transition than tradition. In a great measure, this fact has contributed to LIBERTY'S extraordinary success in so short a period of time. No advertiser can afford to overlook a medium that reaches 2,000,000 families every week. So, we repeat, the phrase heading this advertisement is outmoded. Grimly, but firmly, we pick it up, carry it to the rail and kick it overboard. And may there be no moaning of the bar!

LIBERTY
Guarantees
2.000.000
Average Net Paid Circulation for the Second 6 Months of
1929

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Lover's Leap

A Story of What Men Will Do for Women

By LAURENCE STALLINGS

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

STONEY was about twenty-five years old, which was prime for a stunt man, and his costume around the studio was white singlet, duck pants, and sandals. He had the red bronze skin of the California athlete and the carefully parted hair of a vaudeville acrobat. His torso beneath the singlet looked to be fashioned of copper, and designed for advertising a health vibrator. I had mistaken him for a movie actor until the day he came to the lot with his shoulder bandaged heavily.

"He got hurt in that rapids sequence," Joe, the head cameraman, explained to me. "You know Davie Gillis, that big gray-haired director? Well, Davie shot him last Saturday."

Joe reported briefly. "Stoney's a stunt man. He was doubling for the hero. Swimming the rapids, you know, with cattle thieves on his trail. Davie is hell for realism, and he kept zipping the water around him with lead slugs from a twenty-two rifle. Davie pulled one off badly and it went in Stoney's shoulder."

It seemed rather savage to me. "That was pretty bad," I said.

Joe was unruffled. "Oh, no, it came out all right. When they cut back to the real hero they played him with a wounded shoulder. Front office says it's the best spot in the picture."

I wanted to know if the studio received complaints about such a mistake.

"Well," said Joe, "you'd never get a squawk from Stoney, but Nunky raised hell." Joe explained about Nunky. "Stoney and his uncle come here from vodeville. Acrobats. Nunky was the understander and Stoney top man. You've seen Nunky around. Gray hair and big shoulders. Wears a red sweater and a cap. He's the man that don't look at the women. Tries to set a good example to Stoney."

By this time I had resolved to see Stoney and Nunky work out. "The next time Stoney has something big," Joe said, "I'll take you along. He's crazy, you know."

I went back East before something big came along, and the year following had forgotten Stoney. The studio itself had forgotten everyone but the new yellow-haired girl. She had climbed from a hundred a week to three thousand within the year.

"You wanted to see the yellow-haired gal work?" Joe asked. "Then come to Clover Field at nine tomorrow. Stoney's going to double for the villain. Remember Stoney? You'll kill two birds with one shot. It's air stuff."

The yellow-haired girl parked her car near our hangar where Joe was tinkering with his cameras, and I went over it in detail. It probably cost a thousand dollars at Detroit, but she had added an extra thousand to the cost by the accessories.

"This is just about the ultimate in Hollywood motors," I said to Joe. The car had an exhaust pipe of engine-turned steel. There was a snake horn along the running board, and all varieties of lamps and nickeled gadgets on the hood.

"No," said Joe, "her car's practically unequipped."

I POINTED conclusively to the red and green lanterns bolted as parking lights to the rear fenders.

"She ain't got stand lamps on the running boards," Joe pronounced finally. "What she needs is a pair of large silver searchlights with hand grips, standing high, wide, and handsome at either side of the windshield. Those parabolic reflector ones with amber lenses for fog driving along the beach. When the sun on the boulevard hits them, she don't need that snake horn or them chimes. She just shines her way through traffic."

Joe pointed out the lady. "The one in the middle with the golden-glow top, between them two janes. Yeah, bare legs and beach shoes. The yellow organdie."

The car seemed inadequate, despite its accessories, for a girl who was making three thousand a week.

"Oh, she's got a garage full of Hispanos and Lincolns. This is just her memory car, if you get what I mean. Nobody to identify a high-priced special if she wants to keep a private date. She bought this one out of stock plain, and the boys that are honored with a little petting are supposed to present her with accessories."

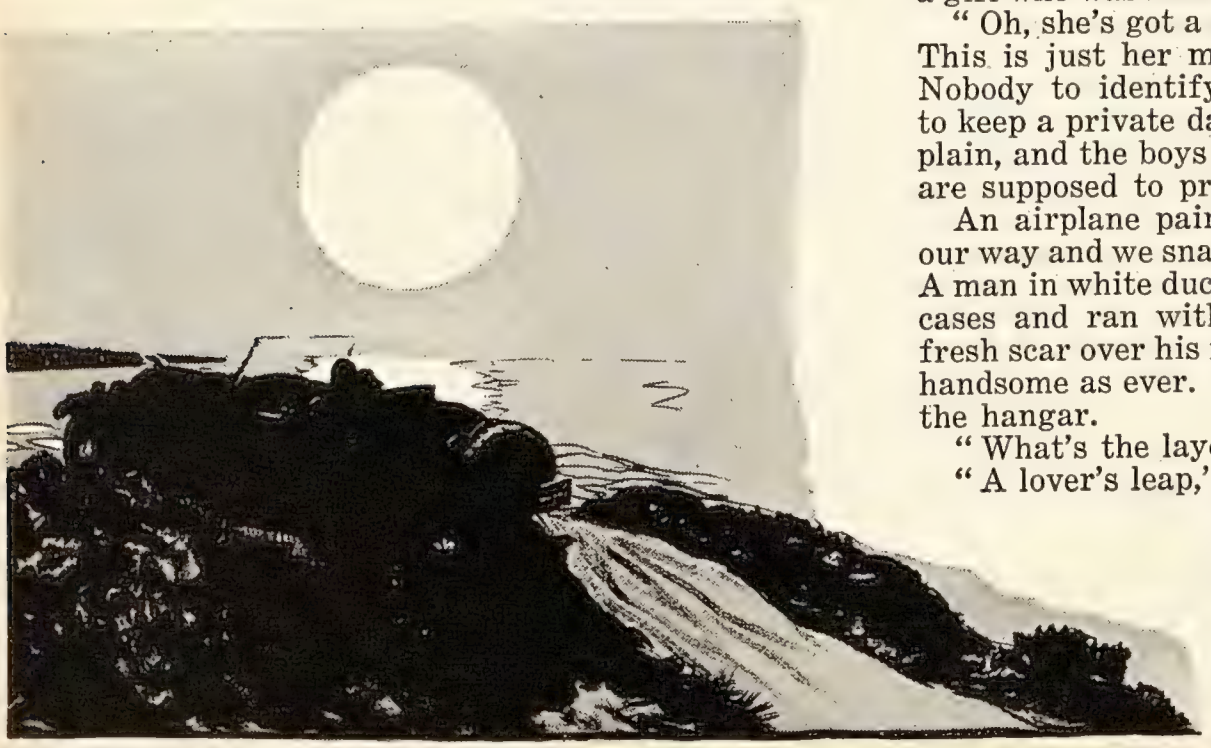
An airplane painted a bright blue was coming down our way and we snatched cameras and made for a hangar. A man in white duck and sandals caught up the magazine cases and ran with us. It was Stoney. There was a fresh scar over his right eye, but he was as dapper and as handsome as ever. He spoke to Joe when we had gained the hangar.

"What's the layout today, kid?"

"A lover's leap," said Joe. "That's all I know about it. I'm just shooting the air stuff." Joe pointed to me. "You remember him. He's going to hop with me."

Stoney grinned at the old yellow ship that sprawled in the hangar. "Jennies?"

"You may jump from one," Joe said with apathy. "But we ain't taking one up to photograph you."



"We'd sit and watch the lights. And you'd gimme my first lesson."

"Write me a fan letter, then." She was kidding him. "They send you my pitcher if you include stamps."

Joe was firm. "I'll not leave the ground in any JN-4. Nothing less than a Ryan or a Waco." Joe apologized to me for his timidity. "I nearly got left behind in a Jenny last week. Stood up to pan a dummy fall when the air was rough. She sideslipped on me." He pointed to a deep welt across the cartilage of his left ear. "Strut got me just as the pilot slipped her the big noise."

"Who's picture today?" Stoney was looking out into the landing field where the lady in organdie now sat, all revealing, upon the grass.

Joe waved to her. "The yellow kid herself."

"Mammy!" said Stoney. "Hot stuff."

"Ain't you never worked with her?" Joe seemed surprised.

"No." Stoney was looking fixedly at the girl. "I'd like to be her leading man for about thirty minutes," he said.

"So many are," said Joe.

"Me, too, then." The stunt man was frank.

"Go ask her," Joe said dryly. "Else how can you tell?"

"I ain't got the nerve. She's onto my fifty dollars a day, and one day's work a week at that."

"Does money count?" Joe was contemptuous.

"With all I've ever made," said Stoney.

WE stood aside as two mechanics pushed the old yellow Jenny out on to the field. "This one's yours, Stoney," one of the mechanics said, grinning.

"Yep," Stoney answered. "I like 'em; I'm going to be buried in a Jenny some day." He turned back to Joe. "She don't care about money guys, eh?"

Joe was encouraging. "You ain't loved many artists," he said paternally. "I can see that."

"They all cost money." Stoney stood his ground.

"Artists is different," Joe explained. "Mimi and Rudy eating sardines in a walk-up dump."

"That's the life of an acrobat," said Stoney.

"Oh, you got to supply sympathy with them sardines. You got to be tender and devil-may-care."

"I got the devil-may-care, all right," Stoney agreed.

"Well, I tell you," said Joe. "There's her memory car out there. It ain't got any stand lamps for fog driving. And they're only fifty bucks apiece. Fifty smacks is easy for you. Just a leap in the air, the old chute blossoms, and there you are on the ground with your fifty men."

"Easy come, easy go," said Stoney.

"And it's the sentiment counts with her," said Joe. "Ask almost any fellow in this town if that ain't so."

Stoney chose me for confirmation.

"What do you say, feller?"

I observed that sentiment was certainly a determining factor in the workings of a lady's heart.

"You ought to know," said Stoney. "You write stories." He seemed to make up his mind, for he asked Joe if by chance in the action to follow he would be near the girl.

"He wrote the story," Joe said, pointing to me.

This was news to me. "The only story they bought from me," I said, "was about the Revolutionary War."

"That's the one," said Joe. "This is just a new sequence they put in to jazz up your stuff." Joe coughed deprecatingly for Stoney's benefit. "It's just a fight on the wing, and a dive by the villain."

Stoney was pleased. "I can do that one all day," he said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVER'S LEAP
Continued from page sixty-nine]

looking to where the girl had risen to her feet. "Look at her over there. Them legs. Oh, boy!"

"She worries you," said Joe. "It won't do for a young stunt man to worry about a woman in this climate. Go on over and ask her."

"What'll I ask her?"

"Ask what's her name. Ask her what's her address. Ask her anything. Tell her about yourself after that."

"What'll I tell her?"

"Oh, how you and Nunky live up in Dark Cañon in a little shack you built all by yourself."

Stoney shrugged. "She won't come to my shack. She knows all our children would be acrobats." The girl in organdie was walking away Davie Gillis, the director, was disembarking on the other side of the field. He was followed by large touring cars filled with satellites.

We crossed the field to the set-up. Joe was flattering Stoney. "Kid, you got build."

"I say I have. And nerve."

"Boy," said Joe, "You've got IT. She's got all the money she needs. Just a pair of fog lights, and all your worrying is past. Make up your mind."

The set-up was a two-seater, painted bright blue in the same scheme of the airplane that had tried to run us down. It was set high up on parallels, and guyed to the earth by wires. Some distance from the wing end was a high tower of scantlings.

When we reached the dummy plane, the girl was ascending a ladder to the cockpit, and her brown legs and thighs were the admiration of all. But Stoney noticed first off that from the tower a rope dangled to the end of the wing.

"Hell," cried Stoney, "they got a transfer, too." He was mildly upset.

"It's something they must have just put in," said Joe.

Stoney considered, and smiled. "That transfer'll be another fifty bucks. A hundred on the two stunts."

NUNKY had appeared in sweater and cap. He was holding a bundle of aviation apparel.

"Looks like we'll cop double pay today," Nunky said, turning his grizzled face up to the layout of rope and tower.

"Yeah," Stoney said. "I need it bad." He was all eyes for the yellow-haired girl who sat above us in the cockpit and refreshed the heavy make-up on her small regular features. She was undeniably pretty, even beneath the green shading of her large brown eyes. "Ain't she neat?"

Nunky caught his arm. He held out the costumes.

"Let's git into 'em," he said.

Stoney tried to hang back, but Nunky was firm.

"What did you say tell her?" he called to Joe.

"Anything," said Joe.

Nunky removed him from temptation.

Gillis was explaining the new sequence to principals and aids. The principals were the yellow-haired girl, and a hero, and a villain. The latter two were in leather coats, aviation breeches, and high lace boots. They were made up to the quick, the hero with some apparent nobility of features and the villain with the personification of callowness. Because it appeared to be my story of the Revolutionary War, I was eager to understand the airplane angle.

It was all very simple to Joe. The details of how the director would shoot the close-ups of the principals in the dummy blue airplane, and then take to the air to match the performance with Nunky and Stoney, was too much for me. Joe clarified the double details.

"Stoney," said Joe, "is to be the villain's double, and Nunky is to be the hero's. Now here's the layout." He paused. "What'd you call your villain?"

"Hubert," I said.

Joe began: "The yellow kid has turned down Whoozis, and he's gone to the mountains to recover. But the yellow kid has to fly her ship to Canada to save her old man's life, because he's been bitten by a polar bear. So she takes the hero along for company. He's a scientist who's worked out a gag to cure polar-bear bites."

"His name," I said, "is the fine old Revolutionary one of Josiah."

"Right," Joe continued. "The yellow kid has taken Jo-Jo the Jelly Bean along with her. But they start kissing one another with a lot of funny business, and they crack up the ship right in the front yard of the cabin rented by Whoozis. Jo-Jo is smacked pretty hard and is put to bed. Then Whoozis, who's a dirty crook, says, 'Ha ha, I've got you now.' And the yellow kid knows he's tough. Whoozis will bump off the wounded Jo-Jo if she don't give in.

"BUT Jo-Jo overhears the bargain that will spare his life. He crawls out in the yard and fixes the ship. He gives her a spin, and the yellow baby hops in. Bingo! They're off on three cracked cylinders, and Whoozis is left behind holding the bag. But this Whoozis hires another ship, and chases 'em. And he overtakes Jo-Jo and the fluff."

"That is," I verified, "Stoney does."

"Right! And what does he do? Why, he comes down a rope to the big blue plane. Then him and Jo-Jo put on a roughhouse right on the wing of the gal's hedgehopper. Of course in the end Jo-Jo knocks Whoozis for a row of eucalyptus trees and he falls five thousand feet to his death."

The principals were presently through for the morn-

Stoney kicked loose from N

ed backward, and was bolted into space.

ing. The callow villain Whoozis fought well but lost, and was knocked from the wing four feet into the arms of waiting roustabouts. The yellow-haired girl had been properly emotional during the tragedy, and was now laving Jo-Jo's brow with one hand and flying the ship on an even keel with the other, organdie and curls streaming from gusts supplied by a wind machine.

I felt a pressure at my back and found Stoney staring at the heroine. Stoney was now dressed identically as the villain, save for one detail. He wore strapped upon his back a regulation army parachute. Nunky was at hand, and costumed as the hero. Nunky wore no life-saving equipment.

"Look at her," Stoney said. "That yellow hair. Ain't she cute?"

THE girl was undeniably cute, for the moment the scene played out and she was handed down, she spied the parachute on Stoney's back.

"Look here, Davie," she called to the director. "This boy's wearing a parachute."

"My God," exclaimed the director, and sat down in a large chair a small colored man placed immediately back of him.

"We'll have to take it over," the girl sighed wearily, "and let Hubert wear a parachute. Else he won't match with his double."

The director was deeply agonized. "He can't," he said. "Hell, what good will it do to knock the vilyun off the wing with a parachute on his back? The picture'll be a serial then. The audience'll come back next week to see where he landed." The director thought aloud: "No. Stoney here'll just naturally have to take off that parachute."

Gillis had once shot Stoney in a water scene. Stoney was instantly wary of any innovation. "What'll I do when I'm knocked off without a parachute . . ." he began.

Nunky interposed, snorting at Gillis: "I suppose the kid will have to learn to fly with the birds, eh?"

The lady looked to where the villain lay smoking upon the grass. She seemed solicitous of him, trying to save him the effort of another round upon the dummy airplane wing. She turned to Stoney and gave him the sweetest smile of the day.

"Wear your leather flying coat over your parachute," she said to Stoney. "Then it won't show."

Stoney shushed Nunky and answered her gently. "Did you ever try," he said, "taking off a leather coat while you was falling through space?"

THE girl tossed her hair from her face. "I'm sure," she said coolly, "you could do anything you tried."

"Anything I tried with you, baby," said Stoney hastily. The girl looked at him, registering hauteur. But Stoney had the devil-may-care. "You could knock me off anything with no parachute at all," he was saying with admiration.

The contrast between Stoney and the villain was not to be ignored. The girl looked from Stoney's fresh and unvarnished face to where the actor lay smoking, sallow in make-up. Stoney knew that the contrast was being made. He did not press her further. She was inspecting the stunt man as human material and not as a lay figure in her scheme. Hauteur changed to charm. "Why, aren't you sweet?" She seemed sure of it. Stoney closed in again. "Sweet on you, kid," he said boldly.

She decided to repulse him. She registered a lofty disdain. "Write me a fan letter, then." She was kidding him. "They send you my pitcher if you include stamps. Can you write the address plainly?"

"I'll take up night school," said Stoney in kind. "Do you know a good night school?"

"Do you?" Rudeness now.

"Well, I think I could stand a few lessons driving that slick little car of yours tonight." Stoney was used to toughness.

"Where?" asked the girl, again tossing her hair.

"Oh, down the beach a ways to a quiet spot." Stoney was letting a little plea creep in. "Then we'd sit and watch the lights. And you'd gimme my first lesson."

She was startled at this. Stoney turned from her, and walked over to the conferring knot of men. She stood hesitant, looked over at the villain upon the grass, and followed after the stunt man.

Stoney was facing the director, and was tugging at the canvas thongs of the parachute that looped his armpits.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVER'S LEAP
Continued from page seventy-one]

"Now here's the gag, Gillis," he said. "This big leather coat I'm wearing. I'll rip out the fleece lining and button it over the chute. I'll get it off in the air."

The director sneered. "No fooling?"

"Oh," said Stoney easily, "there's some fooling, if you get what I mean. I don't do this for no fifty bucks. I do it for a case note."

The director ran a hand through graying locks. "Kill yourself for a hundred?"

"Maybe. I need the money."

Nunky snorted. "For your grandmother's funeral, eh?"

"Nope," said Stoney mildly to his uncle. "Just to buy the wife a corset." The director laughed at this one, but was adamant. "We don't kill anybody today, kid," he said. "Not even you."

"You're too kindhearted," Stoney said, "for a man that once shot me in the back." He had swung the parachute free of his shoulders, and was unstrapping the leather coat. The yellow-haired girl was standing now by the stunt man.

"I'll bet you a thousand he can do it," she said to the director. She turned to Stoney, who seemed to inhale her breath in nearness. "You're sure, aren't you?"

Nunky snorted in derision. "Let your own villain do it, kid," he said, looking across the grass.

Stoney had nothing of the hero about him. He blushed that Nunky should have forced the point. "I'm not sure," he said into the heavy mascaro of her brown eyes. "I just know what I want to do."

The director made his decision after that. "O. K.," he said. "Let's take the air."

Stoney borrowed a clasp knife from an electrician and began slitting the lining of his leather coat. The old saffron Jenny and the big blue plane were tuning up in midfield, and the director's coterie moved over to them. Joe was dumping his gear through the door of an aluminum-bodied brougham. The girl stood by Stoney. The villain, deep in the grass, lay watching them.

"You're through," the girl called to him. "Go on home."

"Yeah?" said the villain. "I'm in no hurry."

THE girl ignored him after that. She was helping with the lining, ripping the strong thread of the seams. "There's a lot of bad driving on that beach road," she said, fingers trembling.

"What you want," said Stoney steadily, "is a pair of them big fog lights, them stand lamps, if you know what I mean. On your running boards."

"I know," she said.

"You know. A pair that's engraved: *From a guy you knocked for a loop.*"

The lining was out of the leather. She held the coat, Stoney caught up the parachute from the ground and shouldered it; arm in arm they walked slowly past the real villain and over to the saffron plane.

"You're a fast worker," she said. "And a good-looker, too. Now, that is curious."

"Why?" asked Stoney, making fast his chute straps.

"Most of these gabby guys look like old character parts," she said. "Barbers, you know."

They came to the wing end of the old Jenny and Stoney began testing the collar of the rope coiled about a stanchion there.

Nunky was by him. Nunky took the leather coat from the girl and with powerful old hands ripped the armpits, loosening it. Nunky held it, and Stoney managed to shrink himself and the parachute into it.

"I got to get over to my ship," said Nunky. "For cripe's sake slip it off when you git down to me." He turned and ran toward the blue ship.

Stoney prepared to climb in. "When you go home now," he said to the girl, "leave that little wagon here. I'll drive her down this afternoon and install those lamps. And I'll come by for you about nine o'clock tonight."

The girl was afraid for him to go up. But she was young enough to play tough for him.

"I won't promise that I'll ride with you tonight," she said. She looked to where the villain was still prone. "I've a sort of heavy date, if you know what I mean."

"Oh," said Stoney. "I'm a stunt man. I risk everything." He climbed into his ship, looking to be an oversized hunchback in bulging coat. The pilot of the Jenny was concealed in the rear seat, under a false section. Stoney sat forward, and high, as if he were a soloist. The invisible pilot gave the gun a twist and we all ran back. The old Jenny trundled downfield bumping, lifted its wheeled feet, and shot upward, banking almost immediately and climbing through slow circles.

The girl was undeniably cute, for the moment she was handed down, she spied the parachute on Stoney's back.

JOE ran up and caught my arm. "Come on if you want that hop," he said. I was torn between staying with the girl and going aloft for the stunt. He was pushing me, and the girl was walking away. She called something to me, but blue ship and camera plane were too loud for it to come through. Joe had pushed me through the door of the brougham and was bolting it.

"Get her off," he said to the pilot, and we began lurching in a roar. "When I kick you," Joe shouted, "you get my knees. Don't try to hold me in, because I'm strapped. Just keep me on balance." He sat by the window. There was a panoramic camera bolted in each opening, on a swivel bracket. Joe began strapping his waist with a belt that ran to either side of the cabin.

We were up about three thousand. Stoney was above us. I could see the coil of rope on the stanchion of the yellow Jenny, where the plane circled, waiting. Below us the blue plane was just getting her breath of air.

We climbed toward the sun, Joe studying ground shadows through a glass trap in the flooring. Then we turned from the sun and Joe swung his camera, hand on the shutter. The yellow Jenny slipped down a bit and held a course, seeming noiseless in our roar. Stoney sat forward, unmistakably acting. Even Joe was grinning as Stoney leaned forward, peering through goggles in his search for the hero and the heroine. He was swaying as if hands and feet were busy with stick and rudders. Joe was shooting little short takes.

The blue plane came beneath him. There was a patch of yellow organdie in the front seat, and I gave a jump at the thought that the girl had come aloft with Nunky to dissuade Stoney from his feat.

"A double," Joe shouted as I pointed. "Best pilot out here." The blue plane was banking and climbing up to us. "Five thousand," Joe screamed to the pilot, and touched the numeral on the dial.

We gained altitude slowly, the blue plane following easily. The figure in organdie was close now, and it was adjusting the tie strap of a yellow wig to its head, stick held between ruffled knees.

"Damn him!" shrieked Joe. "He was told to shave his head and use gum arabic on that wig."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

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[LOVER'S LEAP
Continued from page seventy-two]

Joe swung his starboard camera into action when the wig was adjusted. Nunky was simulating flying. Nunky turned occasionally and looked back to the figure in organdie, as if with love and affection. Joe shot them in short bursts. He was shooting in order to intercut, first to the villain seeking the blue plane, and back to the blue plane where the happy lovers winged their airy way.

Joe caught the camera to the left and turned to Stoney. He was flying a thousand feet above the blue plane. Joe waited until he could get them both in the frame. At the exact moment that both were in line, Stoney with dramatic suddenness leaned from his yellow plane and discovered the blue beneath him, using that peering gesture schoolbook artists give to a plains Indian as he shades his eyes the better to see an object fifty feet away. Joe was grinning, and spun a long rush of film.

Stoney swung out of the cockpit and on to the wing, keeping the hunchback of his jerkin away from us, breasting the air. He clambered over and forward, groping for the lower wing. He was having hard work of it dragging his huge stuffed torso between the cross wires. He reached the lower wing and began uncurling the rope there. The invisible pilot of the Jenny began dropping her slowly, the blue plane beneath holding its course. The figure in organdie piloting the blue plane was looking aloft, measuring distance, and Nunky in his hero suit turned his face upward.

They seemed lover and mistress, looking aloft at an enveloping fury. Below, the green field gave the two planes an emerald setting.

Stoney kicked the rope out and swung down, a great dark brown spider upon a gossamer strand. Twice he seemed to throw his span and miss, the invisible pilot pulling up and away from the arc of the blue propeller. Joe's hand waited, poised upon the trigger, for the successful catch. Stoney hung grimly below and came by again. He spun down the strand, swung his body forward, hump to camera, and landed knees, arms, hands, and feet coiled about a stanchion. Joe was shooting. We dropped closer.

Stoney poised a moment, came to the upper wing, and clambered forward toward the cockpit of the blue machine. His face was invisible, but there was no doubt that he was summoning a curse-you-Jack-Dalton stare to features masked by the crustacean stare of his flying helmet. Nunky, as the hero, left his seat and came forward to meet him, defending the organdie heroine who now caught the controls and began leveling the ship to offset the disturbance on its wings.

He vanished literally into thin air.

THE two figures upon the wing stared at one another from hands and knees, grotesque in goggles and jerkins, the hump on Stoney's back giving him the aspect of a stuffed gorilla in a museum, posed at the moment of the spring to kill. They joined in death struggle and our ship banked in upon them for closer range, Joe kicking me savagely. I caught his knees and lost sight of the contest.

We were on even keel and time was laggard, but the two figures were still at it upon the blue wing. Stoney's coat was streaming now, belt flying. As they struggled it seemed that the hero was unwilling to let the villain go, else he hung to him as a tired boxer holds an opponent and prays for the tide of recuperation to set in. It was the villain who precipitated his own fall, for he seemed to wrench himself loose from the hero and step back to measure his opponent for a final blow.

It was even more dramatic than Virtue triumphant over Vice. It was Vice bringing retribution upon itself. For Stoney kicked loose from Nunky, stepped backward as if setting himself to administer a coup de grâce, and was bolted into space. He vanished literally into thin air. The hero fell upon his belly on the wing and looked below. Joe was resting by his camera, cursing bitterly.

Presently we dived seeking him, watching for the white mushroom that must blossom beneath us. A small white umbrella appeared, ran along the green, crumpled sideways, and presently was still.

The camera plane flew up in the wind, circled, and leveled off beautifully, a hundred feet from the gaudy little roadster. We climbed out in a slight giddiness, Joe still cursing. Stoney stood by the roadster, parachute vanished and leather coat put aside, once again slim in singlet and breeches. He grinned at Joe.

"By God," he said, "I thought I could do it." He dropped back into habitual carelessness. "Where's the production manager? I want my voucher."

The yellow-haired girl came from the hangar, teary-eyed in hideous streaks of pomatum and rouge, handkerchief a soaked ball in her trembling hands. The villain followed her. But Joe unburdened himself before she could say anything to Stoney, who put his arms about her as she put her face down against his copper shoulder.

"Why in the name of God," said Joe, "did you two dopes take so long with that fight stuff? Do you think you're actors?"

STONEY grinned, and patted the slim organdie triangle of her young back. "Hell," he said, "old Nunk got a little gummy in the gills about me tearing the coat off in the fall. He wouldn't turn me loose. I had to sock him and do a back flip."

"Well," said Joe, "he'll not get paid for the trick again today."

Stoney was surprised. "What trick? I'm through for the day. I got business downtown at a garage."

"Listen," Joe said angrily. "I got the transfer to Nunky's plane all right, and about half the fight."

"Good God!" Stoney was astonished. The girl clung to him, unmindful of the real villain's sallow look ten feet away.

"The film ran out," Joe continued. "I had to keep shooting, for you looked ready to dive there about twenty times."

Stoney was perplexed. "Tomorrow," he began. He saw the villain.

Joe was firm. "You don't finish, eh?"

The girl was leading him to the roadster. "This boy," she said, "doesn't stick his neck out today. Not any more."

Stoney hushed her. "Now, now," he said, putting her in the roadster. "You wouldn't like me so much if I was the kind to run out," he said. He shut the door on her. "Just wait about twenty minutes." He kissed her and turned away.

"Can you get me a sandwich first?" he asked Joe. He was walking toward the blue plane that was idling at the edge of the field, Nunky sitting dazed in the cockpit. He seemed a little dazed himself, and was limping slightly.

The villain stood by the gaudy little car, and the yellow girl seemed deaf to his argument. He was still talking when the blue plane and the camera ship took the air again. Joe did not seem to care for my assistance. They gained altitude quickly, and turned from the sun.

A plane is not much to a watcher five thousand feet below on the ground. Few knew that Stoney had tried the jump until they started back down to earth again and the villain drove the yellow-haired girl's car away from the field.

It would have been bad publicity for the newspapers to have said that she was on the field when it happened, for a death in the company always affects the sale of a picture.

THE END

WAISTS and Waistlines

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

WHETHER we tuck them in or wear them over the top of our skirts, waists are going to be extremely important this season. So are waistlines.

The Paris couturiers are making ensembles that are really suits. The newest and smartest kind of ensemble is the "dressmakery" suit—soft, tricked up, and feminine; no kin to the tailored suit. This is the kind of ensemble that wears its waist over the top. And there are some of the most beautiful materials for such suits. Paris may have made transparent woolens before. In fact, I seem to remember that there were heaps of them last season. But I never before saw transparent woolens that were like the most delicate georgette and lace. And there is Patou's new cashmere, like fine organdie, and it comes out of the tub more gorgeous than when new. There's enchanting wool etamine. But go and look for yourselves at these transparent woolens.

Don't get worried, you tailored girls. Paris is showing quantities of really plain tailored suits. Tweed suits are all the rage. But what tweeds! Refined, thin as crêpe de chine, and the most delightful patterns. And that's only the half of it. The waists! Delicate white organdie with fluffy ruffles at neck and wrists. Silk pique, rich, and with ravishing drapery. Printed crêpe and georgette, with scarfs, jabots, and ruffles. And all tucked in!

This is the new long-basque draped blouse, and the skirt, with its hemline sinking to new low levels, is flared by godets.

Two of Worth's very newest models. At the left is his dressmakery suit in transparent black wool with a plaid voile blouse. With the blue tweed suit at the right he tucks in a foulard waist.

Patou signs this brown wool suit with pinched-in waistline and tucked-in white piqué blouse.

About three-fifths of the late spring and summer waists and dresses have little to offer in the way of arm covering. But there are no end of frivolous little caps at the shoulders—things that hide a no-good shoulder line and enhance the upper arm.

Extremely significant is our first model, the Jean Patou dress with the new basque waist, very long, and a skirt that begins to flare just above the knees and extends seven inches below them. It is all in nasturtium-yellow shantung — Patou's new color—with a heart-shaped ruffled neckline and cap sleeves.

OUR second model is a brown wool suit from Jean Patou, very good for the girl who goes out to big business. The very long jacket, with its rounded corners and slightly pinched-in waistline, is new and fashionable. The skirt with side-front plaits goes successfully over the top of the white piqué tailored blouse.

The third sketch is of a Worth dressmakery suit of black transparent wool, with a blouse of red and white plaid voile. You'll hunt a long while before you find anything smarter than the front-draped skirt with its touches of plaid, or the yoked jacket with its loose sleeves and the jabot and ties of the plaid waist showing.

Our last model, an ensemble from Worth, has one of the new checked blouses—neatly tucked in, as it should be, beneath a lengthened skirt. This is another suit in which a business woman may start the day right. The material of the jacket and skirt is plain grayish blue tweed. The former is trimmed with curved bands of self-material, and the latter has a deep yoke and plaited flares. The waist is made of fine-checked foulard, and the flower is in the two blue tones of the waist.

Cake Making

By

ETHEL SOMERS

Plain Cake
(Three layers)

½ cup butter or substitute
1½ cups sugar
2 egg yolks and } or
4 egg whites }
4 egg yolks and
2 egg whites
2⅔ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Silver Cake
(Two layers)

½ cup butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
1¾ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites

Gold Cake
(Two layers)

¼ cup butter or substitute
¾ cup sugar
4 egg yolks
1⅓ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Devil's Food Cake
(Three layers)

¾ cup butter or substitute
1½ cups sugar
3 egg yolks
2⅔ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 ounces melted chocolate (add to creamed butter, sugar, and egg)
3 egg whites

General Method of Mixing Rich Cakes

How	Why
Measure the fat. If solid fat is used, measure it completely immersed in a measured volume of cold water.	Insufficient fat toughens the cake while excessive fat makes it soggy. When measured in water accurate measurement is easy and the cup remains fairly clean.
Cream fat well. Ice-cold solid fat will be more easily creamed if measured ahead and let stand at room temperature. Never overheat fat.	The fat of the cake recipe is the emulsifying agent and the foundation of a perfect texture. If it is worked soft and creamy at the start the sugar and other ingredients are more easily and quickly worked in.
Measure the sugar. If coarse rather than fine sugar is used, roll before measuring. Sifting will free it of lumps.	Coarse granules in the sugar coarsen the cake texture, as such sugar crystals are so large that they do not dissolve but rather remain granular until upon melting they result in spots of sugar solution.
Gradually cream the sugar into the creamy, plastic fat. A stirring motion with the spatula is efficient.	A thorough distribution of the fat through the sugar insures its even distribution through the cake batter and hence results in a smooth and more permanent emulsion.
Beat the butter and sugar together thoroughly.	Ideal beating of cake is essential to success. Use a circular motion.
Break eggs one at a time, separating the yolk and white. When an egg is proved fresh, empty into bowls, keeping yolks and whites separate.	When broken separately one stale egg will not contaminate the others, thus preventing loss.
Beat the egg yolks until fluffy.	Beating until thick and fluffy adds necessary air.
Stir the beaten egg yolks into the butter and sugar mixture and beat thoroughly.	Only thorough beating builds up a smooth emulsion. Five to ten minutes' beating should be done before flour or milk is added.
Mix and sift the measured dry ingredients. Flour should always be sifted *before* measuring. Cake or pastry flour will produce a more delicate cake than all-purpose flour.	Flour is sifted before measuring because, due to the tightness of packing, a cup of nonsifted flour may equal 1¼ to 1¾ cups of sifted flour. The dry ingredients are sifted together after measuring to mix the leavening and flavoring evenly and to entangle air, which lightens the cake.
While beating the butter-sugar-egg mixture, sift in one-fifth of dry ingredients and beat until completely emulsified. The batter should fall from the spoon in smooth folds.	This period of beating is about the last chance to improve the smoothness of the cake batter. Therefore it must be very thorough.
Add flavoring to the milk.	To insure even distribution.
Alternately add fifths of liquid and flour, adding flour last. Stir lightly till smooth.	Not more than one-fifth of the milk is added at a time; more might thin the cake mixture to the point of breaking down the emulsion.
This operation should be carried out very quickly.	Beat only slightly, as too much beating toughens the texture.
Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry.	Egg whites beaten dry lose elasticity and crumble.
Stir in the beaten whites quickly and gently. This must thoroughly combine egg whites with cake batter.	Gentleness helps to retain the air of the egg white. Quickness is essential to retain the carbon-dioxide gas which is forming from the moistened baking powder and which is essential to a light cake.
Immediately pour into oiled floured baking pans, filling from one-half to two-thirds.	The saving of carbon-dioxide gas necessitates speed. If the pans are filled, the rising cake will overflow and fall in the middle.
Quickly and gently press batter into edges of pan, making the center lower.	A more evenly shaped cake results because the cake tends to rise more in the center than where the sides of the pan impede its progress.
Once in the pan the cake may stand if desired for a short time.	Any carbon-dioxide gas which evolves upon standing, provided the cake is not stirred or jarred, remains within the batter.
Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) ten minutes, and then 375° F. fifteen to twenty minutes longer for layer or cup cakes. Loaf cake should be baked at 350° F. twenty minutes, and then at 375° F. twenty minutes longer.*	Temperature control is important as a cake should be allowed to rise before a crust is formed over the top, otherwise there will be a peak in the middle. *For more detailed description of baking analyzed according to type of baking powder used, see Hows and Whys of Cooking, by Halliday and Noble, University of Chicago Press.
Test for doneness by its brown surface, shrunken edges, springy resistance to light pressure in the center, or insert a fine skewer. When removed this should be free of any adhering particles.	A sufficiently baked cake is completely set, and even the center area, which is the last to get done, is no longer moist.
After removing from the oven invert the cake pans on a cooling rack and let stand to cool. (Loaf cakes may be cooled ten to fifteen minutes.)	As the cake cools, steam forms between the cake and pan. So treated the cake may be cut free from the pan with a thin spatula or fine knitting needle, otherwise the delicate cake is likely to be broken by pieces adhering to the cake pan.
Let the cake completely cool, away from all drafts, before frosting.	Drafts cause excessive drying. Hot cake tends to sugar frosting unless uncooked icing is used.
Store in a ventilated metal box.	Ventilation tends to prevent molding.

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P. & A. photo

Bryan speaking in court during the Scopes evolution trial. In his hand is a copy of the textbook from which Scopes taught biology.

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

WITH this installment Mr. Werner's biography ends. Last week he described Bryan's speech at the Scopes evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee.

PART THIRTEEN—THE DESCENT OF MAN

BRYAN'S speech was a great disappointment. There was not a "cross of gold" or "crown of thorns" or even a "pillar of fire by night and pillar of cloud by day" in it. He had been applauded, but he had not aroused his hearers to the pitch of emotional hysteria at which he usually aimed. He was old.

After a recess Dudley Field Malone made a speech that stirred the audience more than Bryan had succeeded in doing. He told them that it was Mr. Bryan who had injected "foreigners" into this case, and that it was only after he and Mr. Darrow had heard that Bryan intended to appear as counsel for the prosecution that they had offered their services to the defense. Bryan had also stated that the battle would be "a duel to the death." Mr. Malone ended with this passionate statement:

"We want everything we have to say on religion and on science told and we are ready to submit our theories to the direct and cross examination of the prosecution. We have come in here ready for a battle. We have come in here for this 'duel.' I don't know anything about dueling, your honor. It is against the law of God. It is against the church. It is against the law of Tennessee. But does the opposition mean by duel that our defendant shall be strapped to a board and that they alone shall carry the sword? Is our only weapon to be taken from us, so that the duel will be entirely one-sided? That isn't my idea of a duel. Moreover, it isn't going to be a duel.

"There is never a duel with the truth. The truth always wins and we are not afraid of it. The truth is no coward. The truth does not need the law. The truth does not need the forces of government. The truth does not need Mr. Bryan. The truth is imperishable, eternal, and immortal and needs no human agency to support it. We are ready to tell the truth as we understand it and we do not fear all the truth that they can present as facts. We are ready. We feel we stand with progress. We feel we stand with science. We feel we stand with intelligence. We feel we stand with fundamental freedom in America. . . . We ask your honor to admit the evidence as a matter of correct law, as a matter of sound procedure, and as a matter of justice to the defense in this case. [Profound and continued applause.]"

The judge, however, ruled that the expert testimony was not admissible.

The great scene of the trial was yet to come. On the seventh day Mr. Hays told the court that the defense desired to call William Jennings Bryan as a witness.

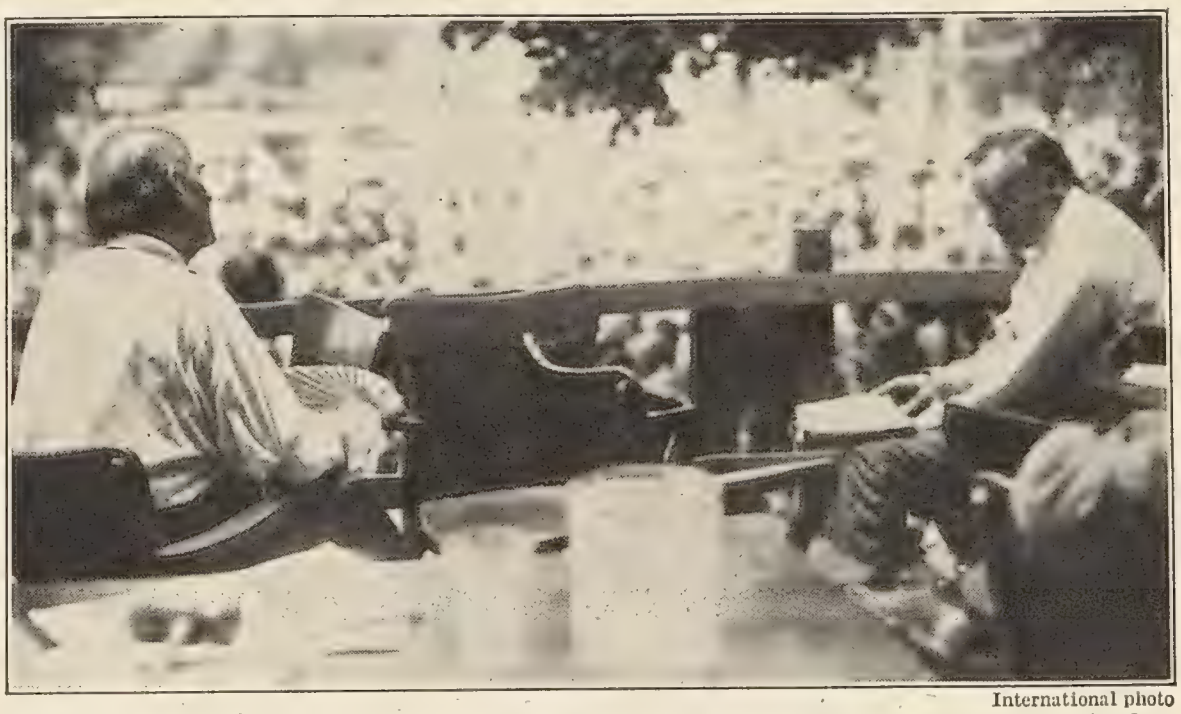
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-seven]

He said that he wished Mr. Bryan's testimony as part of the record, "even if your honor thinks it is not admissible in general." Since they were merely making a record for appeal, the judge finally said: "Call anybody you desire. Ask them any question you wish."

Just before Clarence Darrow began to examine Bryan, he asked the court that a sign ten feet long urging, "Read Your Bible," be removed from in front of the jury.

Mr. McKenzie objected to the removal of the sign. "I have never seen the time in the history of this country," he said, "when any man should be afraid to be reminded of the fact that he should read his Bible, and if they should represent a force that is aligned with the devil and his satellites —" Mr. Malone jumped to his feet and objected to such language. "Finally, I say," Mr. McKenzie continued, "when that time comes, then is time for us to tear up all of the Bibles, throw them in the fire, and let the country go to hell." The judge ordered Mr. McKenzie's remarks to be expunged from the record.



International photo

Clarence Darrow examining Bryan as to his literal acceptance of the Biblical account of the Creation. Darrow is the man at the right. The court had adjourned to the lawn outside the Dayton courthouse.

Malone remarked: "Yes, I think it is all right for the individual members of the prosecution to make up their minds as to what forces we represent. I have a right to assume I have as much chance of heaven as they have, to reach it by my own goal, and my understanding of the Bible and of Christianity, and I will be a pretty poor Christian when I get any Biblical or Christian or religious views from any member of the prosecution that I have yet heard from during this trial. [Applause and laughter.]"

Court Officer Kelso rapped for order. Then Bryan made an unctuous little speech in which he said: "If leaving that up there during the trial makes our brother to offend, I would take it down during the trial."

Just the day before there had been another outbreak of temper between Clarence Darrow and Judge Raulston. The judge cited Darrow in contempt of court next day, but later in the day Darrow apologized, and the judge, declaring that he believed in the principles of Christ, forgave him. The court then adjourned to the lawn because the judge was afraid that the great crowd in the courtroom was too much weight for the building.

THE Bible sign was removed, and Bryan took the witness stand. As Darrow examined Bryan, an airplane flew over their heads. A large crowd gathered under the clump of maple trees in the courthouse yard, filling the wooden benches made of planks for the occasion, and back of these stood rows of eager listeners. At last they were getting what some had come so far to hear. The judge overruled all objections, because by then it was recognized that everybody wanted a debate and not a trial.

Darrow began by asking Bryan concerning his studies of the Bible. "Do you claim that everything in the Bible should be literally interpreted?" he asked. "I believe everything in the Bible should be accepted as it is given there," Bryan answered. "Some of the Bible is given illustratively. For instance: 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' I would not insist that man was actually salt, or that he had flesh of salt, but it is used in the sense of salt as saving God's people."

"But when you read that Jonah swallowed the whale, or that the whale swallowed Jonah—excuse me, please —how do you literally interpret that?"

"I believe in a God who can make a whale and can make a man and make both do what He pleases."

Then there was some discussion as to whether the Bible said whale or big fish.

"You believe that the big fish was made to swallow Jonah?" Darrow asked.

"I am not prepared to say that; the Bible merely says it was done," Bryan answered. "It is hard to believe for you, but easy for me. A miracle is a thing performed beyond what man can perform. When you get beyond what man can do, you get within the realm of miracles; and it is just as easy to believe the miracle of Jonah as any other miracle in the Bible."

"Perfectly easy to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale?"

"If the Bible said so."

Darrow next brought out that Bryan believed that Joshua made the sun stand still. Attorney General Stewart then protested that the examination was beyond the issue of the case. "Mr. Bryan is willing to be examined. Go ahead," said Judge Raulston. He was as anxious as anyone to hear the debate continue.

FROM Joshua they went on to whether the authors of the Book of Joshua believed that the sun went around the earth. "I believe," said Bryan, "it was inspired by the Almighty, and he may have used language that could be understood at that time instead of using language that could not be understood until Darrow was born." There was laughter and applause in the courtyard.

Darrow failed to be impressed with an illustration Bryan had used time and time again in his lectures and in his books. "Don't you believe that in order to lengthen the day it would have been construed that the earth stood still?" Darrow had asked.

"I would not attempt to say what would have been necessary," Bryan answered. "But I know this, that I can take a glass of water that would fall to the ground without the strength of my hand, and to the extent of the glass of water I can overcome the law of gravitation and lift it up—whereas without my hand it would fall to the ground. If my puny hand can overcome the law of gravitation to that extent, I would not set a limit to the power of the hand of God that made the universe."

"I read that years ago," said Darrow. "Now, Mr. Bryan, have you ever pondered what would have happened to the earth if it had stood still?"

"No; the God I believe in could have taken care of that, Mr. Darrow."

"You have never investigated that subject?"

"I have been too busy on things that I thought were of more importance than that."

They took up the question of the Flood, and Darrow tried to find out exactly when Bryan thought it occurred, but Bryan refused to give a definite estimate. "What do you think?" Darrow asked. "I do not think about things I don't think about," Bryan answered. "Do

you think about things you do think about?" asked Darrow. "Well, sometimes," Mr. Bryan admitted, and there was laughter in the courtyard.

Once more Attorney General Stewart protested against the continuation of the cross-examination. "These gentlemen," Bryan said, "have not had much chance—they did not come here to try this case. They came here to try revealed religion. I am here to defend it, and they can ask me any question they please." There was applause. "Great applause from the bleachers," said Darrow. "From those whom you call 'yokels,'" Bryan snapped at him. "I have never called them yokels," Darrow said. "That is the 'ignorance' of Tennessee, the 'bigotry,'" Bryan continued sarcastically. "You mean, who are applauding you?" Darrow asked. There was applause.

"Those are the people whom you insult!" Bryan shouted. "You insult every man of science and learning in the world because he does not believe in your fool religion!" Darrow shouted. "I will not stand for that," said Judge Raulston. "For what he is doing?" Darrow asked angrily. "I am talking to both of you," said the judge.

The attorney general asked again that the whole examination be stopped, but Bryan wanted to continue.

"You believe," Darrow asked, "that all the living things not contained in the ark were destroyed?"

"I think the fish may have lived," Bryan answered.

"That all living things outside of the fish were destroyed?"

"What I say about the fish is merely a matter of humor," Bryan explained.

They entered into involved calculations in order to ascertain Mr. Bryan's opinion of the age of man since the Flood, but Bryan got angry at Darrow's attempt to make him admit that he believed man to be only 4,262 years old.

"YOU have never had any interest in the age of the various races and people and civilization and animals that exist upon the earth today? Is that right?" asked Darrow.

"I have never felt a great deal of interest in the effort that has been made to dispute the Bible by the speculations of men, or the investigations of men."

"Don't you know," asked Darrow, "that the ancient civilizations of China are six or seven thousand years old, at the very least?"

"No, but they would not run back beyond the Creation, according to the Bible, six thousand years."

"You don't know how old they are, is that right?"

"I don't know how old they are, but probably you do." The audience laughed. "I think you would give the preference to anybody who opposed the Bible, and I give the preference to the Bible."

"And you don't know whether any other religion ever gave a similar account of the destruction of the earth by a flood?"

"The Christian religion has satisfied me, and I have never felt it necessary to look up some competing religions."

"Do you consider that every religion on earth competes with the Christian religion?" Then they discussed comparative religion.

Underwood & Underwood photo

The best photographic portrait of Bryan in his later years. It was taken about 1924.

"WHAT about the religion of Confucius or Buddha?"

"Well, I can tell you something about that, if you would like to know."

"Did you ever investigate them?"

"Somewhat."

"Do you regard them as competitive?"

"No, I think they are inferior. Would you like me to tell you what I know about it?"

"No," said Darrow.

"Well, I shall insist on giving it to you," Bryan said.

"You won't talk about free silver, will you?" asked Darrow.

"Not at all," said Bryan.

Bryan was very much afraid that he would not have a chance to tell what he had heard in the East about Confucius and Buddha. "Oh, tell it, Mr. Bryan, I won't object," Darrow finally said. He was not cruel enough to prevent Mr. Bryan from saying again what he had repeated so often in lectures and books. Then Bryan told the court that the difference between Confucius and Christ was that Confucius believed in reciprocity, while Christ believed in doing good to others even if they did not do so to you. Then there was an angry, snarling repartee between the two over the number of people on earth at the beginning of the Christian era.

"Mr. Bryan, am I the first man you ever heard of who has been interested in the age of human societies and primitive man?"

"You are the first man I ever heard speak of the number of people at those different periods."

"Where have you lived all your life?"

"Not near you," snapped Bryan. There was laughter and applause.

"Nor near anybody of learning?"

"Oh, don't assume you know it all," said Bryan. The scene resembled strikingly one of those quarrels between small boys as the preliminary skirmish to blacking each other's eyes.

Bryan felt that Darrow was only interested in these things for the pur-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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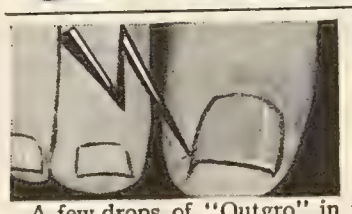

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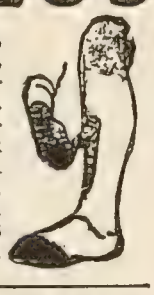

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[BRYAN Continued from page seventy-nine]

pose of finding arguments against Christianity.

"You have never in all your life made any attempt to find out about the other peoples of the earth—how old their civilizations are—how long they existed on the earth, have you?" Darrow asked. "No, sir," said Bryan. "I have been so well satisfied with the Christian religion that I have spent no time trying to find arguments against it." "Were you afraid you might find some?" "No, sir; I am not afraid now that you will show me any."

Then Bryan made this significant statement: "I have all the information I want to live by and to die by."

Bryan then demanded the privilege of saying a few words more about Confucius, for he wished to put into the record what he had said so often before, that Confucius had urged his followers to reward evil with justice, whereas Christ had believed in rewarding evil with good.

"Now, Mr. Darrow," said Bryan, "you asked me if I knew anything about Buddha."

"You want to make a speech on Buddha, too?"

"No, sir; I want to answer your question on Buddha."

"I asked you if you knew anything about him."

"I do."

"Well, that's answered, then."

"Buddha—" Bryan insisted.

"Well, wait a minute; you answered the question," Darrow interrupted.

"I will let him tell what he knows," said the judge.

"*All* he knows?" asked Darrow.

"Well, I don't know about that," said the judge.

"I WON'T insist on telling all I know," said Bryan. "I will tell more than Mr. Darrow wants told."

"Well, all right, tell it, I don't care," said Darrow.

Then Bryan gave his view of Buddhism, based on what an English ship's carpenter had told him in India. It was an exhibition of how his mind accepted sources of information which were congenial to it with utter simplicity and without ever considering their authenticity.

"I went to call on a Buddhist priest," he said, "and found him at his noon meal, and there was an Englishman there who was also a Buddhist. He went over as ship's carpenter and became a Buddhist and had been for about six years, and while I waited for the Buddhist priest I talked to the Englishman, and I asked him what was the most important thing in Buddhism, and he said the most important thing was, you didn't have to believe to be a Buddhist." It would have been interesting to hear the expression of Mr. Bryan's wrath if, in his presence, an Indian gentleman had recited that he had asked the first member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, whom he had met what the most important thing in Christianity was, and he had received the answer, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That, however, was all Mr. Bryan needed to know about Buddhism.

THEN the judge ordered them to get on with the examination, and Mr. Darrow took up with Mr. Bryan the Tower of Babel. It was finally brought out that Mr. Bryan believed that all the languages of the earth at the present time dated from the time of the tower. Then they turned to the creation of the earth.

"Do you think the earth was made in six days?"

"Not six days of twenty-four hours," said Bryan.

"Doesn't it say so?" asked Darrow.

"No, sir."

Attorney General Stewart interrupted to ask, "What is the purpose of this examination?"

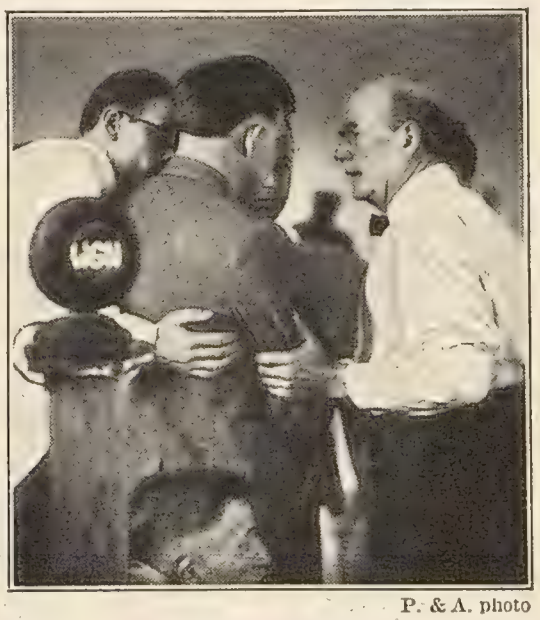
"The purpose," Bryan said, "is to cast ridicule on everybody who believes in the Bible, and I am perfectly willing that the world shall know that these gentlemen have no other purpose than ridiculing every Christian who believes in the Bible."

"We have the purpose," said Darrow, "of preventing bigots and ignoramuses from controlling the education of the United States, and you know it, and that is all."

"I am glad to bring out that statement," said Bryan. "I want the world to know that this evidence is not for the view Mr. Darrow and his associates have filed affidavits here stating—the purpose of which, as I understand it, is to show that the Bible story is not true."

"Mr. Bryan," said Dudley Field Malone, "seems anxious to get some evidence in the record that would tend to show that those affidavits are not true."

"I am not trying to get anything into the record," Bryan answered passionately. "I am simply trying



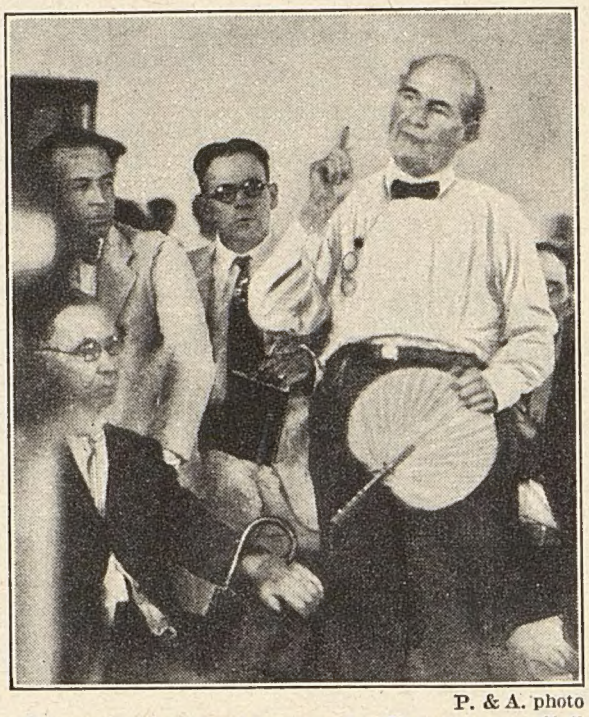
P. & A. photo

The Scopes prosecution goes into a huddle. Besides Bryan, those in the picture are Attorney General Stewart, the brothers Hicks, and B. G. McKenzie.

to protect the word of God against the greatest atheist and agnostic in the United States. I want the papers to know I am not afraid to get on the stand in front of him and let him do his worst. I want the world to know." There was great applause which lasted some minutes.

"I wish I could get a picture of these claquers," Mr. Darrow said calmly.

The world was not likely to be ignorant of what Bryan thought, for on the day he took the witness stand the Western Union Telegraph Company reported that it had handled more than 200,000 words, and the various press services carried an additional 50,000 words from their representatives.



P. & A. photo

Bryan in action at Dayton. "I have," he said, "all the information I want to live by and to die by."

After some further heated argument between Bryan and Dudley Field Malone, who protested against Bryan branding the defense with Mr. Darrow's personal views, Darrow asked: "Mr. Bryan, do you believe that the first woman was Eve?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe she was literally made out of Adam's rib?"

"I do."

"Did you ever discover where Cain got his wife?"

"No, sir; I leave the agnostics to hunt for her."

"You have never found out?"

"I have never tried to."

"The Bible says he got one, doesn't it? Were there other people on the earth at that time?"

"I cannot say."

"You cannot say. Did that ever enter your consideration?"

"Never bothered me."

"DOES the statement, 'The morning and the evening were the first day,' and 'The morning and the evening were the second day,' mean anything to you?"

"I do not think it necessarily means a twenty-four-hour day." It is interesting that Bryan, who could accept literally Jonah, the whale, Eve, Adam's rib, the Flood, the Tower of Babel, insisted that the six days of creation might be interpreted as six periods of any length God had chosen. He and his fundamentalist friends, his papers indicate, had been in correspondence on this very point several years before, and they had decided among them that it would be permissible to believe that perhaps the days mentioned in the Bible were periods; but they did not wish to be dogmatic about it, and the true believer was offered his choice.

Mr. Darrow, however, was more particular about details. "Do you think the sun was made on the fourth day?"

"Yes," Bryan answered.

"And they had evening and morning without the sun?"

"I am simply saying it is a period," said Bryan, running to cover.

"They had evening and morning for four periods without the sun, do you think?"

"I believe in creation as there told," said Bryan, "and if I am not able to explain it I will accept it."

Darrow then asked whether Bryan believed that every woman suffered the pains of childbirth just because Eve had eaten the apple. Bryan, wriggling now like a worried puppy, insisted that if the Bible said it was so, so be it. Then he got angry at Darrow's literal interpretation of the Bible and said:

"YOUR honor, I think I can shorten this testimony. The only purpose Mr. Darrow has is to slur at the Bible, but I will answer his question. I will answer it all at once, and I have no objection in the world, I want the world to know that this man who does not believe in a God is trying to use a court in Tennessee—"

"I object to your statement," said Darrow. "I am examining you on your fool ideas that no intelligent Christian on earth believes."

The next morning Judge Raulston ruled that the entire examination of Bryan was irrelevant to the case at issue, and there was no more fun. Bryan was disappointed, for he had been anxious to ask Mr. Darrow a few questions. Mr. Darrow then asked the judge to instruct the jury to find Scopes guilty. When he was asked, earlier in the case, if he intended to put Mr. Scopes on the witness stand, Darrow said: "Your honor, every single word that was said against this defendant, everything was true." "So he does not care to go on the stand?" asked Judge Raulston. "No, what is the use?" said Darrow. He stated that the defense would rely on a higher court for admission of its expert testimony. The judge charged the jury that it must not be concerned with the question of whether what Scopes taught was a violation of the story of the divine creation of man, but that it must simply determine whether he taught that man was de-

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[BRYAN
Continued from page eighty-one]

scended from a lower order of animals. It did not take the jury long to decide that Scopes was guilty, and he was fined $100.

Then everybody made courteous speeches thanking everybody else. Mr. Bryan said the question would never be settled until it was settled right, and he assured the audience, somewhat proudly, that more words had been cabled about this case than about any other. That, to his mind, illustrated "how people can be drawn into prominence by attaching themselves to a great cause." The people, he said, would decide eventually.

Mr. Darrow's view of the case's importance was somewhat different: "I think," he said, "this case will be remembered because it is the first case of this sort since we stopped trying people in America for witchcraft, because here we have done our best to turn back the tide that has sought to force itself upon this modern world, of testing every fact in science by a religious dictum."

After Judge Raulston spoke, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays requested permission to send him copies of The Origin of Species and The Descent of Man with his compliments. There was laughter in the courtroom, and the judge said genially, "Yes, yes." Then there was more laughter, applause; a train whistle blew, interrupting the proceedings; Brother Jones, as the judge called him, pronounced the benediction.

The Dayton trial ended on July 21, 1925. Bryan spent a few days in Dayton, correcting the proofs of his last speech, which he had not been given an opportunity to deliver. It was issued later in pamphlet form. He spoke at various meetings in the neighborhood of Dayton against the theory of evolution, and he declared that the conviction of Scopes was a great victory for Christianity. He was planning a great national campaign against evolution, for, he told his admirers, "we must strike while the iron is hot."

On Sunday, July 26, Mr. Bryan went to speak at Winchester, Tennessee, near Dayton. In the automobile, returning to the home where they were staying in Dayton, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan had a serious discussion.

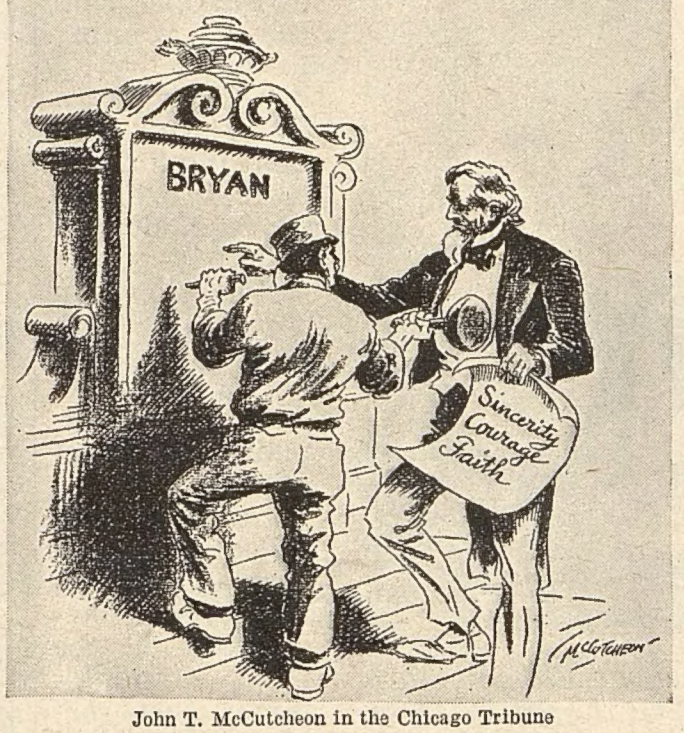
THEY spoke, Mrs. Bryan recorded later, "of his work thus far; his effort to prove the presence, both in the church and the school, of a theory which when taught as fact tended to destroy belief in the truth of the Bible; that having proved the existence of such a situation, he was trying to do three things: first, to establish the right of taxpayers to control what is taught in their schools; second, to draw a line between the teaching of evolution as a fact and teaching it as a theory; and third, to see that teachers proven guilty of this offense should be given an opportunity to resign.

"We spoke of the narrow margin between this perfectly legitimate work as touching the public servant, and an encroachment on individual religious belief, which is a sacred domain. We agreed that care must be taken at this point that no religious zeal should become intolerance."

"Mr. Bryan said, 'Well, Mama, I have not made that mistake yet, have I?' And I replied, 'You are all right so far, but will you be able to keep to this narrow path?' With a happy smile, he said, 'I think I can.' 'But,' said I, 'can you control your followers?' And more gravely he said, 'I think I can.' And I knew he was adding mentally, 'by the help of God.'"

When they reached the house in Dayton, Mr. Bryan said he would take a nap. Mrs. Bryan was sitting in her wheel chair on the front porch. It was Sunday afternoon. Toward 5 o'clock she thought that Mr. Bryan should be awakened, so that he might be able to sleep that night. She sent the family chauffeur to wake him, and it was found that Mr. Bryan was dead.

THE EPITAPH OF A CRUSADER



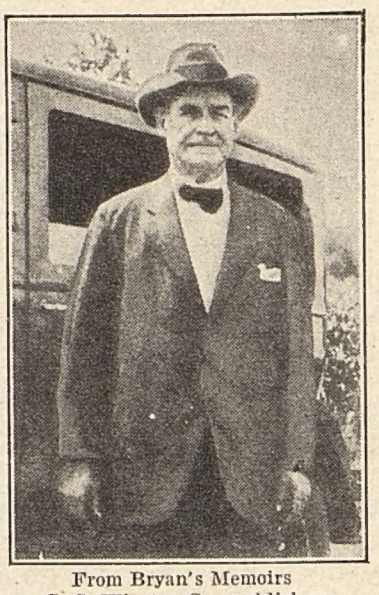
John T. McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune

THE body of William Jennings Bryan was transported to Washington, D. C. En route from Dayton to Washington crowds gathered at the railway stations. At Jefferson City, Tennessee, a quartet of young men stood on a pile of railway ties with hymn-books in their hands. As the funeral train drew in they began to sing Bryan's favorite hymn, while an old man held a huge American flag. The train began to move away, and another portion of the crowd began to sing, and the hymn rose in a great chorus:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home today
Than I ever have been before.

Members of the Ku Klux Klan in various parts of the country held memorial services for Bryan, accompanied by the burning of fiery crosses. At the ceremony in Dayton, Ohio, the large cross bore the inscription: "In memory of William Jennings Bryan, the greatest Klansman of our time, this cross is burned; he stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord." Then the cross was burned.

In Washington, funeral services at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church were broadcast by radio. The White House flag was at half-staff, and the State Department was closed at noon. Three companies of dismounted artillerymen escorted the body to the national cemetery at Arlington. The Third Cavalry band played "Lead, Kindly Light" at the grave. There was a prayer and a benediction, and the bugler blew taps. It was pouring rain.



From Bryan's Memoirs
J. C. Winston Co., publishers

The last photograph of William Jennings Bryan, taken on the day of his death.

The estate of William Jennings Bryan was estimated to be worth $1,111,948.50. One of the clauses of his will provided for the establishment, if possible, of an academy for boys where special attention would be "given to citizenship and applied Christianity," and where "room rent should be the same for all rooms, so as to discourage classification according to wealth." "I would like the boys to wear a uniform made of blue and gray," Bryan wrote in his will, "to symbolize the reunion of the North and South." If it should prove impossible to establish such an academy, Bryan requested the distribution of the money he bequeathed for that purpose to schools similar to it, "care being taken to see that the money is given only to schools that are firmly committed to orthodox Christianity, including the making of man by separate act in God's image, the Virgin birth, and the bodily resurrection of the Saviour."

William Jennings Bryan had dropped into death after a violent defense of his belief in Christian immortality, and he—one of the leading peace advocates of the United States, and a veteran of the Spanish-American War—had specially requested that he be buried with military honors at Arlington in the National cemetery.

THE END

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